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PRIX DE ROME STUDENTS AT THE VILLA MEDICI

By Louis Edouard Fournier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. GLACKENS

FAIRLY installed in the railway carriage, and flying away from Paris at full speed with the little company of his comrades, the young "Prix de Rome" at last has time to close his eyes and let memory wander at will among the crowding events of the last few months, the varied incidents of the competition, his consuming anxiety, the distribution of awards beneath the Institute's benignant dome. Then, in turn, the farewell dinner to his old chums, clamorous with noisy good-byes, shrill cat-calls, and thunderous toasts, the more sober parting calls on former masters and family friends, and, on the heels of these, that eloquent last moment passed but a minute since on the station platform, with its quiver of tense heart-strings, thrilled with the sight of a tearful mother and the final summons of separation. But a truce to regret! For is it not toward the dreamland of beauty that the train is speeding, to the sonorous accompaniment of whirling wheels? It is in such a flight as this, toward the borders of an unknown domain, that the young explorer first surrenders to that peculiar spell of travel which is so potent to wean us from the humdrum, busy life of a familiar town, and reveal the peculiar tie between ourselves and nature which the dull routine of ordinary existence effectually hides from view.

Custom prescribes that this journey to Rome shall be accomplished by short stages, in order to gain a fuller appreciation of that long history of Art whereof full chapters are to be found in southern France, in the treasures of Orange, Avignon, Arles, and Nîmes, and sequels of these are in Turin, Genoa, Pisa, and Florence. From Florence it is that the young travellers forward to the Villa Medici the announcement of their near arrival, since, from time immemorial, the students already at Rome have gone out in carriages to meet the new-comers. As in the Paris schools, the older men are "*anciens*" and the fresh arrivals "*nouveaux*," in the slang of the students. The latter, then, leave the train at Monte Rotondo, the station next before Rome, and there spend one night, as passably as may be—which is as much as saying rather ill than well, since the place is nothing but a straggling village — and in the morning are rewarded by the arrival of a gayly decorated carriage with an exuberant escort on horseback. This arrival of the *anciens* is the signal for a chorus of greetings and a general interchange of "thee" and "thou," followed by luncheon. Then bags and hat boxes are stowed in the carriage, and *Partenza!* — the start is made for the Eternal City, across the Roman country-side. To those who have passed that way there is no need to recall the charm of that first experience of the rugged beauty of Latium, with its harmonious intermixture of soft hues and sombre tones, with its slow fading sunlight, its holy silence, its thought-obliterating solitude, its majestic sweep of interminable aqueducts winding away into the infinite distance, to lose themselves at last in the far blue of the Alban mountains. It is the eloquent hour of the twilight Ave Maria. In the carriage the

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"*anciens*" draw their cloaks solicitously about their shoulders, and in melancholy voices begin to recount doleful tales of malaria and Roman fever, as St. Peter's dome grows slowly to undreamt-of grandeur against the horizon.

Ecco Roma! At a fast gallop the horses pass in at the Porta del Popolo, mount the Pincian Hill, and presently the whole band passes singing into the gardens of the Villa—and is once again on French ground.

Once upon a time—alas! that we have so often to go back with regret to "once upon a time"!—the initiation of the *nouveaux* was more complicated and more amusing than it is now, and the imagination of the *anciens* found vent in such whimsical paradoxes as were dear to Victor Hugo's heart. But traditions pass, as do the gods—we can but strive to catch at the stragglers as they go.

Formerly, it was after nightfall and by way of the most obscure and ill-swept streets that the new-comers were brought into Rome, and by the servants' entrance that they entered the Villa. Their first meal was served in the vast dining-room, stripped for the occasion of its fittings, and on a table innocent of linen, and furnished with nicked plates, bent forks of pewter, and coarse army bread, the whole dismal array illuminated by wretched candles in the necks of bottles. The attendant was a tatterdemalion with a black eye, and in a corner a pseudo-monk was engaged in reading from an Italian book in a melancholy drawl. If one of the diners spoke to another, it was only to insult him, hurl a scrap of food at his head, or come to realistic blows, so that the stupefied *nouveaux* seriously questioned of themselves whether this were not a lunatic asylum, and began to pine in all sincerity for the paternal roof-tree. The farce was carried on into the sleeping-rooms, where the bed, dexterously balanced on detached legs, seemed veritably to melt under the victim as he cast himself upon it, overcome with fatigue.

But all the banter was planned with but a single end in view—the stupefaction of the unfortunates, when, dragged forth upon the morrow, after these their nightmares, they confronted from the portico the beauty of a garden worthy of the gods—statues, fountains, and marble columns, Nature's fairest self shoulder to shoulder with the palace man has built, and, beyond all, the never-to-be-forgotten panorama of Rome, extending as far as eye could reach, from the Pincian terraces to St. Peter's and the castle of St. Angelo.

Such innocent follies as these of which we have spoken were much in vogue

Arrival of the *Nouveaux* at the Station of Monte Rotondo, the Last Station Before Reaching Rome, where the *Anciens* Come Out to Meet Them.

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At a fast gallop the horses pass in at the Porta del Popolo.—Page 260.

under the rule of Monsieur Schnetz, himself sometimes a sufferer thereby, but only, in a spirit of good-fellowship, to pass it off with a laugh. A famous joke was to array the stolid *concierge* in a dress-coat, and then bring up the newcomers, one by one, presenting him as the director. Curiously enough, the passing of this performance produced its greatest success, for, the year of its abandonment, an overshrewd *nouveau*, on being presented to Monsieur Schnetz himself, tapped him familiarly on the chest, and, to the joy of the *anciens*, remarked: "*I* know that joke, old chap. No use trying it on me!"

On the stroke of noon the *campanaro*, with his heavy bell in hand, goes through the gardens and the hallways of the Villa to announce the mid-day meal. The cheerful sound, making its way from studio to studio, arouses the new *pensionnaires* from the pleasant task of installing their possessions, hammer in hand and perched on stools amid a chaos of rugs and vases, as they seek with critical eyes the proper spot for a Spanish knife or a Japanese fan. Abandoning their labors for the nonce, they troop toward the dining-room, the quicker, mayhap, for the hope that beside one or another plate may be found one of those eloquent envelopes from home, so potent to dispel the gloom of some despondent moment, when the dispiriting sirocco—the "leaden wind," as Horace has it—is busy at its task of depression. Side by side they seat themselves, the humble *clou* beside his *professeur*—technical words, both, which deserve a word of explanation.

The French colony at the Villa Medici, as is well known, is made up of painters, sculptors, architects, line-engravers, medallists, musicians, and engravers of fine stones. Each is *pensionnaire* for four years at Rome. If, after December 31st of the fourth year, he continues to live for a time at the Villa—a practically inevitable condition, since his work is not over until April—he is dubbed *professeur*, and the prize-winner of the year, who comes from Paris to replace him, becomes his *clou*—in reference, no doubt, to the adage that "one nail drives out another."

So *clou* and *professeur* sit side by side, and a few seats farther on is the *massier*, or student chosen to act as proxy for his fellows, represent them in general dealings with the director, keep account of the common funds, and organize the *fêtes*. Beside the *massier*, the *nouveau* will perhaps note two new arrivals, and learn that these are recruits to the school at Athens, recently appointed, and, in conformity to custom, making a short halt at

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the Villa before reporting at their post. It is evident that the two "Athenians" have been undergoing a hazing little to their taste, for they are visibly disgruntled, smile but sourly, and seem victims to a lassitude born of sleeplessness. And no wonder! But the joke perpetrated upon them had at least the virtue of novelty. Having been conducted solemnly to their room, high up in the tower, they were suddenly thrust within, and, as the door was locked upon them, found themselves face to face with a donkey of amiable appearance, hitched, half-asleep, between their beds! There was no choice. They had, perforce, to accept the situation and sleep—or try to sleep—in such reverend company.

At table, meanwhile, the conversation is in full swing, and on every side are cracking, like miniature torpedoes, the varied remarks of these curiously assorted youngsters. The Parisian, hale and tall, his comrades would say, as a lettuce run to seed, sends the shuttlecock of banter flying toward his comrade of Toulouse, who, short, sturdy, and excitable, couples his retort with one of those passionate gestures by means of which the Southerner seems to double at once the volume of his voice and the measure of his stature, while with volleys of "bravos!" the listeners encourage each emphatic assertion, each mock-threat of hand or arm. Farther along, an archæological painter is getting points for his coming shipment of work from the newly arrived "Athenians," or a society-loving musician is urging the sculptor of his class to attend a reception where he is to play. He is in the way of being a great swell, is that musician! All day long he is content with slippers and flannels, but, ah, what a showy butterfly emerges at nightfall from this sober chrysalis!—spotless linen—polished hat—high collar, fearfully and wonderfully pointed shoes—O spirit of Charles VII., thou royal fop, where art thou now?

In like manner, architect and painter, sculptor and engraver, exchange ideas—"shop-talk," if you will, begun in a chance visit to one or the other's studio, and continued at leisure during the meal; but thence springs that peculiar fellowship which comes to exist between men of kindred trades who are profoundly and mutually interested therein. The intimacies arising among students thus mingling their studies, their ambitions, and their ideas are incomparably more lasting than those of school or college, since they are born, not of chance association, but of a natural affinity of taste—and they can never be replaced, should one spend a hundred years in the effort! They come to a man only in his early twenties, when Vocation is rubbing her eyes and preparing to be doing. Among the students at the Villa there is, as yet, no rivalry, no breathless pursuit of fame and fortune, no solicitude for an immediate future already secured to them. To but few has Life said aught of hardship and necessity, of difficulties and obstacles, of duties, restrictions, and veritable sorrow—only the enchantments are in view!

To return to our *nouveau*, busily eating his *risotto* and his *broccoli*. He is surrounded by walls of most unique character, covered, as they are, with the portraits of all who have been inmates of the Villa. Before leaving, so runs the tradition, the painter is expected to make the portraits of his class—his sculptor, his engraver, his architect, and his musician. Here, then, we find, at the age of twenty or twenty-five, the painters Hébert, Cabanel, Henner, Jules Léfèbvre, Morot, Besnard, and Chartran; the sculptors David d'Angers, Guillaume, Chapu, Barrias, Falguière, Mercié, Chaplain, and Roty; the architects Garnier, Vascal, and Nénot; the musicians Berlioz, Gounod, Massenet, and Théodore Dubois. Many are missing, however, and among these some of the most famous, such as Ingres, Carpeaux, Baudry, and Regnault. But, reading the illustrious roll of past and present, and thinking of the attacks systematically directed against this institution of the "Prix de Rome," under pretext that the discipline and the long and severe studies retard rather than promote the development of ability—thinking of these objections, our *pensionnaire* asks himself whether the list of such names as these, "Prix de Rome" men all, is not the most truly eloquent refutation of the theory that is possible.

"Do you not find this dessert execrable? It's the third one of the kind!" cries one

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A Breakfast of the Students in the Dining-room of the Villa.
The portraits of former Prix de Rome men decorate the walls.

student to another, and the *massier* presently finds himself forced, by a chorus of agreement, to summon the cook. This functionary arrives in a tremor of apprehension, twisting and turning his cap about in his thick fingers. He offers the "*signori pensionati*" involved explanations upon the state of the damaged dainty, and, swearing—"per Bacco"—to employ more diligence for the future, takes himself off, with a stammered word of farewell. We must again revert to "once upon a time" to find the students complaining with mock gravity to Monsieur Schnetz of having found hairs in the hard-boiled eggs! But this little scene with the cook has taken place in a villa built on a former site of the gardens of Lucullus. Of a truth, history has its little ironies!

Coffee is taken in the *salon*, where the musician seats himself at the piano, a circle forms about him, and in a voice of charming quality the student from Toulouse commences that exquisite popular song of "Margarideto," the Provençal avowal of Marguerite of Navarre, which is so full at once of respect and deep passion, and so young even now, despite its three hundred years!

Margarideto, mas amous,
Escoutos la cansonnetto
Fayto per vous. . . .

And all listen in silence, impressed by the caressing quality of the music and the Provençal words, instinct with a love-song's purest poetry, while, bent over the table, one of the painters is busily at work with pen and ink upon the caricature which has been dancing in his head, and which will presently be pasted into the album of such designs. It is an institution of long standing, that album, with its diabolically whimsical contents, and therein great artists, now, perhaps, standing in bronze on city squares, are portrayed, in a few strokes only, but with faithful observance of their appearance and manner at the age of twenty.

Finally, before turning again to the more arduous employment of the studios,

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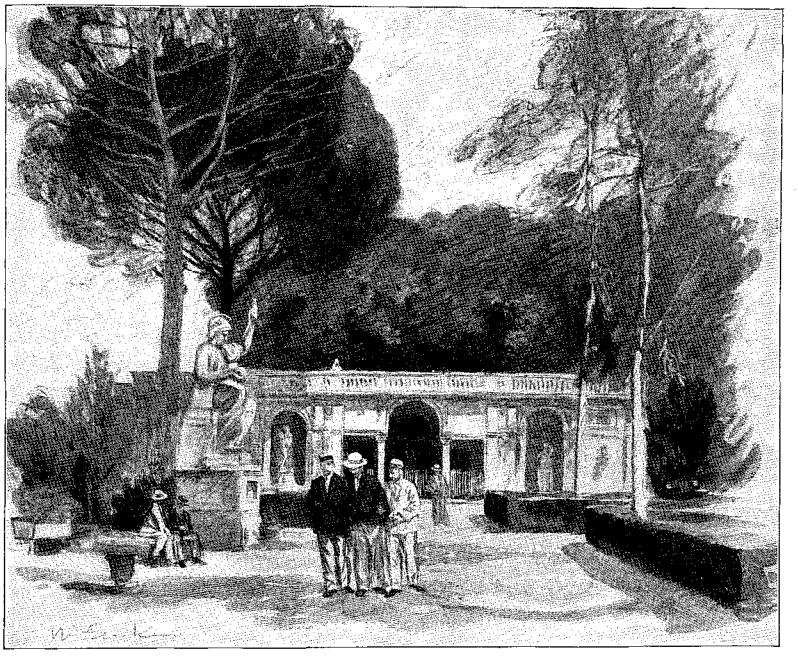
there is a short stroll in the garden, and perhaps a game of *ruzzica*—the *discus* of the ancients — or of bowls, or even of lawn-tennis. Those whose preference is to discuss artistic or other matters, walk at the farther end of the garden, under the open naves of the tall pine-trees, or sit upon the hewn-wood benches which line the paths — benches that may well have seen five generations. In summer, when the cry of the crickets becomes too



Before turning again to the more arduous employment of the studios there is a short stroll.

strident, when the air is like a vapor-bath, and when the senses reel under the heavy odor of box and laurel, there is, for refuge, the little group of green oaks, *il bosco*, which, like a sacred grove of old, procures a truly Virgilian coolness and shade. By two o'clock each student has returned to his studio, and in crossing its threshold laid his mask, as it were, aside. The noisy ringleader of the moment before is once more the thoughtful creator, striving, in the silence of which art has need, to invest his canvas, his marble, or his clay with the spirit of his personal ideal.

On the door of the Villa Medici, which is ornamented with a heavy scroll of hammered iron, held in place by innumerable nails, might be noticed, even when I was in Rome, fifteen years ago, three deep dents which could not but arouse an observer's interest by reason of the evident force of the blows which had caused them. Their alleged explanation is found in a book published in the eighteenth century by an Italian archæologist named Pinarolo, who tells, in this connection, an anecdote which is somewhat incredible, but perhaps true, after all. It appears that, about 1680, Queen Christina of Sweden occupied the castle of St. Angelo for a time, hunting much with the Roman nobles, and, in particular, with the Medici, and one fine morning, desiring to call the master of the Villa to an early hunting party which had been arranged for that day, she resolved to awaken him by knocking at his door. But Christina only knocked as becomes a queen. In a spirit of rather unusual pleasantry, the artillerymen of the Castle, acting on her orders, fired cannon-balls against the Villa's portals, and that is how the dents in question were made. If we concede this anecdote, we are paying no idle compliment to the eyesight of the marksmen, since, as the bird flies, it is full fifteen hundred yards from the Castle to the Villa door! The daughter of Gustavus Adolphus played her jokes on a large

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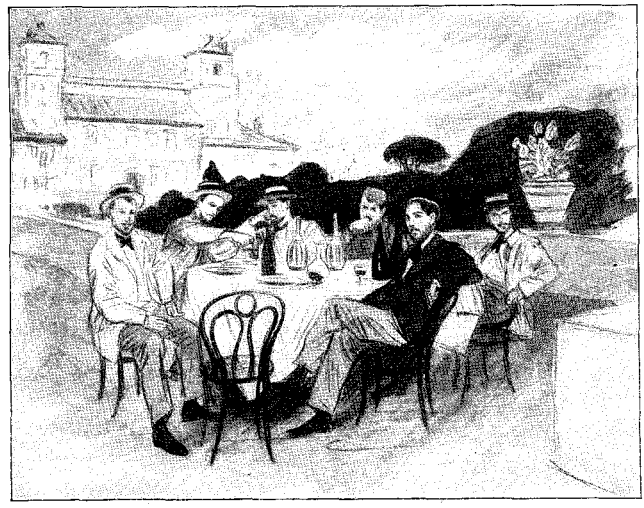
scale. She appears to have been a woman of superior quality.

The story will pass, if only to show that, on the day in question, the Villa Medici received its baptism at the hands of the fairy Fantasy, a charming godmother, of whom the students yet show themselves worthy by the picturesque quality of humor with which they invest the routine of daily life, but which, above all, they lend to their many masquerades.



A Students' Dinner on the Terrace of the Bosco.
The palace and gardens in the background.

Ah, old-time carnival of Rome, whither art thou departed? Where are now masque, reveller, harlequin, punch, pantaloon, and moon-struck Pierrot; where are the gay medley of spangled fabrics, ribbons, and feathers, swaying along under a downpour of *confetti* and an avalanche of flying paste? Where is thy hail of bouquets thrown from crowded balconies, the shrill cries of thy merry sham-battles, thy blatant buffoons and thy savage barbarians, scurrying to and fro between the living terraces of spectators, thy myriad torches which with their gold turned all the windows of the Corso to a giant constellation of reflected stars? How gay it all was, to be sure, and how well contrived to make men madcaps!

In such a carnival, be sure the old French spirit of gayety did not fail to play its part, and in the *salon* of the Villa an album of fantastic water-color caricatures gives proof that Cabanel, Garnier, Boulanger, and their fellows, entering heartily into the spirit of the Italian *fête*, were apt in the art of amusing and being amused. Their cars and masquerades were inspired with the fancy of a Gavarni, but added thereto a vein of historical accuracy, as when the life of ancient Egypt furnished the keynote of the scene. Enthusiasm for this variety of buffoonery prevailed with more or less ardor until 1880, when for the last time a French car appeared upon the Corso at Carnival time. It was all of white and gold, in the style of the Renaissance, with a huge statue of Rome in the centre, and, in front, the escutcheon of the Medici. Amid a profusion of flowers appeared the French students, in magnificent Henri II. costumes, with white hats and doublets and long

A Student of Music in His Room Playing His Envoi Symphony to Fellow-students.

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canes, and by way of cockades the flower of the *marguerite*, in gallant homage to the queen of the period represented. The reception accorded the car was so enthusiastic that, fearing the standard could not be reached again, the Frenchmen rested on their laurels, and the custom was discontinued.

There remained the *veglioni*, or public masked balls held in the theatres, where individual fancy had free play. Certain of those who read these lines will remember, with the writer, a young musician of the Villa who is now a famous and much fêted composer, but was then but eighteen, slender of figure, and as smooth-faced as a girl. He had brought from Paris a child's costume made to his measure, which he had already worn at a private ball in his own home—a little skirt of white linen with a blouse to match, short stockings, and a sailor hat. Another of the students, who was extremely tall, donned the livery of a groom, with buttons bearing the arms of a noble house, the whole topped by a hat with a black cockade. As for the baby, he carried in one hand his hoop, and in the other an enormous slice of bread which had been dried at the fire and on which a coating of madder-colored plaster served in perfect imitation of currant-jam. What a couple they made on the street as we went to the Costanzi ball, that tall infant and his attendant, the latter rigid with British stolidity, adopted for the occasion!

At the ball the general prospect was most picturesque, with its dazzling chandeliers, confusion of gay colors, and innumerable couples circling about continually to the blare of trumpets and the strains of the orchestra. In the midst of the throng the young musician, in his droll child's costume, rolled his hoop, and slapped the dancers on the shoulders with his bread and jam, and then, as the latter drew back, half-angry, half-amused, was severely reproved by the groom, and burst into lamentable wails—a bit of farce which the jury of the ball rewarded with a prize.

The same musician was on another occasion the butt instead of the player of the joke. On New Year's day he found beside his plate at breakfast a dainty little parcel tied with ribbon and bearing the card of a lady extremely well known in the *grand monde* of Rome. His curiosity much aroused, and flattered, moreover, by the congratulations of his companions, he hastily untied the parcel, only to find, within, a pasteboard box, containing a child's railway, duly provided with a key for winding up the locomotive.

Now that the Roman Carnival is long since dead and buried, the occupants of the Villa Medici have substituted private masquerades therefor, these coming either at Christmas and being christened "Reveillons," after the Paris *fête*, or else in the early days of January to celebrate the arrival of the *nouveaux*. The only outsiders invited are the "Farnesians," as the young French archæologists quartered in the Farnesi Palace, and, like their countrymen at the Villa, pensioners of the republic, are called. Such occasions as these are ample proof of the spirited ingenuity and the exuberant humor characteristic of the young artist, who, when released from his day-long task in what is often a dark and melancholy studio, and brought again in contact with his chums, seems to become a different being—a mere boy, avowedly eager to accomplish the seemingly impossible, and—what is more—accomplishing it.

In 1897, the *salon* of the Villa was to be transformed into a Pompeian atrium. Through evening after long evening the preparatory work was carried on steadily in the rooms of the architects, and, bit by bit, there grew up, in the *salon* below, a veritable corner of the olden world. Columns arose, entablatures and architraves slipped into place, and here were the graceful outlines of the *lararium*, the sanctuary of the household gods, and there Venus smiled from a simple pedestal. On the given day most realistic Pompeians entered the transfigured room, right foot first, remembering that to enter with the left were an evil omen, and feasted with more gayety than did, in other days, Trimalchio himself, nothing being lacking to the banquet save those whimsical dainties so much affected by the Romans—such as dishes of nightingales' tongues.

Another year the scene was different, and the *salon* represented a country fair in full swing, the walls being covered with canvas painted in imitation of booths, gorgeous with gaudy pictures and lettered with flamboyant promises of the wonders

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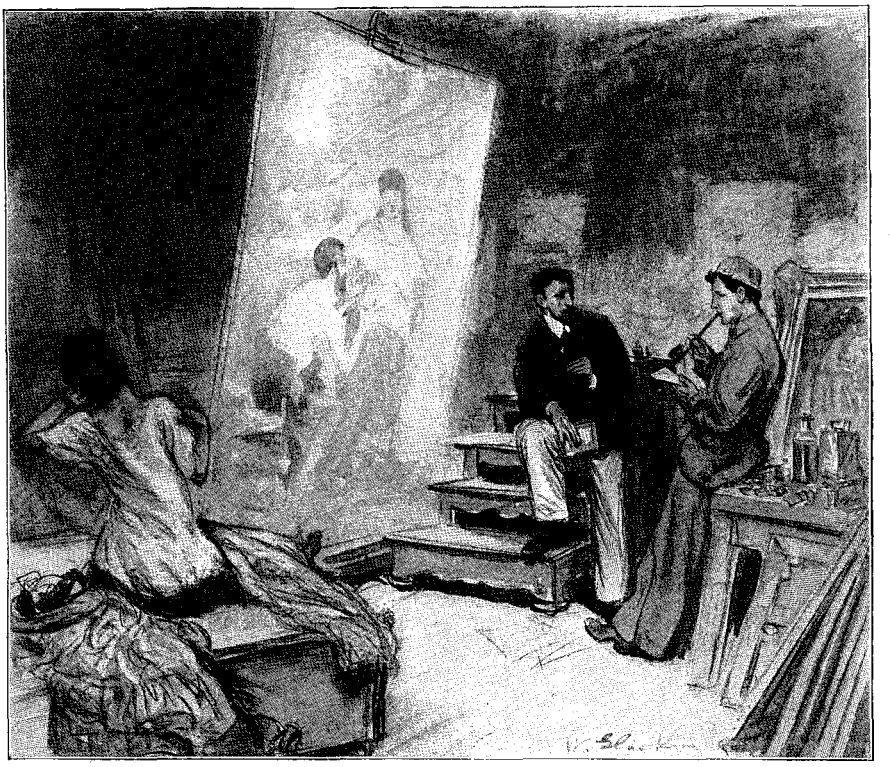

A Student of Painting Finishing His Second Envoi in His Studio.

to be seen therein—the "Beautiful Fatima," whose dances were for the male eye alone; "La Belle Nivernaise," with astounding calves to her legs; the "Torpedo Woman," and "Olympian Wrestlers," clad in trunks and tiger-skins, and with magnificent biceps and strapping chests, their heads, incidentally, being portraits of the students. In the centre of the *salon* thronged the organizers of the *fête*, some in costumes patterned on those of Hercules, others dressed as mountebanks, circus directors, and side-showmen, the ringleaders, with a hitch of their tight-fitting trousers, clamoring the everlasting refrain: "Enter—enter-r-r! The admission is absolutely free—absolutely without any charge whatsoever! No payment is solicited from any visitor. All we desire is the honor of your patronage!" And every pause was filled in by a *pensionnaire* at the piano who executed popular airs to the accompaniment of a thunderous chorus, varied now and again by a Strauss waltz. Later on came wrestling matches, with the inevitable and the inevitably amusing episode of the short and slender amateur who suddenly advanced from the throng and challenged the tall, broad-shouldered young Hercules with a vapid face, the most redoubtable wrestler of them all. After the regulation salute and the initial clinch the champion would be on top, but presently by a sudden and supreme effort the smaller combatant would shake himself free, finishing by throwing his opponent, who would then continue to lie prone in well-affected discomfiture while his conqueror swept the throng with a glance of triumph.

In 1898 the walls of the *salon* represented a panorama of the Roman Campagna, and the spectator seemed to be at a point upon the Appian Way near the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, while the students, costumed as savagely frowning bandits, trapped a family of English tourists, and carried off, exulting, the young lady of the party—who, at that particular time, was endeavoring strenuously to raise a mustache.

This, and, indeed, all preceding efforts

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were eclipsed, however, in 1899, when one passed through the *salon* door into the most realistic stable, lighted by candles swinging from the beams. The ground was covered with coarse straw, and living animals—a calf, an ass, a pig, and a goat—were feeding placidly in the corners with an air of being thoroughly at home. The scene would have done credit to the renowned realism of the Théâtre Antoine, and, amid a scurrying crowd of chickens and rabbits, the young Frenchmen made merry, costumed as farm-hands and milk-maids, while the canvas which covered the *salon* walls was painted in such excellent imitation of brickwork that Monsieur Guillaume, visiting the scene several days later, supposed that the plaster had been scraped away, exposing the actual bricks below. Look to your laurels, O Parrhasius and Xeuxis! At supper, appropriately to the occasion, there was a tumult of animal cries and imitations of the thousand and one calls of Paris street venders, made startlingly faithful to reality in intonation, cadence, and characteristically droll clipping of the words—the itinerant plumber: "*Rac' modeur d'fontaines—'archand d'ro—bi nets! Tureetutu, tureetutu!*"; the vender of liver: "*J'ai du veau—du cœur de veau—du foie du veau—du mou—du très bon mou!*"; last of all that unspeakably talented artist, the mender of crockery, with his "*Rrrrrac' modeur d'faïence—d'albâtre—et d'por-or-or-celaine!*" And, so potent is the suggestion of sound, amid these familiar cries, the young students seemed to see through the arabesques of cigarette-smoke, far distant, low on the horizon, the dear old town of Paris, shrouded in her winter pall of haze and fog.

Other masquerades are organized in connection with important events in the history of art or of France, as, on the occasion of the centennial of the Institute, a banquet was given where each diner was made up to represent an Academician, and one saw old Monsieur Chevreuil coughing and mumbling between the dignified person of Monsieur Gérôme and that of the buoyant Monsieur Bouguereau. In like manner was celebrated the entry of the French troops into Tananarivo, on which occasion white-capped French officers clinked glasses

An Old-time Carnival of Rome.

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The salon represented a country fair in full swing.—Page 266.

with such Madagascans as bore a striking resemblance to Apache chiefs in holiday array, while Queen Ranavalo, decked with feathers, knives, and odd ornaments, descended from the level of royal dignity to the extent of executing a *pas seul*. Again, the Tsar's visit to Paris received due recognition, and, on at least one Epiphany, there was a dinner of kings, whereat each student represented an historical sovereign, and Louis XIV. and Henry IV. joined with Charlemagne and Napoleon in applauding the *massier's* speech of welcome to the new members of the family who had arrived the evening before.

On these *fête* days some at least of the inmates of the Villa Medici go off to sleep, very well pleased with themselves and with the world in general, by reason of the generous amount of choice tidbits which have come their way. These are the dogs that, in varying number, share the life of the young Frenchmen, and are made welcome for the sake of their affection and fidelity. Though, in the time of the writer, a black dog by the name of Tabbachino stood first in point of intelligence, the painter Ollivier Merson tells the story of the yet more sagacious Bello, a stray mongrel which Josef Blanc picked up one night out of pity for his pleading eyes. Through sheer gratitude, it would seem, the poor brute attached himself to the Villa with the most surprising persistency. The beauty implied in his name was a matter of the most unblushing irony, since he was supremely and yet most singularly ugly. All canine races seemed to meet and mingle in him, and he was, apparently, terrier, spaniel, and hound at one and the same time. At sunset it was his habit to sit in front of the Villa, and survey with a melancholy eye the dome of St. Peter's, looming large in the distance, and so the students came to say among themselves that, here by a phenomenon of transmigration, was the soul of some former *pensionnaire*, an ardent papist, and a devoted lover of the Eternal City, in the body of this so philosophic dog. Soon to his name of Bello was added the more affectionate sobriquet of "Old Student."

Yet this Old Student, this devoted Romanist, was at heart the most utter of bohemians. Passionately attached to the Villa as he was, he would nevertheless disappear therefrom for whole weeks at a time, and though often seen at evening crouching near the obelisk on the Piazza del Popolo, he would limit his acknowledgment of recognition to a pleased drumming with his tail, and manifested not the most remote intention of returning to his adopted home. Yet he would

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be found, perhaps the next day, encamped again at his old post in the Villa garden. His brain was a veritable abyss!

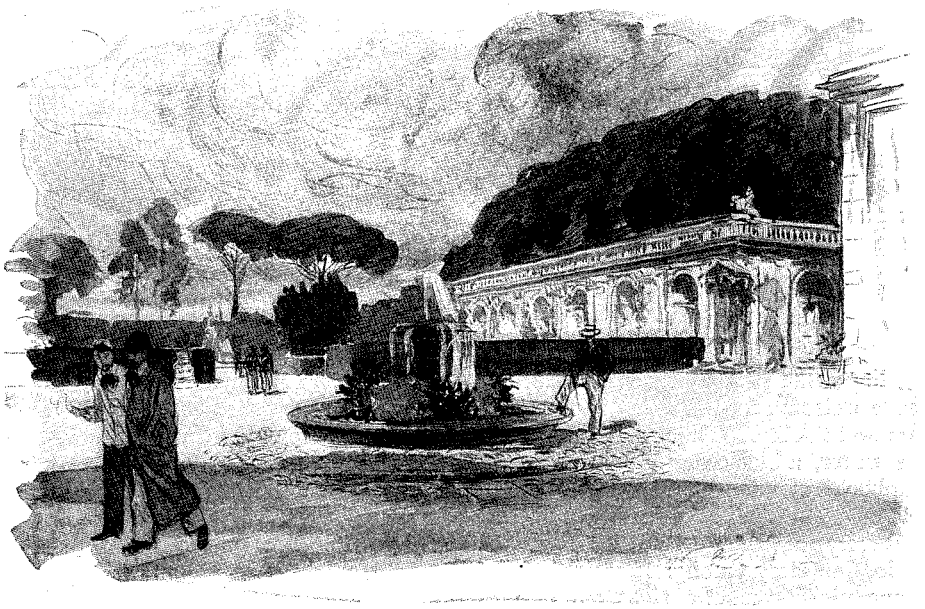
Bello died like a true Roman and a brave. On the evening of September 20, 1870, when, after a bombardment of five hours, the Piedmontese troops entered the city to summon the papal forces to surrender, Bello, after a day of restlessness, was sitting in his customary place contemplating the dome of his delight through the purple haze of twilight. Seeing the troopers filing before him, black with powder and grime, he seemed to know them for the enemies of his most cherished ideals, and hurling himself at one bound into the midst of the throng, he barked as defiantly as an old dog was able, and bit at their legs in a very frenzy of gallant rage, till one of the soldiers, his patience sorely tried, lowered his gun and fired. So died "Bello, the Old Student," on the very threshold of the home of his adoption.

Thus the stately Villa Medici, of which one speaks almost as of a living being, originally a graceful and striking expression of the spirit of the Renaissance, has come to be a French residence, where talented sons of the republic are sent, as it were, into an intellectual pasture. A more enviable life than theirs it is hard to conceive, and in return they cannot but derive inspiration from the great masterpieces of art about them, yet without sinking their individuality in mere imitation, since it is the personal note which, above all else, determines the artist. So in them the enlargement of perception and appreciation contributes directly to the development of genius, and the enforced diligence of the present contrives the assurance of future success.

It is hardly less than an act of patriotism to carry, thus high and with honor, the standard of the French school. The road is already mapped out. It has but to be followed, and, ah, how readily that is done with talent, youth, and gayety for travelling companions!

Moreover, the skylark of French gayety, which our fathers knew, yet lives, God be thanked! She, too, has made the southward journey and nested in the laurels of the Villa garden, and her whimsical note, breaking in now and again upon the work which is going forward in this French corner of old Rome, brings up the mirage of another Latin country than this, that quarter of Paris which Théodore de Banville knew and of which he sang:

Terre où la vie encore
A des lueurs de l'aurore,
Comme un brillant matin,
Pays latin!



In the Gardens.

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VIVE L'EMPEREUR

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

CHAPTER I

ONLY a Frenchwoman could have been so charming a hostess as was the Baroness to her unknown guests. And it was a difficult business. The tall, fair-haired youngest of them, who spoke his fluent French a bit stiffly, alone seconded her gracious efforts to make friends of these four strangers. The old officer was kindly but shy, and, moreover, nervous. As for the two who had come in together, they were frankly preoccupied. Their eyes were on the door, and responsive as they evidently wished to be, the quality of their responsiveness was strained. But the lad, though the color came and went in his fresh face, and though he started, like the others, at a sound from outside, yet listened to her, talked to her, with the manner she was used to—as if there were no other person on earth. More than that, he came to her aid at every turn with a breezy enthusiasm and a great, hearty laugh, to help her trap the others in her friendly net. The Baroness, out of a full experience, gave him a long good mark for blood and breeding. Her amused eye swept the four of them.

"Pooh! A good old bear, and two nervous greyhounds! But the boy—it is a born war-horse! He feels the thunder in the air and thrills, yet stands steady. The Prince will see quickly enough what stuff he has here." And at the thought, the door opened and, unannounced, the Prince came in.

Wherever that limping figure stood was the centre of the room, and in a second they were grouped about him. While he bowed low over the Baroness's eager little hand, the clear, light eyes had already seen each of the others. It was easy for the most accomplished performer on the human instrument in Europe to mix deftly this oil and water where even the charm of the Baroness had failed. A fleeting smile embraced the two anxious conspirators, and the shivering cockles of their hearts warmed, and at once they knew that they were great and wise men and masters of craft, even as he. A glance of such earnest, whole-souled honesty met the look of Marshal Victor that the old soldier felt with relief that the sincerity and devotion which he had begun to fear extinct were personified here. Then the blue eyes turned their calm, assured look on the lad in the background, and the two gazed for a moment at each other on a level, for this lame old man was tall and broad-shouldered, too. The fine, keen face, with its lines of power and lines of misanthropy, its look of race that was, perhaps, more striking than either, brightened to gracious friendliness. Not the least of the gifts of Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord was a vein of genuineness that ran through the carefully laid artificial strata of his soul. The eager face pleased him, and it might be convenient to control the warm heart shining so close behind it. At all events, it was simple enough for Talleyrand, so——

"Ah! We have the young marshal! The little Michael! My lad, the last time I saw you, you sat on my knee. I thank you not to do it now. *Mon Dieu*, no! You are a giant, a Western giant! Has the Princess of Moskowa seen you, then? Were you to her taste? Did she not find you strong and handsome?" The blushing, laughing youngster was given no time to answer. "Madame the Baroness," the Prince went on, "you must know that my great little Michael here is from foreign parts, from the wonderful America, where I have been also—they loved me very much, those good Americans. *Mon Dieu!* It was droll how the citizens of Philadelphia loved me! But that is aside. My Michael has lived with his father, the great——"

Talleyrand stopped and looked at his audience.

"What, is it possible you do not know who the boy's father is!" He gazed

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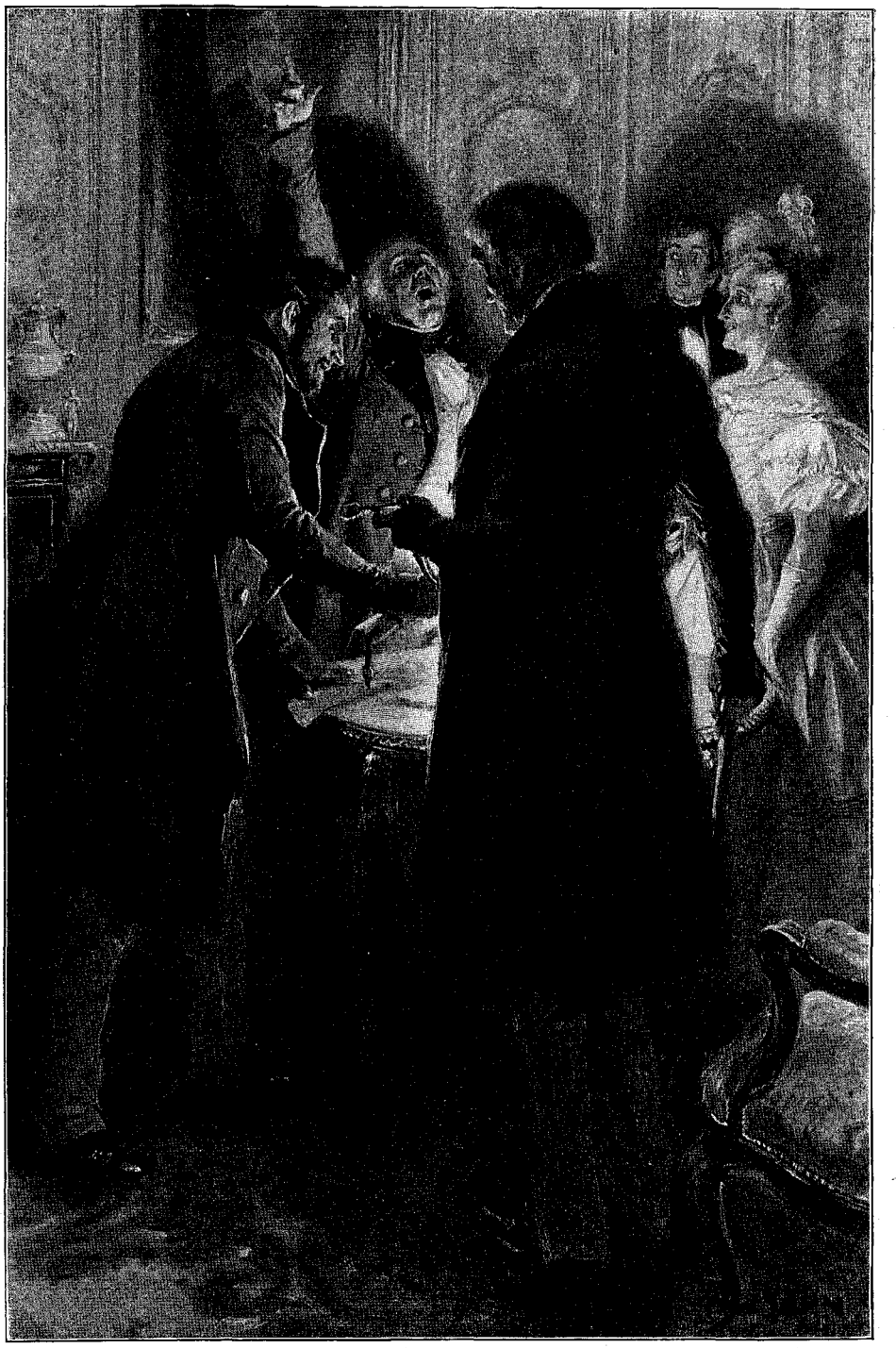

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried the General.—Page 276.

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around with astonishment; at good Marshal Victor, a little dazed; at the other men pulling their mustaches and looking bored; at the Baroness, flushed and interested.

"Look, then, all of you, at his face." A vivid red shot up to the boy's eyes and he found the situation embarrassing. "You do not see it, the resemblance? And yet it is striking. There is one in the house, then, who will see it. Madame, will you permit me to ring for my man?" He pulled the handle of a long cord that swung from the ceiling, and the door opened at once.

"You will send the servant of M. le Prince," the Baroness said. A gray-headed, soldierly looking man, in the Périgord uniform, appeared.

"François," said the Prince, "you remember, perhaps, an execution behind the Luxembourg—I believe you were one of the detail—on a December morning in the year 1815?"

The man opened startled eyes and answered, stammering: "But, yes, Monseigneur."

"Then look at that young man and tell me who he is."

The scared face of the servant followed the Prince's gaze to Michael, who was growing more and more uncomfortable. As his eyes rested on Michael's face, all his respect for so distinguished a company could not control an exclamation: "*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" he said. "*C'est lui—c'est lui-même!*"

The Prince waited a moment to let the dramatic force of the situation take a firm hold of the startled circle.

"Ah!" he said, smiling a satisfied smile, "I see you have not forgotten, then, François, that the Bourbons forced you to shoot—to shoot *at*—your old commander, your adored general, the 'bravest of the brave.' Good, François. Perhaps you may yet strike a blow under his son. You may go, François." The man, his eyes lingering, clinging to Michael's face, slowly left the room. "I think you know now whom we have here," said Talleyrand, laying a cordial hand on Michael's shoulder.

Then as the two old officers of Napoleon, the truth dawning on them, turned excitedly toward the son of their comrade, the Prince's slender, strong fingers flew out in a quick gesture of command. "No! No heroics at this moment. He is, indeed, the son of Michael Ney—himself Michael Ney, and you may take him and spoil him, if you can, after this evening. But just now there is an affair of moment before us all. And in the meantime — Madame, how careless I am! These gentlemen," with a stately bow, "await the honor of a presentation. Permit me," with a deeper bending toward the Baroness, "to present to you your guests unknown, whom you have had the amiability to receive for me, my house being"—he flashed a smile at them—"too highly ventilated, shall we say? for social functions of this sort. Madame the Baroness, I have the honor to present to you M. le Maréchal Victor, once a point of light in Napoleon's star; himself to be a guiding star, soon, to Napoleon's child." The grizzled old warrior's eyes glowed as he made his bow. "And M. le Général Bertrand, who stood by Bonaparte's death-bed, but who will efface that sad memory presently when he stands by a new Bonaparte's throne. And M. Charles Teste, who is—but you know his name. Not head and front, perhaps, but backbone and hands he is of the great conspiracy that will soon place on the throne of France a strong race, fresh blood, a great name, the idol of the people—Napoleon's child."

"The King of Rome!" exclaimed Bertrand, a thrill of emotion in his voice.

Talleyrand turned on him a quick, queer look, quizzical, tolerant, knowing, masterful. "Napoleon's child," he repeated. "M. Teste, you, the hand on the pulse," a veiled note of sarcasm in his voice, "how is the plot going? It grows like a mushroom, does it not? What news have we?"

From Teste's sharp, restless, dark eyes shot a hardly perceptible glance of hesitation toward the Baroness. Slight as it was the Prince caught it.

"We await you, Monsieur."

Teste, whose ancestors had not been, like Talleyrand's, great princes in the thirteenth century, was embarrassed. "Is it as well, Monsieur, to tell state secrets to an outsider—to a lady?"

Talleyrand turned his head toward the

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small man with the impertinent grace that had made him the terror and the admiration of many another salon.

"*Mon ami*, aside from the fact that Madame the Baroness already knows the whole affair; aside from the fact that, in her short day, she has known more affairs than you or most men ever heard of; aside from all that, I grieve to see that you lack that confidence in a woman which a good Frenchman should possess—I correct myself—should appear to possess. Is it possible that you lack also that confidence in me which you should possess—should appear to possess? At this time I believe I have the honor to be necessary to your party. I also believe that I have before this—once or twice—been part of an arrangement, shall we call it? concerning thrones." Then the light eyes narrowed to half their width, and from between the lids shone blue fire. "You will have the very great goodness, Monsieur, to remember these two facts, and hereafter those to whom I present you, women or men, trust them whether you trust them or not."

Late that night in the Baroness's bedroom, the Baroness's maid, brushing out the shimmering gold and gray hair, wondered why her mistress laughed so.

There was a drop of eighty degrees in Charles Teste's mercury, and in the change his soul was frozen pure of assertiveness and rebellion as far as Talleyrand was concerned. He had many ways to control men besides amiability, this wonderful old diplomat, and he knew which to use for whom. Teste, cowed, hurriedly and meekly poured out the most secret workings of his brain; more, of his party. In a few minutes he had told what regiments were ready to declare for young Napoleon II.—the poor lad now eating his heart out in Vienna, in this spring of 1832; what arsenals would be handed over to the Bonapartists; what civil officials were secretly with them; how the placards would read that were to blossom out on the walls all over Paris; how the very date of the *coup d'état* waited to be fixed only until they were sure of the Duke of Reichstadt's better health. Everything M. Teste knew, and it was much, for he was a great man in his small way, he told the little circle, eagerly, anxiously, one restless eye rolling always toward that dangerous old face where the smaller beast of prey recognized his master, the greater. The recital was finished, and Teste was silent, shocked, and astonished by his own unreserve. A clear-headed, tireless organizer, he was a Bonapartist for two reasons. His father, a Paris artisan, risen to be a colonel of a regiment under the first Napoleon, and with all the son's intensity, but without his keenness, had taught him adoration of the Great Captain from his cradle as his creed. And the other reason was that he hated Louis Philippe—Louis Philippe, who truckled to Russia and England, who had no sympathy with the army; Louis Philippe, who abandoned Belgium and Italy; who cared little for the glory of France, if only the kings called him brother; who was yet but a bourgeois King—and the French love their monarchs to be royal. In the two years of his reign, he had managed, this worthy gentleman, to make enemies, sometimes on very insufficient grounds, of two-thirds of his subjects. The picturesque figure of the sad young prince who might have been their young Emperor, Napoleon II., stood out from the distant background of his Austrian prison, and came to many a Frenchman's mind at that time with a passionate appeal. From under the grinding heel of the Bourbons had come the Revolution, and the people had summoned their poor, great strength and torn the fabric of the monarchy to tatters. It was Napoleon who had gathered up the ragged threads of those tatters, and woven a nation, a country again for the French. And then somehow—how was it? They hardly knew—his star had set, he was dead in exile, and here were the hated Bourbons on the throne again. And his son, his child, was prisoner in an Austrian castle. Should they not bring him back, and under him drive out the tyrants again? Yes! Heaven help them, yes! *Vive l'Empereur!* The child of Napoleon—that thought burned deep into many a French heart in those days.

The Prince of Benevento leaned back in Madame's satin chair, his proudly set old head daintily white against the warm rose color and the gilded wood, and on his lips and through his half-shut eyes

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gleamed what was called his "perpetual smile." He was thinking, and though they were all bubbling with questions, each one felt that a lion over a bone would be as good to disturb as Talleyrand over a thought. The game was, as always, in his hands, and they waited in deep silence; even the Baroness, who dared much. The Prince's face brightened at last. The clear, light eyes opened wide, and he gazed around him with a smile of child-like affection.

"Ah!" he said, "good, *mon ami—mon cher M. Teste.* I think the machinery will work—when oiled." And now the keen, smiling face became thoughtful again, and he began to talk softly as if to himself. "M. Teste is turning over, in that great brain of his"—could there be a mocking tone in that gentle voice?—"is pondering why I, who plotted against Napoleon, should be plotting now to place his heir on France's throne. 'What is the old rascal after?' they are asking each other. 'What chestnuts are we to pull out of the fire for that arch-deceiver?' Ah, yes! They question, they puzzle, but one thought sends a glow to their hearts—if Talleyrand is in the plot the plot is safe. I never conspired in my life except when I had the majority of France as accomplice, and when"—a look of high dignity replaced the gay mockery on his face—"when I sought with that majority the safety of the fatherland. The King knows," he went on, as if arguing out the question to himself, "that I am not dynastic. Since Louis XVI. I have served all the governments, out of attachment to my country. I have abandoned them as soon as they sacrificed the interests of France to the interests of individuals. So I abandoned Napoleon. So will I now abandon Louis Philippe, whom I serve to-day as Ambassador to England." A smile like a winning child's suddenly flashed, as if with irresistible child's mischief, over the bitter lips. "The pleasant reunion of this evening is not strictly in the King's service," he whispered, confidentially, and everyone laughed with him light-heartedly. Then he changed to a practical tone. "Messieurs, I monopolize the conversation. In my old age I become garrulous. I am seventy-eight years of age, Messieurs, and I have been a little spoiled. Madame, you should not let me become a bore."

The Baroness had long ago come under the spell of that wonderful personality. "Monsieur," she answered, impulsively, "it is the only thing you do not know how to do. I would rather hear you talk than anyone in the world, Monsieur—except myself."

The Baroness could be impertinent and attractive together, and the piquancy of it charmed Talleyrand. "Madame, you are delicious," he said. "How did you learn to be truthful and adorable at once? Now lend me your clever brain to tell these gentlemen what only you and I fully know as yet. First, we shall tell them—" He turned his enigmatical smile upon her, admiring but cold-blooded, ready to trap her quickly if she failed to read his mind.

But the Baroness's mind was clear and ready, too. "First we shall tell them," she said, "if Monsieur de Talleyrand so pleases, how well all is going; how the keen eye of M. Teste has overlooked nothing, has grasped the great chances and missed no details; how the soldierly courage of M. le Général Bertrand has known how to win the army; how the country has been stirred to memories of Napoleon, to hopes of Napoleon's child; how every combination has been arranged accurately; how, most of all, M. le Prince, who is the other word for Success, is with us heart and soul." She smiled across at Talleyrand. "We will tell them that several times, if you do not mind, Monsieur," and she stopped short.

"Excellently done!" The old minister tapped two fingers lightly on the palm of his other hand. "Messieurs, you have heard our diplomate? I repeat, I indorse it all. The train is laid, the touch of a match and the explosion will put the Duke of Reichstadt—the King of Rome—on his father's throne. And I have certain news this morning," he added, quickly and cheerfully, putting the tips of his hands delicately together, "that the King of Rome cannot live a month."

Sometimes when a bomb falls there is a breathless second of stillness before it bursts and rips the earth and sky. So for a short moment Bertrand and Teste, as

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motionless as marble, gazed open-mouthed into the smiling, wrinkled face before them. The May breeze through the open windows stirred the curls on the Baroness's forehead, and the sounds of great Paris outside floated in to them across the silence. There was a fountain trickling in the court-yard.

The old General was the first to recover.

"It is impossible!" he gasped. "Impossible! He *must* live! What then can be done? *Mon Dieu! Il faut qu'il*" —and the words tangled themselves ridiculously in their desperate eagerness to be spoken. "It is not his life, it is the life of France—*la patrie!* M. Teste!" He turned with a groan of appeal.

But M. Teste, moistening his lips like a man in anguish, was watching dumbly the inexplicable smile of Talleyrand. He knew well that this man was entirely selfish, calculating, and cold, but would he dare to smile like that if all their hopes, their plans of months, were shipwrecked? He was deeply committed with them. What did this nonchalance mean?

"However," went on the strong, well-bred, even voice, "it is, after all, of little or no importance."

An indignant start shook the General and Teste. The calm voice continued.

"Twenty-one years ago the Emperor provided for such a contingency as has arisen this evening. I have here"—and his hand, moving with the same elegance and daintiness of gesture as if he presented a flower, flung open the velvet of his coat and sought an inner pocket—"I have here certain writings that will serve, I hope, to clear the atmosphere of this meeting, which has been so agreeable to this point, but which I regret to feel has become—thunder-laden, perhaps?" His eyes, quick and masterful, turned to Victor and young Ney. "Messieurs, you have, I believe, copies of these important documents?"

Without a word they laid the yellowed, folded papers, exactly like his own, in Talleyrand's hand, and without a word he rose, took two halting steps to a table near Teste and breaking with care the seals, opened the packets and spread them out. Bertrand and Teste crowded against each other, bent shoulder to shoulder over the faded writing. The Baroness stood, a willowy white figure, poised, still, but strung to intensity, watching. Young Ney and Marshal Victor, knowing the secret, yet breathed fast, realizing that history was making in the quiet room. And the club-footed, lame old man, the master magician, leaned on his cane, and smiled again the perpetual smile through half-closed lids as he looked with pleased interest at the working of his charms.

The two readers gasped, choked as they read, with trembling fingers laid on the papers, and eyes staring out as if the sight tried to rush forward, to arrive sooner at those undreamed-of words, beneath which ran the straggling signature of the dead Emperor, of Baron Dubois, of Jean Siffrein Maury, Archbishop of Paris. Great as was the magnitude of the fact, it lay in comparatively few words. Soon they had read, they knew; and slowly they raised their eyes, astonished, dazed, to each other's faces. Then the General, shaking all over, turned and stared at Talleyrand like a man in a dream. Twice he tried to speak and failed; suddenly his figure stiffened to military erectness, his arm flew above his head as if it waved a sword, and as if leading a charge, he shouted:

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried the General.

CHAPTER II

FAR down the walls of Castle Kilmorra the waves thundered against its rock foundation. In the great hall the master, pulling at his pipe and staring dreamily into the logs that blazed and roared up the chimney, found his memory wandering, guided by the deafening storm, back to the thunder of great battles that long ago, in his youth, had been his best music.

"In his youth!" He gave a vigorous kick to a rolling log and then settled sinewy elbows on muscular legs and dropped his clean-shaven, fresh face into his strong hands and stared again at the blaze with eyes as clear and blue as when the young Irish officer fought, twenty-five years before, under the first Napoleon.

Oh, but that was living! People might call him a tyrant now, and selfish, and small-souled. It was easy enough and cheap enough for the meanest, now that he had died at St. Helena. But those

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who served under him never cared for a reason, because they adored him. There never was but one Bonaparte, and his memory, to his followers, was glory and success, and the mad joy of triumphant battle, a memory that thrilled his soldiers' pulse to the latest moment of the longest life. Patrick Fitzgerald had fought in the sunshine of Austerlitz, had been one of those who swarmed up the ladder with Marshal Lannes in the glorious ditch at Ratisbon, and as he sat, twenty-five years later, a quiet country gentleman, before the great fireplace of his old home in Ireland, the storm outside was enough to stir his blood with the thought of his hero.

Picture after picture flashed, alive with color and movement and music, across his brain, always with that central figure, the Emperor. Then his heart throbbed suddenly as there came upon him, from this unaccustomed avenue of thought, a memory that had been his familiar, every-day companion for over twenty years. How could it be true? How could it be that the greatest soldier of the world, the leader of mighty armies, the robed and ermined figure whom he had seen place the crown on his own head that day in Notre Dame —that Napoleon should have put such a trust in the hands of simple Captain Fitzgerald, who had little but his old Irish name and his gay Irish courage.

Yet he could not very well have dreamed it. He went over it all again, the events of that strange night in late March of the year 1811. He saw the heavy, pale-blue satin hangings in the Palace of the Tuileries, and heard the deep voices of his fellow-officers as they sat at cards around a table till the early morning light came creeping in. Again and again and again he had gone over the least details, so that when his recollection reached Beauregard's face as he threw double aces, and the tones of his gay voice, saying, "*Dites donc*, Fitzgerald, *mon brave;* they say you have a fourth son to-day"—instantly he heard also the heavy boom of a cannon.

How they had started, the Frenchmen! And then sat frozen in their chairs, each man holding his hand lifted or lowered, as if the stir of a finger could drown the gun that was telling Paris of the birth of the Emperor's child. One man spoke quickly —"Twenty-one for a daughter, one hundred for a son"—and they frowned at him; they all knew it.

"Nineteen"—it was Beauregard who began to count aloud—"twenty, twenty-one." The reverberations died slowly, and the officers listened intently for the next heavy boom, and then, as it did not come, drew long breaths and looked at each other, and Beauregard again, always the first to speak, threw up his hands.

"A girl, then! Ah, kind Fate, for the Emperor's sake, another gun! If the twenty-second might but sound!" And, as he spoke, it sounded.

The guns went on merrily then and nobody counted, but they all drank, and drank again, to the young King of Rome, to the Empress, to the great Emperor. Fitzgerald was standing on the table, expounding a flowery toast in fine Irish-flavored English, which nobody understood but all cheered madly, when the door opened, and Constant, the Emperor's valet, came in. They all knew him, and there was silence instantly, for his coming must mean a message from Napoleon.

"M. le Capitaine Fitzgerald?" suggested Constant, inquiringly, his fox-face looking about as if he did not know his man; and Fitzgerald, standing, with his feet in their great cuirassier boots, among the cards on the polished table, his glass still in his hand, owned to his name.

"His Majesty the Emperor desires the presence of M. le Capitaine in his cabinet."

And Fitzgerald, rather dazed, climbed down from the table and followed Constant to the interview that had been the astonishment and the glory, shared by no other soul, of his life. There were others who knew, three of them—Napoleon had told him that—but he did not know their names, and they had given no sign. He should never know, unless—he looked down at his hand where the firelight sparkled on a ring—"unless France should need her." He repeated the words to himself.

A door opened at the farther end of the hall, and three strapping young men came in, blue-eyed and fresh-colored, lean and big-boned, like the lord of the castle, evidently his sons. They came to the fire and sat down around him like three young brothers, a hand on his

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shoulder in passing, a mischievous tip of his chair, showing the affectionate and familiar terms they were all on together. Colonel Fitzgerald, shaking off his revery, glanced at them with satisfied pride. They were the sort he liked, handsome and strong and plucky—fine Irish gentlemen, with good-nature and a twinkle of humor besides showing plain in the eye of each.

"How goes the new pipe, Colonel?" asked Alex, the oldest. "It ought to be something wonderful after coming all the way from London, or never hold up its head again."

"By post, too, lad," added Dennis. "Remember it posted to Dublin—no mere travelling by mail. At Sackville Street it alighted, they say, and led Lord Kilkenny, strongly against his will, to the bar of—what's the name of the place?—where it treated him right nobly to various strong drinks, to the health of the land of punch, priests, and potatoes, for which he paid the charge."

"It's a way it has," said Patrick, Jr. "Once see that pipe, and you may look with faith around the corner for the punch—ah! it's got here, I notice," and he rolled an eye toward a side-table where stood a bowl and glasses.

"Peg away, lads," said the Colonel, placidly, looking at the pipe which he held in the palm of his hand. "You're all jealous. It's a good pipe, and it's a fine trick Lord Kilkenny has of bringing one every year from London. Faith, I wouldn't have him disturbed in the habit for worlds. Where's Norah?" he asked.

"With Whirlwind, of course."

"Nothing wrong with Whirlwind, is there?"

"No, I think not. But the saddle slipped a bit to-day and rubbed half of a hair off his withers, and Miss Norah must see to it herself. Shamus wasn't to be trusted, and by the same token, no more was I," said Alex. "So off she went to the stables. I wouldn't grieve my heart out if Whirlwind should set up a small uninjurious malady for a few days. The girl's going to hurt herself with her mad riding."

The Colonel laughed. "Not Norah. She knows horses as you boys will never know them," he said, proudly, and the lads looked pleased, too. "Not but what you're good horsemen, but Norah has a knack that's a miracle. It's the same with men," he added, musingly. "She holds up the tip of her finger and she smiles at them, and it's a pleasure to upset all plans for her. It was the same—" He stopped, staring at the fire. Dennis finished the sentence for him: "With her father, you were thinking, I'll wager a hat, Colonel."

The young men laughed. But Colonel Fitzgerald turned and looked at them queerly.

"It was my thought," he said, without a smile.

The merry youngsters stopped, a bit puzzled. Alex, harking back, said, seriously: "Well, then, Norah may be all that's wonderful, and I'm proud to think she is, but upon my soul she takes risks. You ought to caution her, father. Devil a bit of attention she'll pay to anyone else, and she doesn't know what fear means."

Dennis joined in. "Yesterday, when Lord Kilkenny brought over the pipe—" "Rest its sowl," interjected Patrick in broad Irish, but Dennis went on gravely—"he told me that he saw her take the sunk fence on the Gurt na brocha, and you know it's safe for no horse in this soft weather. Whirlwind's back feet hadn't an inch to spare, he said. And she caught a cropper a week ago—you never knew it. Whirlwind refused the wall by the Curryglass farm, and she put him at it again and he took it low, and they spilled. Norah was up and pulling at his bridle before Shamus could get to her, and she ordered Shamus not to tell, but I came on him doctoring the horse where he cut his side, and I got it from him."

Colonel Fitzgerald pulled at his pipe. "The horse wasn't hurt?" he asked.

"Only a scratch. It's the girl I'm afraid for," said Alex.

"I'm not afraid for her," said the Colonel. "But I'll speak to her. Yet I doubt if—it's the blood that's in her," he said in a low voice, shaking his head.

"It's your blood, Colonel, and ours," said Dennis. "And I'll wager I could order a girl to do my bidding, and make her do it, too, if I were her father," he went on, tossing his tow-head. And just

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then, "Toot-toot-a-too-too," from the very threshold of the room a bugle blew—loud and strong on the first notes, a pitiful bleat at the end—and the proud Dennis and all the others started violently and turned to stare at the door.

There a red- and shame-faced groom stood, much alarmed, holding the instrument which had just dropped from his still open mouth, and just behind him, half in the shadow, a military figure—that is, until you noticed that the cocked hat and officer's coat were finished illogically by a tweed skirt that marred the war-like effect. But a gallant-looking young soldier it was, all the same, that strode toward the group.

"Right-about—forward—left flank—march—company—sit down," and down she sat on the knee of Colonel Fitzgerald and gave him a mad hug and a kiss on his head and a tug at his left ear. From this strategic position she then issued orders to her trembling army in the rear.

"You may go back to your horses now, Shamus O'Shaughnessy. You're a good, obedient boy, and though you've the courage of a small cat I'm pleased with you. Fly!" And Shamus, as well as he could, for shivering and shaking, flew.

"Daddy, look at me," and she hugged him again, making it quite impossible to look at anything. Then she sprang to her feet. "Attention, men! Daddy, it's the living image of yourself I am, as you fought under the Great Captain. Boys, dear, you hulking Irishmen, tell me I'm not like my father now, if you can—you who are always jeering me for a dark foreigner."

"Faith," said Dennis, "you're the living image of someone, but I can't place my hand on his name."

"It's a big name you're looking for," said Alex, quietly, "for it's Napoleon."

Colonel Fitzgerald started and turned a keener glance on the girl, and the blood rushed over his face and up into his eyes.

"The lad is right. It's himself," he said, through his teeth.

"Me?" said Norah, glancing brightly from one to another. "I am like the Great Captain? Look, then, daddy—didn't he stand like this at Ratisbon?" She threw her head forward, hands clasped behind, and out of her gray eyes shot the very look of the Conqueror, mixed with youthful mischief. A short curl had blown loose in front and fell on her broad forehead, beneath the three-cornered hat. The likeness was unmistakable.

The young Fitzgeralds laughed and exclaimed, but their father, springing to his feet, gazed at the girl and shook with emotion.

"Norah—my little Norah," he gasped. And in a second one of the soldierly arms was around his neck, and the cocked hat lay on his breast.

"Why, daddy, I didn't know it would bother you. I won't do it again. No, never! Wait, then." She drew away from his arms, and in a second the cocked hat and the coat with its gorgeous facings lay in a disrespectful heap on the floor.

"Now I'm your Irish Norah again, and it's all I wish to be. It was you I wanted to look like, daddy, not the Emperor. The Emperor's nothing to me, but it worries me to have the boys say I'm the only one who's not a red Fitzgerald. I'm as good a Fitzgerald as any man of them all. Tell them I am, daddy."

"Boys, you're not to be hinting but she's as good a Fitzgerald as the lot of you together," said the Colonel, smiling again.

"Better—tell them I'm better, father," coaxed Norah. "Insult them for me, father; it's pleasant to see them insulted, the great, blundering—darling boys," and she flew at Patrick and Dennis, as they stood side by side, and cracked their big heads together before they had time to resist.

"Now, you little lambs, don't you bother this great black wolf again," she said, and cocked her head at the three tall fellows.

The distant door of the room opened cautiously, and Tim, the butler, put in his dignified gray head with the look of an arch conspirator.

"Colonel, darlin'."

"Go away, Tim. Leave the room; leave the country. Go to heaven," said Norah, facing about toward him.

"Sure, then, Miss Norah," pleaded Tim.

"The Colonel *won't* see you. Isn't it plain to be seen we're having a family quarrel and we want to enjoy it in peace? Have you no delicacy, Tim—you, with your big eyes, as if you had kings and

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princes waiting behind you, and all you want is to ask whether we'll have carrots or turnips to-morrow for dinner?"

"Sure, Miss Norah," said Tim, helplessly, and rolled an entreating eye toward Colonel Fitzgerald—"sure if you'll lave me shpake, Colonel, before I starts for heaven afther Miss Norah's marchin' orders—an' it's good luck she's not ordered me to the other place, for I'd have to go," with a grin—"sure there's three sthrange gintlemin waitin' to shpake wid yez."

"What is it you're saying, Tim?" said Colonel Fitzgerald, lazily. "There can't be strangers come to Kilmorra a night like this? You're always a play-actor. You'll be telling me next it's fairy princes, blown in by the thunder you have down there."

"Sure an' they're that sort," said Tim, in a stage whisper, leaning forward with bright, scared eyes. "'Tis the great lords from foreign parts, they'll be, sure, Colonel dear, and they're all rich wid furs an' jools, an' they shpake the lingo."

"French?" asked Fitzgerald, tersely. Tim had been with him through the wars.

Tim nodded. "'Tis that, sor. I should know it like the swish of the swords."

The Colonel stood up, holding the arms of his chair, and looked around at his children. The color and glow went slowly out of his face, and left the skin hanging yellow on his large bony features.

"It's come," he said, "France needs her."

There was a silence while the young people stared at him astonished, and then the blood and the courage found Colonel Fitzgerald's heart again.

"Children, dear, you'd better leave me," he said. "Tim, bring the gentlemen to me here."

CHAPTER III

A CLEAN rush of light hoofs on the turf behind the wall, and over they came, horse and girl, a vision of life and color, of powerful and graceful strength. To Michael Ney, in his saddle at the side of the road, it seemed as if they rose twenty feet in the air, and soared as birds soar, without effort, before the water-jump was cleared, and Whirlwind came down, crazy with glee and excitement, and was a hundred yards off across the field by the time the laughing girl who sat him could pull him in.

"Isn't he the pretty jumper?" she called, as they turned, horse and rider together, and cantered lightly back.

But Michael was so absorbed in looking at the picture coming to him across the wide, sky-topped greenness that he forgot to answer—hardly heard the question. The finest sight on earth is a good horse with a good rider; and young Ney, looking at these two with a trained eye, knew that each was of the best. The horse was a light-built black, quick as a kitten, full of fire and full of nerve, with a dancing step that seemed just to touch; slim legs, a small, proud head, and a pair of eyes that told much—wild, restless, and flashing they were; and when the little ears went back close, and those dark, blood-shot eyes gleamed at you, you felt why the grooms and even the young Fitzgeralds called Whirlwind dangerous. You realized that he would carry his master till his heart broke, if need be, and might well kill a rider, too, who was not his master. But as he came up now across the field, though exhilarated from the leap and eager for more excitement, and though the girl on his back sat loose and held the reins lightly in one hand as she bent to pat his neck, Whirlwind was quite under control.

"How lovely she is!" Michael thought. He had seen prettier girls, without doubt, for she was no regulation beauty, but none in his life with this girl's fascination—full of mischief and gayety, unexpected at every turn, yet with a dignity that encased her as the air encases the earth; with a will and a courage to sway an army, and yet innocent and good and gentle, loving enthusiastically her simple life with the brothers and the father who were her humble servants and whom she adored; a life like a mountain-stream rushing impetuously, musically down between hills, bright with sunlight, and sweet with quiet shadows; breaking bravely, and with foamy laughter, over the rocks in its path, and sparkling through the monotony of the shallows; each drop fresh and alive under every sort of sky—a life that might well, some day, thought the young man, widen into a strong and stately river, the

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artery of a nation. He had been left at Castle Kilmorra partly to study her character, and this was what he was making of it.

"Whirlwind mavourneen, poor beast, faith, we must do it—there's nothing else left," and she bent toward the horse's flicking ears. "It's hard to die so young and so suddenly and in such good hunting country, too, but we must do it, I fear."

"What sad secret are you telling Whirlwind, Miss Norah?" asked Michael, wheeling his horse beside hers as she came up.

"It's the custom of the family, that's all. When a Fitzgerald's heart is broken, it's the custom to ride off Castle Rock, to save bother."

"Is your heart broken, then? What villain has done it?"

"Just you," said Norah, looking at him mournfully from her deep eyes. "Whirlwind's heart, too. Speak up, Whirlwind dear, and tell him you're suffering," and she gave the horse a sudden thump with the butt end of her whip that made him leap six feet and snort angrily. Norah laughed and tossed her head.

"It's the spirit that's in you that I love you for, Whirlwind," she said; "for all you're broken-hearted." Then she gathered herself and her horse and faced Michael like a general reviewing his troops.

"What sort of a Frenchman do you call yourself, to let Whirlwind and me be leaping sunk fences and things for you, and never give us the smallest word of a compliment that ever was—and us perishing for a bit of blarney. That's why my heart is broken." She frowned darkly at him.

"You and Whirlwind stole my heart from me a week ago, Miss Norah," said the young man, a touch too seriously. "I think the pieces of that, if there are any left, might serve to patch up yours—I doubt if it's badly injured. As for Whirlwind, I'll patch his with a lump of sugar when we get home. And as for the compliment, if you knew the words I was busy keeping my tongue from saying, you would not dare ask me to let it loose."

Norah looked up at him with pleased eyes.

"R-r-really?" she asked, the Irish *r* rolling sweetly. "Now that's very pretty. You're forgiven, sir. Faith, you're a real Irishman, for all your French name."

"I wonder if you suspect that you're a real Frenchwoman, for all your Irish name?" retorted Michael, looking down at her, as they trotted side by side.

"Not that," said Norah, quickly. "I'm not that. I don't mean to be rude," with a friendly glance over at him, "but the boys bother me that way—telling me I'm foreign and dark and not like the fair Fitzgeralds, when I'm proud of being a good Irishwoman above everything else."

"I have Irish blood, too, Miss Norah, and not so far back," said Michael, gently. "And I love old Ireland, too. Heavens! I love it!" He took off his hat and shook his light hair loose and drew a long breath as he gazed at the beautiful landscape, as if to drink in the greenness and the fresh beauty of it. "Yet it is my pride to be a Frenchman," he added, slowly. "And it is my hope in life to strike a blow for France some day—God helping me!" The fresh, strong young face stared off at the horizon, full of fire and solemnity. "But I needn't bother you with heroics—yet," he said, and smiled down at her.

"It's a *drôle* of a Frenchman you are, as father would say," said Norah. "A patriot to your finger-tips, and yet you are big and blond like an Irishman or a Scotchman, and you speak English like—well, there, now—it isn't quite like an Englishman, either, but surely not like a Frenchman. How do you come to be so queer, then?"

Michael laughed, but as if his own peculiarities interested him less than the girl's evident interest in them. "I'll explain myself if you wish it, Miss Norah. My father, who had both Scotch and Irish blood, was always taken for a Scotchman in his young days," he said. "My color and height come from him. And as for my English—I don't speak like an Englishman, then?" he asked, curiously.

"It's this way," said Norah. "Did you ever hear of my father's friend Captain O'Flaherty, of Dublin? It was he complained that his French always showed him to be English, and his English proved him to be Irish. But I don't know what your English proves you to be," and she scrutinized him thoughtfully. "For

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it's not Irish and it's not quite English. There's a manner of softness about it, and you slip over the *r*'s as if they weren't there. And some syllables you'll make a yard long, while the others you'll take half a dozen to the jump. I don't know what it is at all—tell me, then." She looked at him, and instead of the amused, laughing look she expected, his face wore a grave expression, his eyes gazed down thoughtfully at the pommel of the saddle.

"Miss Norah, if you care really to hear about it, I'll tell you more gladly than anyone in the world. It is a secret of history—and even history may never know it—that lies at the bottom of so small a thing as my accent. You know who I am? Or, rather, for that's nothing, whose son I am?"

"The son of the great Marshal Ney—of him the Emperor called 'the bravest of the brave,'" said Norah, reverently and softly, looking at him with eyes that made his heart go fast.

Michael shifted his bridle, put his left hand on Whirlwind's mane and fixed his gaze on the girl's face. "You know he was supposed to be shot after Waterloo? Louis XVIII. ordered it, and the execution, or the form of it, was carried out in the early morning of December 7, 1815, in an alley behind the Luxembourg. But there was a plot—I might give you all the details and the names, for they are burned into my brain, but I will not now. It is enough to tell you that the plot had aid from very high quarters—the Duke of Wellington himself, who was in Paris with the allied armies, knew of it. The file of soldiers who were detailed to shoot him were of my father's old command—that was arranged. As he passed them, his own old veterans, he whispered, 'Fire high'—his last order before a battle had always been, 'Fire low.'"

Suddenly Michael stopped and stared at Norah as if appalled. She sat her horse like a statue, her lips were closed tight, and her eyes flashed gray fire. "My God," whispered Michael, awed, "the likeness!"

She turned her eyes to his quickly. "Go on," she ordered, and her breath came fast.

He went on. "My father gave the word 'Fire,' and fell. Then they fired—over him. The rest was easy. He was taken to a hospital and from there to Bordeaux and from there he sailed to America. I think it is the most wonderful secret in all history," said the young fellow, his face flushed with deep feeling, his shining eyes still on Norah's excited face. "A hundred people must have known it, in a vague way all France knew it, for the people have never believed him dead, and yet the Government never found out—no one was ever punished for helping him escape." Then in a quiet voice he went on: "I have lived many years, though not all of my life, with my father in America, in the South, in a State called Virginia, where he has bought a large place—thousands of acres. He is what they call a planter. That is all. Now you see why I speak English differently from Irishmen and Englishmen. It is the accent of America, of the South."

Nora drew a long, trembling breath. "I don't care about that. Don't bother me about your accent now. I am thinking of that dark winter morning in Paris, and those good old soldiers, drawn up to shoot at their own great general who had led them into battle. Great heavens! You must think of it always! You must live in that memory! No wonder you are different from other people!" And she turned to him with a sudden movement that made him thrill—with that and the fire of her look, impersonal though it was.

"Am I different?" asked Michael. It was hard to speak at all when she looked at him like that.

Norah turned her head away rather hurriedly. "Oh, yes, quite," she said in a business-like tone that was ice-water on fire. Then she went on, "1815—were you old enough to realize?"

"I was seven," said Michael. "I don't think I realized very much, but I missed my father greatly. It was for that reason they sent me to him—I grieved for him so that it made me ill. I had two older brothers who were more important—they have the titles—so my mother could spare me. And he needed me in his exile—it is an exile still, for he longs for France always."

"Can he never come back?" asked Norah. Michael turned a look full of

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meaning upon her. "When there is again a Bonaparte on the throne—yes," he said.

"And is that to be?" asked Norah, eagerly. "Is something going to happen, then? Is that why you and the Prince and the Marshal came to Kilmorra? But why should you come to Kilmorra? Is it because my father is a great soldier and you want him and the boys for leaders? Is there to be a *coup d'état*, as father has said was sure to be some day? Are they going to make the King of Rome Emperor?"

Michael smiled and looked at her a moment, then turned away his eyes, as if afraid to trust them.

"A fine lot of state questions you've piled into a sentence or two, Miss Norah." Then his face grew serious again. "Your right to know all about it is far greater than mine," he said, "and soon you will know. Yet at present I'm not allowed to talk freely to you, and you're coming close to the heart of things." He turned a look of longing on her puzzled face that she could not understand.

"Come, now, there's a fine soft road for a run. I'll wager the Saint will beat Whirlwind to the cabins up yonder, and all by clever jockeying." And off they went, pell-mell, the white and the black spinning up the road in a staccato chorus of sparkling hoofs.

CHAPTER IV

So for three weeks Norah Fitzgerald and Michael rode in the June weather about the lanes of County Clare, and meanwhile the history of a nation, the fate of a *coup d'état*, hung on their riding. Many a career was marred, many another had its chance of being, only because of the light in Norah's eyes and the answering light in Michael's before the word that matched it came. The keenest joy of companionship is to feel another mind catch the flame of your own across the space of silence. Day by day he could see her count more surely on his understanding her thoughts, and turn to him with a shade of laughter that even father and brothers missed. His mind, travelling swiftly to meet hers, often brought up with an electric shock to find her there, just outside the very doorway of his thought. Every day to the impetuous, strong-willed, warm-hearted Michael Ney it grew a dearer luxury, a nearer necessity, this quick, sweet touch of souls—almost more than the touch of her hand it thrilled him. Every night when he went to his room, after a day spent assiduously in wrong-doing, he lectured himself with shame and pain.

"To-morrow shall be different," he vowed. "I have no right—no right"—and sometimes he finished the sentence and whispered aloud—"no right to love her." Often he tossed the question impatiently aside with the thought, "After all, I am the only one to suffer. She is light-hearted and free-hearted. She shall never know this." And all the time every look was telling her.

Ah, why had they chosen him to stay there, of the three? He knew well enough the reason—that someone should be at hand when the great event came; that Talleyrand, Ambassador to England, must be at his post in London; that the old Marshal's English was impossible; that he, to all appearances simply a young American gentleman, could rouse no suspicions. But couldn't they have seen—couldn't a blind man have seen—the danger? Wasn't he made to love her? And now he must hold his peace and go through with this horrible, picturesque, melodramatic business, and with his own hands help to put her forever beyond his reach. Michael's eager soul longed to throw off the artificial right and wrong of it, and sweep her up fiercely—a laughing, high-spirited, willing Norah—and carry her off to the ends of the world.

Ride after ride; on shadowy, wet mornings, when the pale greenness was a mist, with no outlines, only a gracious, dewy melting of hedges and walls and trees into one soft landscape; on glorious afternoons, when the land was emerald—a gold and green world, with bouquets of pink and white thorn set here and there—and they rode with their heads close to the fairy freshness of the boughs; once or twice coming home in the early moonlight, when it seemed as if they were a knight and a lady of long ago, riding through a dim old story of King Arthur.

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From the saddle the picture of the world about is seen at another angle, and the difference, the surprise, never fails. Each time you mount you go up into a new, fresh country; each day's weather has a new master-word, a delicious secret that is whispered in your ear only, and that you can never tell, for there are no words that will say it.

The two, as they rode out daily into the beautiful unexpectedness, felt each a restful certainty that the other understood; which, considering the position they were scheduled to occupy toward each other, was a dangerous state of things. One night they halted their horses on the crest of a high hill. There were miles of country spread out below, around them. Leagues of sky seemed to bend over and touch them. The stars and the lights of the village of Scattery, far below, began to gleam together out of the misty twilight. Beyond rolled the ocean.

"Is there anybody in the world but us two?" asked Michael, looking back from the wide, still landscape toward Norah—and Whirlwind took a restless step that jostled her shoulder against his. Quick as thought—quicker than his thought—he bent down and kissed the sleeve that touched him, and then, pale with feeling, frightened at himself, he stared at her. Norah's eyes were fixed on her hands, and the hands trembled. As if under a spell, the two sat so for a moment, still as death.

Then it was Michael who said, speaking with difficulty: "I think we had better go home," and all the three miles of the road back Whirlwind led a mad race, and Norah waved her whip and urged him on across shadowy ditches and over dim hedges, recklessly. At the table she kept father and brothers in a peal of laughter from beginning to end of the meal. And Michael, watching miserably to catch her glance, could never once do it, for it danced cheerfully over and past and around him without giving him one straight, friendly look. In look and in speech she treated him to a sparkling feast of diamonds, which, as diamonds can, cut.

His one thought was to see her alone, for five minutes even, to beg her pardon, to straighten out somehow, anyhow, this wretched coil between them. He ached feverishly till that could be done; he must make her understand how sorry, how unhappy, how reverent—he planned the explanation a thousand ways.

But when he tried to draw her outside, into the moonlight, she threw her arm around Colonel Fitzgerald's big shoulder and vowed he should go and look at the moon on the sea, too—it was good for him—he had no sense of beauty—it was training for his finer qualities he needed. And the three great boys stalked after them, while Michael boiled and fumed to get into the house again.

The next day went in much the same way. When Michael suggested a ride, Patrick and Dennis must ride with them, the blessed boys; she had not seen them, to speak of, for weeks. But that night Michael grew cunning, and started the Colonel and his sons, Alex being of an argumentative turn, on a fiery discussion of European politics. And Miss Norah, who cared little for such things and was no patient listener, slipped out shortly by the side door that led to the old garden. And when she was gone no more than three minutes Michael stood up, and said, smilingly:

"Miss Norah and I have had a quarrel, Colonel Fitzgerald. She misunderstood me a little, and by your leave I'm going out to find her and make friends." The Colonel looked at him absentmindedly, his soul on his politics, and said, "Quite right; quite right, my lad," and hammered back at Alex's last argument with no further notice.

So Michael stole out into the moonlighted, sweet-scented, large, old garden, walking quietly on the turf that bordered the beds of flowers. He saw her far down by an old sun-dial, and her arms were on it, and her head on them. His heart beat hard.

"She isn't crying," he said; "she's sleepy. I'm sure she's only sleepy." And then, "I'm going to beg her pardon for touching her. I'm going to tell her I had no right, and I'll never do it again."

He kept saying that to himself, to remember it, as he drew near her.

He stood by her at last, close, in the silvery, quiet night, and as she lifted up her startled face, there were tears on it, and—he forgot.

(To be concluded.)

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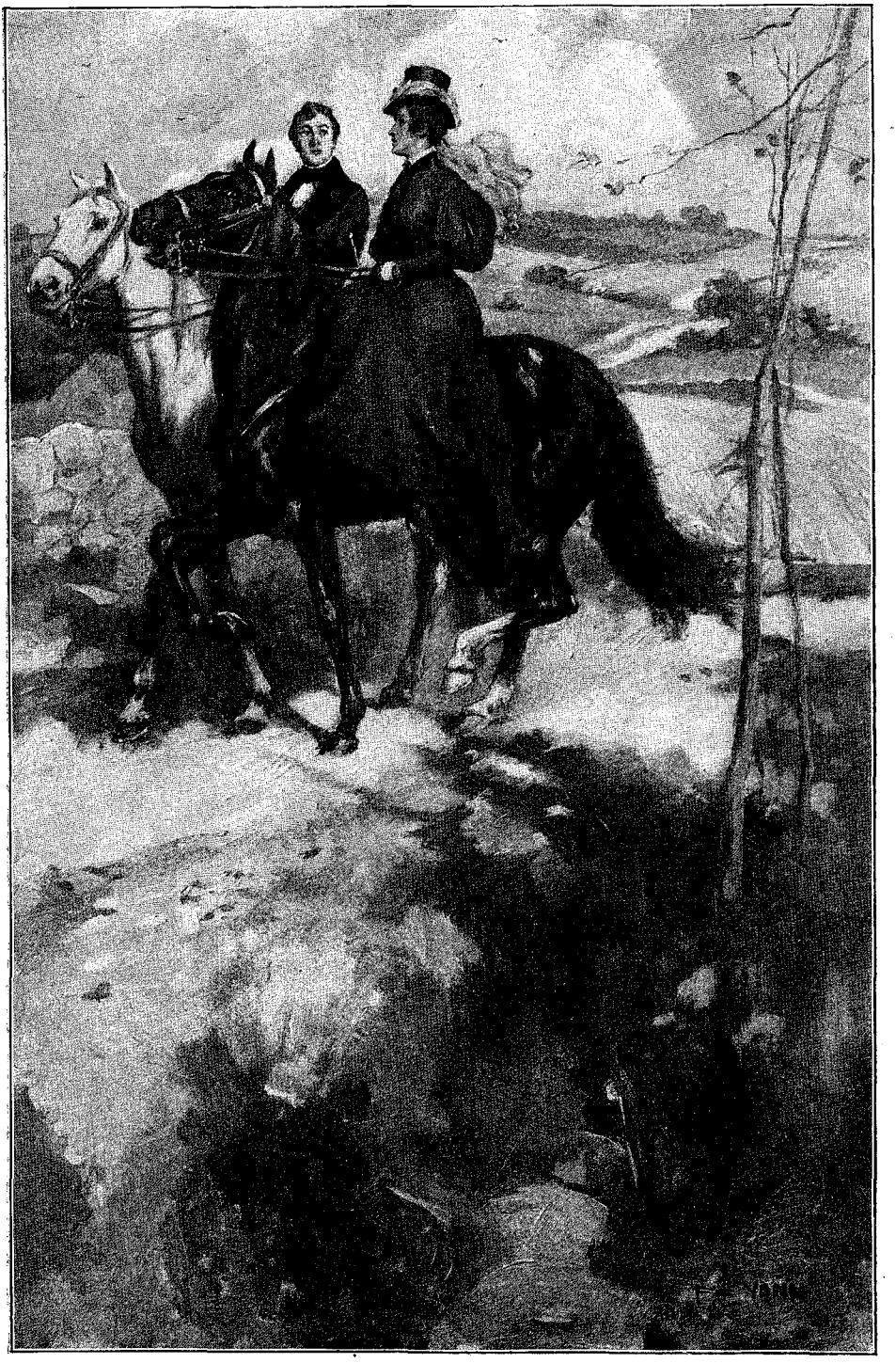

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"My God," whispered Michael, awed, "the likeness!"—Page 282.

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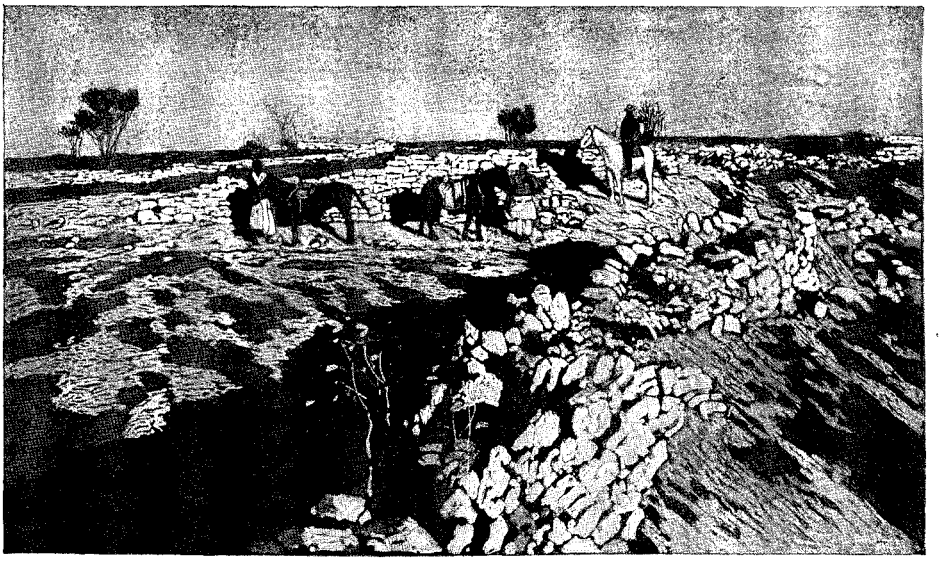

Ruined City of Alham.

THROUGH THE COUNTRY OF THE KING OF KINGS

By William F. Whitehouse

ABYSSINIA, the country of Menelik, King of Kings and Conquering Lion of Judah, to use his full royal title, has been of late years the object of considerable attention, and much has been written about the Negus and his dominions. Yet some notes of a recent trip through Abyssinia to Lake Rudolph, and afterward by way of Uganda to the coast, undertaken both for exploration and sport, may still have interest.

The Abyssinians, who are warlike, overbearing in their manners, and intolerant of foreigners, though comparatively civilized, are strongly tinged with superstition; even the Emperor, though intellectually far above the level of his subjects and well versed in European affairs, clings to many of the ancient Ethiopian beliefs, among which the fear of the "evil eye" is the chief, to such an extent that when he drinks he is protected from the view of everyone by the "*shammas*" held by his attendants with averted faces. The "*shamma*" is the large cloak worn by Abyssinians, made in three strips of white, red, and white, which are the national colors.

A short distance from the frontier of Abyssinia proper, and near Gildessa, lies a large mountain, desolate and forbidding in aspect. The shooting of game in its vicinity is considered as sure to bring disaster, and is never indulged in by the natives. The explanation that the site is haunted by evil spirits, who would wreak vengeance upon any intruders in their solitudes, is probably due to the fact that the mountain is volcanic, with signs of an extinct crater at its summit. On one of its rocky spurs are many curious heaps of stones, the usual monuments raised over the dead, but in the case of a warrior of distinction, the cairn is ornamented by upright stones, placed about it in fantastic figures, each representing either an enemy killed in battle, or perhaps one of the wretched subject Gallas, slain on some

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marauding expedition in the immense tract of land south of Adis Ababa and north of the lakes Rudolph and Stephanie. In prowess, the killing of an elephant stands pre-eminent, the successful warrior acquiring the much-coveted privilege of wearing a gold ring in his left ear, frequently placed there by the Negus himself—an honor which I am frank to say I ventured courteously to decline.

Not far from this devil-mountain a singular circumstance led to the shooting of a fine Koodoo. While tracking the antelope, which I had already wounded, in the dense bush, to which he had retreated, I came across a hyena stealthily working out a trail of his own. So intent was he on this that he did not perceive my approach; instead of firing at him, I followed for a short distance, when he led me to the quarry. The sight of a hyena hunting by daylight is most unusual, as they rarely leave their lairs except at night.

"Belle" of Walamo.

From this point to the Emperor Menelik's capital, the country becomes more mountainous and barren, until at last, by paths inaccessible to camels, the city of Adis Ababa is reached, situated on a wind-swept and treeless highland. Here a most interesting ten days were spent, due no little to the kind interest and generous hospitality of Colonel Harrington, the well-known British Representative, who procured audiences for us with the Emperor. Our first interview was held in his small throne-room, where Menelik received us most kindly, and evinced much interest in my being an American, remarking that I was the first who had ever penetrated his territory. He gave us letters and permission to travel through his dominions, and sent word to some of the greater governors in the South to treat us with all consideration and aid us in every way, which they most certainly did.

Later, on January 7th, the Abyssinian Christmas, he invited us to a feast, at which were present some 15,000 of his troops. It was early on a dull cloudy morning when we left the British Compound, attired in dress-suits, and mounted on mules. After a half-hour's ride we saw the Emperor approaching from his Palace, surrounded by his officers and a large following, his immediate attendants carrying their rifles in red-cloth covers. On meeting we all dismounted, and followed him to a tent. The Master of Ceremonies made a way for us through the crowd, and placed us on the Emperor's left, near the Chief Justice. The Emperor was seated in a small state-chair, dressed in a long coat of green silk with yellow stripes, an overcoat of black satin with gold embroidery down the front, lined with pink silk, white trousers, and patent-leather shoes. His head was bound in a piece of white muslin, drawn tight and rolled around the edge, on which was a large gilt Panama hat, with the band studded with rubies and sapphires, and he wore a diamond stud in his left ear. Over him a red silk umbrella was held, with embroidery and fringe of gold. On the Negus's right sat the young Archbishop in a plain black burnous, under a mauve-and-gold umbrella. Next to him was the old Archbishop, attired in a splendid black velvet robe, gold embroidered, the gift of the Emperor John, most of the time diligently telling his amber beads, while over him was held a scarlet-and-gold

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umbrella. The Archbishops are Copts, and according to the old rule never return to their country, Egypt, after once leaving it.

A large, circular tent occupied the left side of the rough square, two other sides being kept by a line of priests and neophytes, holding croziers. Some sixteen of these advanced from the tent chanting, many with gold or silver mitres on their heads. Their vestments were magnificent, rich in material, and gorgeous in color, yellow brocaded velvet with large green flowers and lining of pink and white striped silk; others of purple velvet, with flowers of gold and green silk lining. Three men in advance bore on their heads the Sacred Books, the Bible, Gospels, and Psalms, in brocaded silk covers of blue or green and gold. A large, silver-covered Bible was now brought forward, and, after a short portion had been read, it was kissed by the Emperor and the two Archbishops. Upon the return of the priests to the tent a chant was commenced, during which a procession to the Palace was formed, headed by the chief priests; the Emperor followed on a gayly caparisoned mule, surrounded by a few of his chief officers. We moved along parallel to his left, while, behind, the mounted officers held back the soldiers and people. As we approached the outer gate of the palace-inclosure, the Emperor saw that there was much crowding, and, knowing that as soon as he had passed through it would become worse, sent a messenger for us to precede him. Inside, to the left, lay a large grass court, where carpets and chairs had been placed. The Emperor being seated, we, joined by five Russians, arranged ourselves on his left. The chanting, with dancing, recommenced, and lasted for about half-an-hour, when the Archbishop pronounced a blessing in Arabic, which was repeated in Amharic; then threading our way through narrow lanes, courts, and gardens, we arrived at the Emperor's Chapel, a circular building, with a high square screen concealing the Holy of Holies, where the sacred books are kept, and which is only entered by the officiating priests. The screen was scarcely completed. Many of the pictures with which it will be decorated were oil paintings on canvas, ready to be fastened up; others were frescoes executed by native artists. After the Holy Books had been deposited in the Sanctuary, we were conducted to the audience-chamber, passing on our way the half-completed Observatory, where we met the Italian and French Representatives, Captain Ciccodicola and Monsieur Lagarde. Ushered into the Great Hall, we mounted the dais, in the centre of which stood the throne and canopy; the latter about eighteen feet

A Large Tortoise.

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Drawn by C. M. Relyea, from photograph.

Haweya Warriors.

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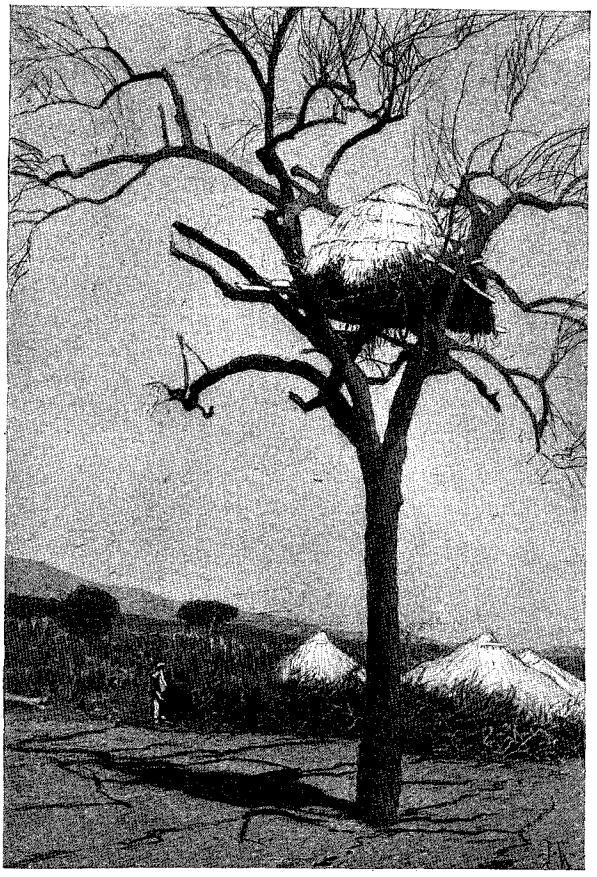

Hut of Tree-dwellers North of Lake Stephanie.

square of red velvet, with an M in gold upon it, surmounted by an Imperial crown supported by pillars of red, green, and gold.

The Negus seated himself on the throne, which was surrounded by court officials and attendants. At his right lay a large pile of flat bread, on a table covered with a white cloth, and decorated with flowers. On either side of the dais, which was curtained off from the rest of the hall by thin, flowery-patterned chintz, stood two silver candelabra, eight feet high, holding sixteen lighted colored tapers. The guests, consisting of the various residents and ourselves, were placed at two tables on the Emperor's left, set with massive silver knives and forks, marked with the imperial M. While we ate our well-cooked dinner, of many courses, a number of dishes were carried to the Negus. Of some he partook; others, merely touching, he sent to the chief officers sitting about him. Before each of these groups stood an attendant holding up a great piece of raw beef, killed that morning, from which the guests cut strips with a sharp knife, and, placing one end in the mouth, cut off the remainder. Each person had a decanter of honey-beer by his side. Upon the completion of our repast the chintz curtains were drawn back, disclosing the large hall, 150 feet in length, by 90 in breadth. The walls were covered with blue paper and gold stars. The roof, which was supported by two rows of open-work wooden pillars, was here and there decorated in red, green, and orange. This hall soon commenced to fill up with officers and soldiers, who seated themselves in groups around baskets of bread. Attendants stood near the officers holding huge pieces of raw meat; while, to save time, the soldiers were served with cut portions. Each man was

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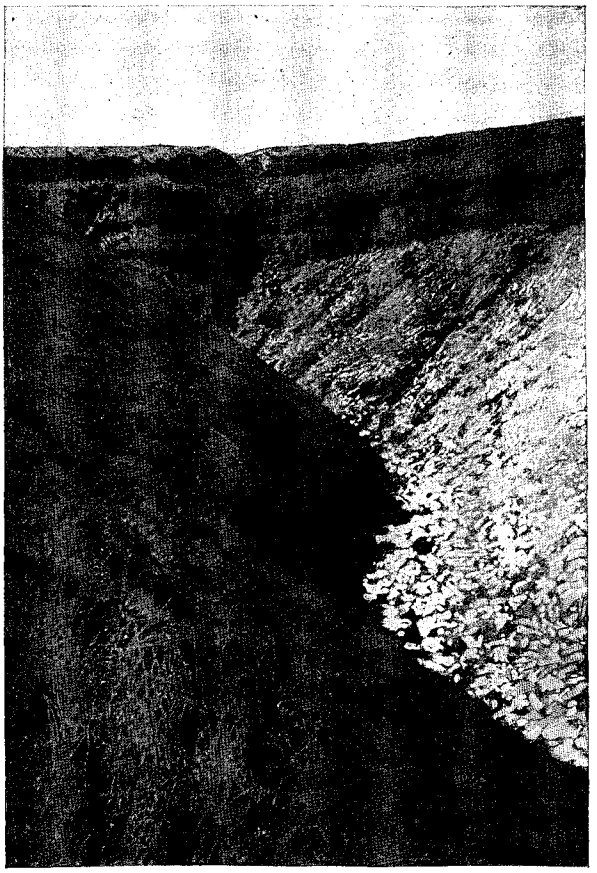

Gorge of Balchi.

then handed a horn cup, nearly a foot long, filled with honey-beer. As the first detachment of troops finished, they were given a small glass of arrack and ushered out to make room for the next. An Abyssinian brass band, trained by a Russian master, played a selection of music, and, finally, the National Anthems of France, Russia, England, Italy, and Abyssinia; to each we drank standing. Three hours having passed since we entered the hall, we shook hands with the Emperor and were escorted to where our mules awaited us, and rode back to the British Compound.

After our interesting stay at the capital city, our route was southward, and before leaving the confines of Abyssinia we passed two places worthy of note, the ruined city of Alham and the sacred mount Zuquala. The ruined city, which is situated on a mountain-top about a hundred miles southeast of Adis Ababa, was made known to us by some of the neighboring natives, and as far as we could ascertain had never previously been visited by white men. After some hard climbing we reached the ruins, which are very extensive, covering the entire flat top of the mountain and measuring about a mile long by half a mile in breadth. The streets were narrow and clearly distinguishable, bordered on each side by houses, of which the walls alone were still standing, varying in height from three to five feet and built of rough unhewn stones. This city, called Alham by the natives, was probably built by one of the earlier Ethiopian Emperors and destroyed about A. D. 900 by an Arab invasion. Its commanding situation gave an extensive view of the volcanic formation of the country, with its numerous small craters, many of them pouring out showers of smoke and ashes.

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Women Water-carriers, Gildessa.

Mount Zuquala, which is situated west of Alham, is 9,500 feet high. On the summit, a lake of considerable size lies at the bottom of a hollow, with wooded hills rising some 600 feet on every side. A ruined chapel is perched on the highest of these peaks, and two other churches are concealed among the trees. The lake, whose water is credited with curative powers, is often visited by the people of the district.

Our march now led us through the country to the west of that chain of lakes which extends from Mount Zuquala southward to Lake Stephanie. It is a well-cultivated plateau, inhabited by the Arusa Gallas, who are subject to the Abyssinians. At a village called Alaba, the Shûm and the inhabitants were all Mohammedans, a fact which greatly pleased our Somalis, who are of that religion and very devout, even when seriously ill, refusing stimulants and carefully questioning the ingredients of all medicine. They carry these religious scruples to such an extent that even when deprived of meat for several days, they will not eat game unless the animal, while still alive, has had its throat cut (an act called Hallâl) by one of their own religion while mumbling a phrase from the Korân. This small community holds steadily to the Mohammedan religion in spite of the surrounding Galla population and the Christian authority of the Abyssinians exerted over the place. The Abyssinian Governor of the district sent his brother to greet us and offer hospitality, and the latter accompanied us on the following day, giving us a skilful exhibition of the Abyssinian national game of throwing blunt wooden spears while galloping at full speed.

After experiencing much difficulty in getting our caravan across the river Warra, near the junction of that stream with the Kambata, as camels seem to have an inherent objection to water, we camped on a wooded hill-top near Walamo. Here the small parties of natives who had been overtaking us on the road during the last few days, increased in number to large bands of several hundred each, all carrying loads on their backs, those of the women, of course, being much the heavier, and most of them driving in front loaded pack-donkeys. As Walamo is the trade-centre for the produce of all that district whenever a large market is held, which is only once every few months, natives come with their trade goods from a long distance. Walamo is in reality the name of the district. The market-place is situated on a high hill, the village being some distance away. Despite the noise and confusion attendant

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upon the presence of several thousand people, little trading seemed to ensue. Many men walked about carrying small straw parasols, with no regard for the direction of the sun, simply for the distinction derived from their possession. Those having goods to sell sat upon the ground with their wares in front. These were

General View of Market-place, Walamo.

Judge's Seat in the Walamo.

chiefly barley, cotton, hides, and some liquid in jars. The medium of exchange is a strip of iron, called *dormas*, twenty-six inches long, one inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, bent at the end. Sixteen equal the Maria Theresa dollar. In a tree on the centre of this mountain-top sat, in a species of bird's nest with thatched roof, the judge of the market-place, by whom all disputes were promptly decided and summary punishment inflicted on thieves and brawlers. He was very intelligent and gave us much interesting information about the coffee of excellent quality which is grown round the shores of Lake Margherita. From our camp we had a magnificent view of that fine sheet of water, surrounded by beautiful kraals, each in a grove of banana-trees, the roots of which make an excellent flour for bread. The whole country, densely populated, seems prosperous, the fields all carefully fenced in by high hedges of cacti and thoroughly tilled, the plough being drawn by oxen; the people were extremely courteous, seeming altogether to belie their sinister reputation of being able to cause madness or even death by simply watching the stranger eat. This belief is held by all the native traders and Abyssinians; and Captain Wellby, who had visited Walamo the year before, was himself and two of his men made ill by allowing the natives to see them while eating. His other followers were most careful never to be observed, and although partaking of the same food did not feel any ill results from their stay. We determined to try the effect ourselves, and ate our meals without detriment in the presence of a crowd of several hundred, which usually was sitting in a silent ring about our encampment.

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Abyssinian Shûm of Gildessa and Escort.

From the Walamo country to Baroda is but a few days' march, through a beautiful district, cultivated on every side. The roads were really roads, and not mere tracks—broad, and bordered with magnificent shade-trees. While marching through a village near the boundary-line of the two provinces, the old Shûm of the place, surrounded by many venerable friends, presented us with a jar of wine, begging us to spill some of the liquid on the road as an evidence of good-will before leaving their country and entering Baroda. Soon after complying with his request, we passed under a wooden, arched gateway, erected across the path, merely used to mark the frontier, as the carved gates are always open. Here we were met by several Abyssinian priests and attendants, who, after saluting, marched some miles before us to our next camping-ground, singing at intervals Abyssinian religious chants, similar to those we had heard at Adis Ababa. The procession was led by an acolyte, bearing a magnificent old silver cross, about two feet in height. This had been sent to them as a present by Menelik, and all offers for its purchase were promptly refused.

At the southern confines of Baroda we met Waldo, the last Abyssinian governor, or *Fitarauri*, who is in command of the frontier-garrison, consisting of several thousand men, insufficiently armed with about fifteen hundred rifles, owing to the scarcity of firearms at the capital. His principal occupation is collecting ivory for the Emperor, and he informed us that he had recently forwarded 400 tusks to Menelik, and during the previous month 600; that elephants, however, being very scarce in his country, it was necessary to go many days' journey to the south to shoot them, even as far as Lake Stephanie.

Before reaching Lake Stephanie we found evidences of the terrible famine which has overtaken the country, owing to the two years' drought. Passing through large villages and immense fields—with countless terraces, only three or four feet broad and six inches high, with here and there a small stone hut, about eight feet square, well built and located in a commanding situation—we found only a few survivors of a vast population which had died of starvation, on account of the failure of the crops. Many corpses were lying by the side of the track, and in all

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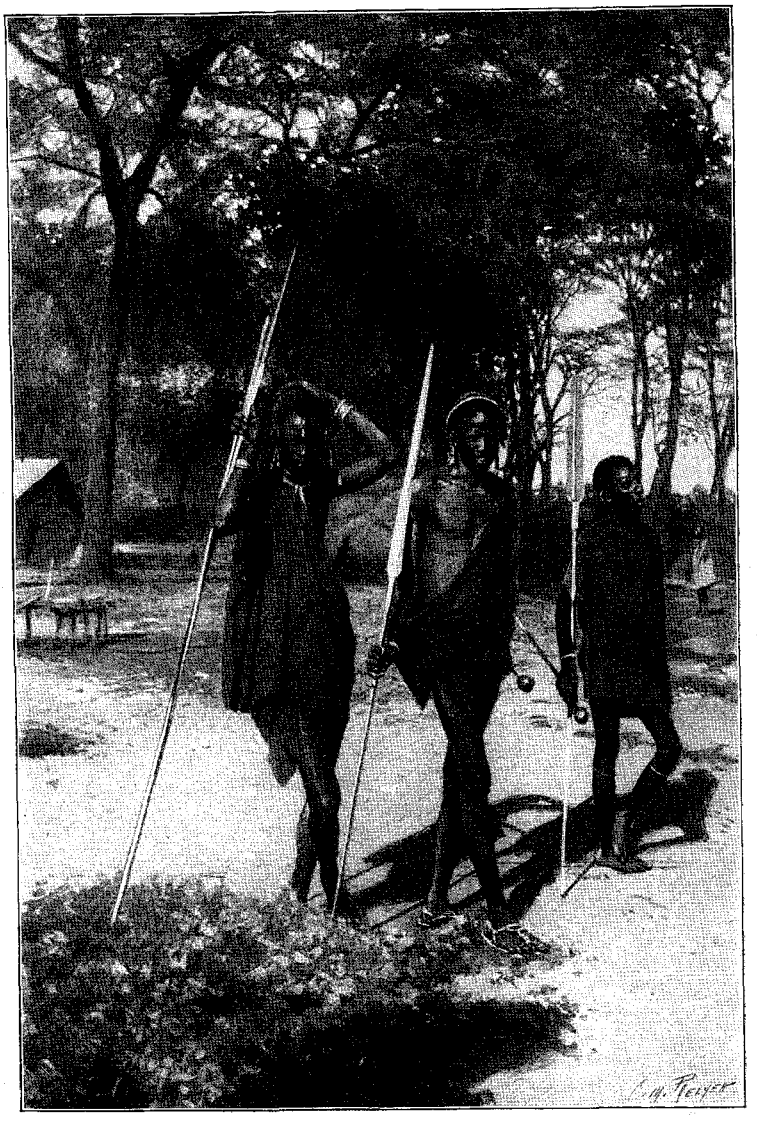

Masai Warriors.

the villages the huts were filled with the dead. We gave the survivors what food we could, and some joined our caravan, proving useful additions.

Through this famine-stricken country, steadily descending, we emerged from the rocky, desolate gorges of the Hamarcoché Range upon a vast plain covered with fine sand and enormous numbers of fish skeletons. This we found, to our great disappointment and surprise, to be Lake Stephanie completely dried up. The great expanse of water, more than forty miles in length, discovered by Count Teleki, had absolutely disappeared. It had probably been dry a year or more, judging from the condition of the dead fish and from the sparse vegetation which was commencing to appear on the former bottom of the lake. Owing to the consequent lack of water a forced march to Rudolph was necessary. This lake, which was also discovered by Count Teleki, is over two hundred miles in length and in many places the farther side is not visible. The surf rolls in as on a miniature ocean upon its rocky shores,

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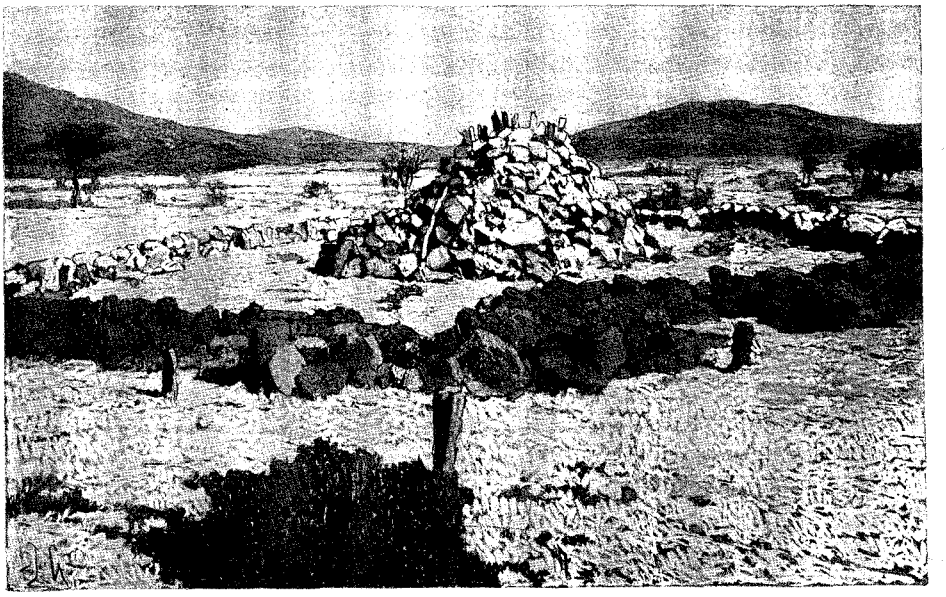
which are completely barren except for the ever-prevalent thorn-bushes and clump grass. These, however, seem to supply sufficient nourishment for the rhinoceroses which are seen in large numbers in the vicinity. How these huge animals are able to provide themselves with sufficient food is a matter of constant surprise. They are exceptionally savage, and, in our long night-marches down the lake, made more dreary and lonely by the beat of the surf and the roar of the wind, frequently charged through the caravan; these rushes could not be checked owing to the darkness, and the danger that if only wounded the animal might return to the attack. Even in the daytime they chased our cattle when grazing far from camp, until some bull, more courageous than the rest, would charge them in turn and drive them off. The only inhabitants of the shores of the lake were a few fisher-folk, who, like the "lake dwellers," lived in huts, supported on piles driven in the water, these dwellings being the usual round reed-thatched structures common to this country.

On the approach of our caravan the terrified inhabitants took to the lake at once in their canoes, overloading them to such an extent that the danger of a total loss seemed imminent. Their flight was due to the dread of a repetition of the recent raid made by the Abyssinians, when their wretched dwellings were destroyed and cattle driven off, thus reducing them to absolute dependence on the lake for their existence.

From the great volcano at the south end of Rudolph, named by Count Teleki after himself, to the beautiful shores of Lake Baringo, there are three weeks of rough mountain-climbing, made more difficult for weary camels by the heavy rains. Baringo once passed, it is but a few days' journey to the caravan-route, from a point on which Mombasa is reached by the newly constructed railway, which now links with iron bands the East Coast to Victoria Nyanza.



An Abyssinian Tomb.
Devil Mountain in the background.

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AMONG LONDON WAGE-EARNERS

By Walter A. Wyckoff

THE ascendency of America is a fascinating idea. If it lacks precision in the mind of the average American, it still is luminous with notions of national glory. Without a doubt the imagination has been touched by the distinction of new standing as a world-power and by a place of commercial superiority. The fascination for the foreigner is all in the sense of uncertainty, of the incalculability of the power that is rising in the West. Much of the charm of the situation for the interested observer is in the play that it gives to trained minds which are brought to bear upon it. In little more than a sentence a writer will sketch for you the drift through centuries of the world's commercial centre from the Tigris to the Thames, and then deftly hold in balance the question as to whether the next move will be eastward to the Baltic or westward to the Hudson. This may not be convincing, but certainly it is exhilarating. And exhilaration is distinctly the feeling which the observer takes with him from a casual reading of what has been lately written on the new phases of commercial rivalry among nations to an investigation of some of its evidences among English wage-earners.

There is multifold pleasure in the search apart from a partial satisfaction of quickened curiosity. A vision of England in mid-June, after years of absence, is itself an event to live for, and incomparably delightful when new impressions come fast, with the aid of eyes which give to them the freshness of their own youth and charm at first sight of an English country-side. And rarer even than a day in June is a cloudless June evening in an Oxford college-garden, where the twilight lasts until ten and where, unmolested by winged life, a university company sits under the trees in the glow of pendant lights, while a travelling troop plays Shakespearian drama.

Surprises follow one another in quick succession wherever the subject of investigation is touched. The attitude of the well-informed is the first surprise. A revolution in ideas has worked itself out in England in a dozen years, and "Imperialism" is become the substitute for social amelioration. It is not easy to realize the extent of this transformation. The atmosphere of England had been so surcharged by the apparent vitality of movements which seemed to indicate inevitable social improvement. One had not to search for it; it was everywhere: in the enthusiasm of the universities for settlement-work, in the evidently effective growth of trades-unionism, in the political programmes which took into account the renovation of agriculture and the founding of a national system of old-age pensions and the shifting of the burdens of taxation. But when, under the stimulus of these impressions, one approaches the Englishman of to-day, one is instantly conscious of the change. He regards you with the curiosity which a survivor of some almost forgotten age might awaken, and he tells you frankly that our *naïveté* in still believing in America in the possibility of social amelioration is only matched by the quaintness of our obduracy in clinging to a belief in the freedom of the will. "Imperialism" has made a fairly clean sweep in England. The "Condition of the People" problem lacks vitality for the moment, because, as one shrewd observer remarked, "The public has grown tired of the poor." West London is still willing to be entertained by a sufficiently artistic representation of life in the East End. But in its eyes the "problem" has either disappeared with the absorption of the unemployed in the present commercial prosperity, or what remains of it is insoluble; or else—and this is widely held—the whole question is reducible to a matter of lighting and paving and draining and providing improved means of transportation. The intellectual horizon of the

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nation may have widened under the influence of "Imperialism," but evidences of increased idealism are lacking.

A greater surprise is in waiting when one examines a typical quarter of the working poor of London. One may know London fairly and yet be without any definite knowledge of the East End. But if one knows West London at all, it is difficult to be without preconceptions of the character of the eastern quarter. I own frankly to having conceived of it as a labyrinthine city of slums. I knew vaguely that within half a century it had spread itself over a vast area to the east and northeast of the "city," to the river Lea and beyond, absorbing in its progress many old hamlets of which such names as Wapping and Stepney and Bethnal Green and Spitalfields and Isle of Dogs cling to one's memory. But it is not a little strange, when one thinks of it, that a trip through East London should be regarded as something of an adventure. Desperate crimes have been committed there, and criminals are, no doubt, to be found there, but it would be difficult to discover a section of London of which the same is not true. The truth is that, if there is a single quality which eminently characterizes East London it is that of respectability.

It is easy to account for an outside reputation for viciousness. The rapid growth of the city and the fearful congestion that has here and there manifested itself have been accompanied by outbursts of vice and crime that have taken at times appalling forms. A series of murders which horrified the world went far to create the impression of a desperate community. A search for adventure took often the form of expeditions through the East End under police protection. Not only is police protection no longer needed, it is no longer to be had in the form of police-conduct for parties of slummers. The present authorities at Scotland Yard decline to foster viciousness, or even its appearance, by helping to create a demand for it in the interest of morbid curiosity. And when companies of largess-dispensing sightseers ceased to pass nightly under police guidance through parts of East London, the city assumed its natural aspect, the aspect that all who knew it knew to be normal to it, that of perfect safety and of a degree of respectability rather to distinguish it among all the quarters of London. I personally have never seen at any hour, in Whitechapel nor through all the length of Mile End Road nor in Leman Street, a faint suggestion of the nightly horror of Piccadilly and Regent Street. And in this I am but echoing the authoritative statements of Sir Walter Besant, whose delightful book on East London must have proved a revelation to many an English reader, not to say to many a Londoner.

If one's interest lies in tracing what evidences may have begun to appear among the wage-earners of England of the new commercial warfare, upon which the country has entered, it would be difficult to conceive of a more favorable field for observation than the great area of the East End. Here is distinctively a proletarian city. Here is a population amounting nearly to two millions, and among them all probably none is rich, and a bare two thousand, it is likely, live upon "independent means." The professional classes and clerks and small shop-keepers and the keepers of public-houses include possibly two hundred and fifty thousand of the total population, so that of the two millions the whole number, less a quarter of a million, are actual wage-earners and their children. And with all this vast population, making East London one of the notable cities of the world and certainly the most notable city of wage-earners in the world, it is, as Sir Walter Besant has pointed out, singular in the absence of any unifying civic life. Under the authority, as it is, of the London County Council, it is without a central administration of its own, without courts of law except police-courts, without newspapers of its own and without any schools of learning higher than the elementary schools, and even without hotels. Travellers, it is said, never lodge there. There simply are factories and wharfs and shops and public-houses and then, spreading over vast areas, the countless homes of the workers. The shopping streets are thronged after working hours, but nowhere are there traces of wealth; no costly toilets nor private carriages, but "people, shops, houses, conveyances—all together are stamped with the unmistakable seal of the working-class."

The city of Dreadful Monotony, it has

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been called, and it strikes this note in every one of its streets of workmen's homes. Placed in a continuous line, the streets would extend five hundred miles, an almost unbroken monotony, as the houses face each other in dingy gray-brick fronts, a door, and window, and an upper window and eaves, and chimney, and topping chimney-pots, with roughly paved side-walks and cobbled street between. Only in walking through it can one get an idea of the appalling extent of the city. The interested observer turns for his first impression to the quarters whose names, at least, are familiar. Entering East London at Shoreditch, in Bethnal Green, he passes the Great Eastern Railway Station and turns into Commercial Street. Soon he is in Spitalfields, where he steps aside to look closely at such a characteristic quarter as Little Pearl Street, for example, then continues his way across Lamb Street, and past Christ Church and Toynbee Hall into Whitechapel High Street, and far out the Mile End Road to the People's Palace, and St. Benet's Church. And yet there appear no indications of any limits to a city, a few of whose arteries he has lightly touched, but which still are seen branching in every direction, in ramifications which he knows extend for scores of miles through Limehouse, and Poplar, and Blackwall, and out through Stepney, and Old Ford, to Hackney, and across the Lea to West Ham and East Ham, and so to open country, where are fields and woods and villages and all the beauty of the open English landscape. If he were to walk thirty miles a day, he would employ the greater part of three weeks in merely achieving the feat of walking through the streets of East London, and, apart from the deadening monotony, the strongest impression which he would be quite sure to acquire would be that of an unparalleled industrial city, with comparatively clean streets and very compact dwellings that in their exteriors, at least, give little intimation either of destitution or of the over-crowding of their inmates. I have not walked through every street of East London, but I have walked through many of them, and the impression thus acquired, against all preconceptions, was strengthened here and there by the sight of large numbers of houses each with its tiny front "garden" and its carefully guarded flowers and bit of turf. There is much to be said, and much that seems to me interesting, about the housing of wage-earners in English cities, and chiefly in London, but let no one conceive of the East End as a city of slums, but rather as the workshop and dwelling-place of myriads of wage-workers, monotonous, certainly, and covering vast territory, but extremely orderly and certainly well-kept externally, and suggesting much comfort and the not unwholesome living of multitudes, some of the human interest of whose lives has lately been most sympathetically portrayed in Sir Walter Besant's "East London."

When a sense of the extent of the city has seized the observer, when the fact of hundreds of miles of grim, gaunt streets of dingy houses and countless factories has stamped itself upon his imagination after days of walking among them, the mind is next impressed, apart from a supreme interest in the people themselves, by the evidences of the infinite variety of occupation. With Mr. Charles Booth's invaluable aid and with that of Sir Walter Besant one is able to focus in time the evidences about one and make them contribute to some clearness of idea. For example, Sir Walter tells us of a search through early records, which disclosed the fact that the various crafts carried on in London during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries numbered in all only between two and three hundred, "so simple was the life of the time." This number had doubled, he found, in the eighteenth century, and, as a result of the modern specialization of industry and the minute subdivision of labor, it has reached a remarkable increase within recent years. As an instance, he points out that garments are made by the score in half the time formerly required for one, because now, instead of through a single pair of hands, they pass rapidly through those of the "baster, presser, machinist, button-holer, feller, fixer, general hand," all of whom are working at the same time. But this is part of a later impression, and the result of a much closer study than the first casual survey of the city. It is the localization of trade that strikes one at first sight, a survival of an earlier habit of

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the older town, when, for example, the Goldsmiths lived in Lombard Street and, by virtue of their well-built, well-guarded houses, became the custodians of the treasure of their neighbors, which they learned to turn over profitably in a way of business and, acquiring skill as employers of idle capital, became the forerunners of the modern London bankers.

The ancient custom of the localization of trade has a wide application in this city so modern that it is the growth of barely a century. I had not been long in Whitechapel before I began to notice the infallible signs of the presence there of the chief of the sweated industries—the manufacture of ready-made garments. Jews—mostly Polish Jews—prevail in the quarter; and when I went through much of it, under the guidance of an obliging Toynbee Hall worker, I soon began to form an idea of the density of its Hebrew population, and of the extent of its local industry. Scarcely a stone's throw from Toynbee Hall we were in the heart of a quarter dense with Jews, to the practical exclusion of all other nationalities. I was led through Shepherd Street and Shepherd Place, and through all the ways connecting them—White's Row, and Butler, and Freeman, and Palmer and Lilley Streets, until it was clear to even the chance-observer that the entire block from Wentworth Street to Dorset, and from Commercial Street to the old Petticoat Lane (now Middlesex Street), is so wholly given up to Jews that probably not ten in a hundred of the population are of Gentile blood. And with a preponderance of Hebrews only less great, this Jewish quarter extends across Shoreditch to Aldgate, and on even to Great Prescott Street, giving to Whitechapel High Street the character of a principal thoroughfare of a Jewish city, an illusion which is well born out by the nearly invariable Jewish names over the shop-doors. Here is localized the manufacture of certain ready-made garments, a fact to which, together with the race-problem connected with it, we shall have occasion to revert. Now we have to do with the phenomenon of localization, and, under the guidance of Mr. Charles Booth, we can easily trace it farther to the spread of the furniture and wood-work trades through Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, and the obvious swarming of the dock-workers at the river-side, while the boot-makers are scattered through Mile End, and Old Town and Old Ford, and there is a centring of the silk-weavers about Spitalfields. These were veritable fields when, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, a colony of French Huguenots settled there, and introduced the industry of silk-weaving and gave to the quarter an industrial character which it has kept ever since. Next there is the Isle of Dogs, of inauspicious name, and of the centralization, not of a single trade, but of factories and factory-work of wide variety. A peninsula it is, a mile and a half in length, and a mile in width, formed by a bend in the Thames as it turns southward at Limehouse and, skirting Deptford and Greenwich, flows north to Blackwall, where it receives the river Lea. Once this low, marshy peninsula lay exposed to the overflow of the river at high tide, but it was reclaimed by a river-wall, and its entire area is now built over with factories and workingmen's houses. Within the docks is an almost unbroken line of factories, giving employment to a population somewhat densely packed from river-bank to river-bank. Further evidences of like localization are to be found in Hoxton, where fur and feather-dressing are carried on extensively, and in Clerkenwell, which is the seat of the watch-making industry. While these salient examples suggest the variety of occupation in East London, it is only by an examination of trustworthy statistics relating, not merely to the main branches of manufacture and trade, and to the regular vocation of shop-keepers and railway-servants, and the police, and sailors, and officials and the like, but to the work of "sundry artisans," and of "home industries," and "small trades," with their almost countless subdivisions and specializations, that one forms some adequate conception of the volume and complexity of the industries carried on within this city of workers.

But it is in the people themselves that one's main interest will inevitably centre. Certainly I found it so from the beginning of a cursory study of East London. My first impressions were gathered from walks which took me systemat-

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ically through section after section of the city and admitted of some superficial idea of its character as a whole, and provided many an opportunity of conversation with shop-keepers and with factory hands on their way home from work and with the "casuals," whom I invariably found exchanging the comfort of a mutual support with the door-post of some public-house. It is necessary to state the fact of a population of 2,000,000, but it is as impossible to grasp it as it is impossible to form an idea of the distance from the earth to the sun. And yet it is not difficult to grow familiar with the salient East London types. The city is really cosmopolitan in character, for all the principal countries of Europe have long been contributing to its population in a stream of immigration, which adds quite 10,000 to its numbers every year. This to an American is scarcely an impressive number, as applying to immigration, but the fact is, nevertheless, notable when we consider a yearly assimilation of 10,000 foreigners by a growing city of nearly 2,000,000, and the complete success of the assimilation except as affecting the incoming Jews. Sir Walter Besant declares that the power of England to absorb an alien population is even greater than that of the United States, by which, of course, he means proportionally greater. He is certainly mistaken, I think, but he indicates, with much point, the fact that for all the inflow of foreigners, continued now through many years, there are, apart from the Jewish quarter, practically no foreign settlements in East London. And furthermore the children of the aliens are soon, as he insists, English through and through.

To an American observer there is no fact more striking than that of the essentially English character of these millions of wage-earners. And the lower he looks in the scale of work and the standard of life, the more surprising does the fact appear, until it is almost inconceivable as it stares out from among the appalling conditions of the submerged. The American is little accustomed to seeing the native-born of his own race among the ranks of wage-earners and never practically among the destitute poor. There he invariably expects foreign faces, and there he invariably meets them. I once spent eighteen months as a wage-earner in America, living on the wages of unskilled labor and working at all manner of jobs, as I journeyed slowly from Connecticut to California. In that time I was thrown with nearly every variety of foreigner, but it was a rare event when I found myself working beside another American, except as I got employment with farmers or in a gang of navvies on some Western railway or in a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Once during that time I lived for a fortnight among the unemployed of Chicago, and saw, of necessity, much of the destitution of a typical American city, but never did I see an American among the destitute poor. There are slums in more than one American city, more terrible, it strikes me, than any in London—certainly more terrible than any in the East End—but the American finds in them only foreign faces. The Englishman, on the contrary, sees his fellow-countryman, not only in every grade of labor, from the most highly skilled artisan and mechanic and operative to the unskilled navvy and the idle, thriftless, anæmic "casual," but down even among such human wrecks, from the registered lodging-houses in Dorset Street, as one may see basking in the sun on the benches about Christ Church in Spitalfields.

It may be accepted as broadly true that the people of East London, notwithstanding a cosmopolitan stream of immigration, are essentially English in character. It is a city of English working-people. We shall look again at the fact of its unassimilated Jewish population, and I suspect that investigation would prove that the Irish remain an element apart. But I see no reason to doubt Sir Walter Besant's view that the French and German and Scandinavian and Belgian and Dutch and Swiss and even Italian strains in the immigration are quickly absorbed by a hugely preponderating English body, and that the children of the aliens are certain to become thoroughly amalgamated.

But let us look a little more closely at the people themselves. I have an instinctive shrinking from a recital of my own observations of East London, unsupported by the testimony of those who really know the city, conscious as I am of how fatally easy it is for a stranger to gather wrong impressions. Here, how-

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ever, are some of the impressions which were confirmed by many days of careful observing. It so happened that my first incursion into the East End was on a clear Saturday afternoon in June. I went, as I have intimated, with a supply of crude preconceptions which, among other things, fostered the not unpleasing feeling that I was engaged in an adventure. A general knowledge of the city was my first concern, so that I might, in later study, find my way about without loss of time. A map was all that I needed, for the streets were clearly marked, and it was soon extremely easy to wander at will through the quarters that I wished first to see. Quite naturally one goes first to the Ghetto; for, apart from the interest of its names, it lies full across one's path, as one enters East London from the west. But I passed through the Ghetto and beyond into regions where scarcely a trace of Jewish blood is to be found, and I wondered as I went. Saturday is a half-holiday in England, which means that practically the whole population is freed from work and devotes itself to recreation before the rest of Sunday. Not merely in the Ghetto, where the Sabbath reigned, but throughout the Gentile quarters of the town, there was the quiet almost of a London Sunday. Children were playing in the streets, and when, as in the courts about barrack-like tenements, they gathered in large numbers, their shrill cries and the rush of their feet across the pavements marred the illusion of Sunday, it was restored by the sight of what appeared their Sunday-best. It struck me that never before had I seen a working population so comfortably dressed. The day was warm—hot they called it in Piccadilly, but mildly warm to an American's notion of town heat—and yet I noticed that the children were not only dressed in light suitable garments, but that they were all well shod. I began to search for bare feet and I walked through several crowded courts and lanes before I found them. And when found, they proved to be in the possession of a young girl so well dressed besides that she was clearly indulging a natural liking for the comfort of going unshod in the warmth. Why all the other children had not followed her example, I could not understand, apart from the possibility of its being considered in the East End not quite respectable to go barefooted. There are barefooted children to be seen and children in rags, but these are rare, and are, so far as I observed, mostly young boys of ten and twelve, whose rags seemed to me to denote not poverty so much as a boyish indifference to cleanliness and whole clothes. It must be remembered that the East London of to-day is a city regenerated, as compared with the East End of half a century ago. Much of it, if not the greater part, has grown up within that half-century, and there has been realized there something of the municipal improvement which has been general to English cities in that time. The better lighting and paving and cleaning, and the better supply of fresh water and of open breathing-places, and the better housing, in part, at least, of a crowded working population, are some of the obvious circumstances of the change. Many causes, less evident to the first glance, have been at work, such as the increased social activity of the churches and of individuals, working through settlements and clubs, and the improved standard of life, which has been effected mainly through the more efficient organization of labor. But the cause which I encountered everywhere, and which everywhere seemed far-reaching in its touch upon the betterment of East London was the influence of the Board-schools. The Board-school is the English equivalent for the American Public-school, but I very much doubt whether in any of our more crowded cities the Public-school fulfils quite the function of the Board-school in East London. I did not find a single instance of a serious lack of school room for the children, but every child, apparently, passes early—some of them as early as three or four years of age—under the dominance of the school, and remains there generally until the age of fourteen. Of the value of the book-learning of the Board-schools I know nothing, but I noticed constantly the effects of their education, in habits of cleanliness and obedience and good manners, which, as Sir Walter Besant says, have so far abolished in the last generation the savagery of the old East London that it remains a vanished world, "one to be left to the region of poetry and fancy,

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to the unwritten, to the suggested, to the half-whispered; for it exists no longer; it has been improved." This does not mean that slums are not to be found in East London, with conditions of appalling congestion, and all the attendant miseries of extreme destitution, but that, whatever may once have been the character of the city and of its people, the East End is no longer a city of slums, and its people, far from being "submerged," are a skilful, industrious, peaceful, working population of high average intelligence, and equal, it is likely, to any reasonable competitive struggle.

I have referred repeatedly to an unassimilated Hebrew element in the industrial English population, and it is important to dwell for a time upon this question. In point of numbers it is no insignificant matter, for the Jews of East London have passed the one-hundred-thousand point. It is a new question in its present form, for the foreign Jew did not begin to pour into the city in any approach to the present volume of immigration until twenty years ago, when an outbreak of Anti-Semitism drove the Jews in hordes from Russia and Poland to England and America. The reception given to them in England seems to have been, from the first, a not unkindly one, for they were taken in—always poor and often destitute as they were—and provided for by the Jewish Board of Guardians, whose disposition of them in point of work has not been without interesting consequences upon the industries of East London.

Throughout the years of this invasion the Ghetto has remained the Ghetto, simply becoming intensified as a Jewish quarter and irresistibly extending its borders into regions once wholly Gentile. But the old Ghetto by the city walls is the Ghetto of to-day, and from that as a centre, one may trace the expansion of the Jews, north into Bethnal Green, and east along the line of Mile End Road to Tredegar Square and Merchant Street, and south into the region of St. Georges-in-the-East. The completest conquest of the race-expansion has been that of a region in Spitalfields, south of Christ Church and extending to Whitechapel High Street. Much of the transformation of the quarter is due to this change in its inhabitants. There are courts and lanes there, through which one would once have hesitated to pass by daylight, but where now one is perfectly safe at any hour of the night. The houses and tenements are occupied almost exclusively by Jews, and, judging from the orderly character of the quarter and the high standard of comfort as shown in the dress and the generally well-nourished appearance of the people, it would be easy to imagine it a model section of wage-earners. That, however, would be a superficial judgment. A closer inspection would reveal a condition of very serious overcrowding. Indeed, it is by systematic overcrowding that the Jews have driven out the Gentiles and taken possession of their homes. The usual practice is to offer a higher rental than the existing one, and then, when in possession, to reimburse themselves by taking in lodgers. The system is further entrenched by reason of the fact that the dwellings so occupied are very apt to pass into the hands of the shrewder and wealthier Jews, who, for the sake of the large income, do all in their power to foster the practice of overcrowding as a source of revenue.

Nothing could be more natural than that the newly arrived Jew should herd with coreligionists and so increase the congestion of the Ghetto. He has a foreign tongue to learn before he can be independent of his own people, and, besides, he lands a thoroughly orthodox Jew, to whom the nearness of the synagogues and "kosher" meat are necessities. Nothing shocks him so much as the defection from the faith of his Anglicized fellow-Jew. Yearly these aliens swarm in a quarter already strongly Hebrew and create a pressure which results in the constant widening of their distinctive territory.

The question which interests us has to do with the effects of this invasion upon the English workers. Those who have studied the matter closely agree that there is no evidence among English workmen of an Anti-Semitism in the continental sense. And yet this does not imply that there is no prejudice in East London against the alien Jew. There is strong prejudice, breaking out at times in positive hostility and heartily shared often by the English Jews themselves. But the hostility has a tendency to disappear as a

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result of the actual experience of industry. It is by no means remarkable in its beginning. The alien Jew comes to London a pauper, or little better, and with no conscientious scruples as to hours of labor or a rate of wage or a standard of life. He is notoriously willing to work any number of hours for any wage and under any condition above actual starvation. What more natural than that there should be the usual alarm about pauper-labor and the driving of the home workman to the wall? Fortunately, however, this is not a question left to prejudice and to anti-alien cries. The whole field has been thoroughly investigated more than once, and it has been shown that the threatened harm to native industry has not been realized. There has been a certain specializing of Jewish work, rather than a general intrusion into the employments of English wage-earners. For example, it is shown that a third of all the male Russian and Polish population of East London above the age of ten are employed in the tailoring trade, and in this branch of industry the Jewish labor is concentrated upon coat-making and mantle-making. In Shoreditch and Bethnal Green there are large numbers of Jews engaged in the cabinet-making trade, but here, too, is a specialization in the direction of the inferior work, which is done in the small workshops. Moreover, there are Jewish furriers, and cigar and cigarette makers, and tin-workers, and numbers of street-hawkers, but nowhere is it possible to find a serious and menacing struggle between Jewish and Gentile workers.

It is true that the system to which the Jew most readily lends himself is the sweating system — the system of home-work under a small master and without any effective organization. I have seen enough of the sweating system and of its effects both in America and in England not to wish to minimize its evils, and yet I know that it is possible to exaggerate them, and especially possible to exaggerate the significance of certain facts of low wages. It is quite true that the new-comer in the sweat-shop, known as the "greener," is sometimes found working through excessive hours for starvation wages. And yet it is not generally known that the same "greener" is really in the position of an apprentice, and that when he has acquired skill at his trade he will be able to command much higher pay, and is not unlikely himself to become an employer, sweating his "greeners" in turn.

The East-Ender does not like the Jew, except the English Jew, whom, oddly enough, he is apt to like extremely well. But his dislike for the alien Hebrew cannot be said to rest on grounds of industrial rivalry. He dislikes him as a Jew, with his keen, not always scrupulous, scent for gain, and his willingness to lower indefinitely his standard of life. But, most of all, he dislikes him for his calm, irresistible encroachment into quarters which he as a British workman holds as his own. It is along this frontier-line where Jews and Gentiles meet, and where the Jew is constantly encroaching upon the Gentile's domain, that there is in East London any approach to *Judenhetze*. There is not discoverable here any trace of the serious race and industrial problem that like conditions produce elsewhere in Europe. The English workman dislikes the alien Jew, and is suspicious of his ways of business and his manner of life, and his dislike mounts to hatred when the Jew crowds him from his home. But his hatred disappears in the presence of the English Jew, who is quite willing to make common cause with him against the new-comer.

I found a decided difference of opinion among those who are concerned with the question of the ultimate absorption of the Jew by the English population, a difference which I found nowhere more clearly stated than in the interesting essays on "The Jew in London," by Mr. C. Russell and Mr. H. S. Lewis, which I have already used freely as authorities. That the Jew will become completely Anglicized and lose his distinctive nationality appears a matter of little doubt to some students of the problem, while others believe that the Anglicizing process will stop in the future, as in the past, short of a complete loss of the distinctive race characters— that there will be no amalgamation with the English; but that, while the alien Jew in England will become an Englishman, he will be an English Jew. The matter of interest from the present point of view, however, is the fact that there seems to

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be involved no serious industrial problem. England, and eminently East London, has proved a haven for scores of thousands of persecuted Jews who have thriven there as probably they never could have done under any conditions in their native land. And yet this prosperity—attended by some evils of "sweating" and overcrowding, it must be admitted—has yet not been purchased at the price of any loss of industrial welfare among English workers. The Jews come in in poverty and, by incredible industry, make their way to comfort and sometimes to something more, and while they crowd the English workers from their homes and so add to the complexity of the "housing" problem, they do not crowd them from their trades nor do they show any serious tendency to increase the hours of labor or lower the standard of life among English working people.

Beyond a doubt Great Britain is to-day exceedingly prosperous. I venture to say that not since the fifteenth century has the prosperity of England been more generally shared among her working classes. The grounds of her prosperity and the causes that menace it and its likely duration are all matters of most interesting speculation, and perhaps of something more than speculation. But the fact of present prosperity remains, and, as the surest warrant of it, there is the further fact of the present absence of the usual "problem of the unemployed." The unemployed—except the unemployable—have disappeared, absorbed by the increased demand for labor in both town and country industries; while for the great body of wage-earners, one has but to see them as they live and work by hundreds of thousands in East London in order to realize how hardy and well-nourished and well-clothed and well-schooled a race they are and how diversely skilled—forming, as I think, an industrial army of rare efficiency.

THE STRING OF PEARLS

By James Barnes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT was a large room that was saved from the appearance of the private museum of the art collector by the ineffaceable traces of a woman's presence. Between the old-fashioned windows, that reached from floor to ceiling, opening upon a narrow balcony, with an overdeveloped balustrade, there stood a tall, richly ornamented cabinet. Behind the glass were many beautifully wrought enamels and rare carved ivories — little things that could be hidden in the hand. On the lower shelf, resting on a strip of purple velvet, were some bits of antique silver and a few miniatures in gold and jewelled frames.

In the main, however, the decorations of the room were oriental. A huge brass Buddha lorded it placidly from a delicately inlaid shrine; a great horned dragon on the mantel gracefully juggled with a big crystal ball. Everywhere there were bronzes, porcelains, plaques, and jade carvings. The door on the right was framed by a massive bit of Chinese lacquer work, relieved by mother-of-pearl. A tall, much gilded clock, of the time of the great Louis, stood in one corner; a shining grand piano and a well-filled music-stand occupied another. On the centre-table, where a heavily shrouded lamp burned low, there was a pile of manuscript, a capacious inkstand, and an array of pens. Against the back of a chair hung a brocade workbag. This and a bunch of roses branching from a silver vase dominated the room more than did the world-wise Buddha from his shrine. A half-length portrait of a delicate-faced woman, with light waving hair and very dark blue eyes smiled from the wall over the piano.

The door on the right opened, and an old man entered silently. He paused a moment, glanced at the great French

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clock, whose hands pointed to the hour of eleven, and then, walking to the windows, drew aside the heavy curtains. Opening one of the panels, he stood a moment looking out into the night. It was fresh and spring-like. Across the park wafted a little breeze that was balmy with a suggestion of newly growing things.

All at once from the next room, on the left, there came the sound of a manly baritone, singing a bit of an old-fashioned melody :

> There breathed a whisper in the air,
> Ah ! love, it reached my heart.

The old man turned from the window, his face brightened with a quick gleam of excited pleasure. He crossed to the door and listened.

" It's like his own old self," he whispered " his own old self ! "

From inside he could hear the sound of firm footsteps pacing to and fro.

Afraid that he might be discovered, the old man tiptoed away. Accidentally, as he passed a little ebony stand, he touched it with his coat. The slight jar upset the equilibrium of a carved teakwood monkey. It tottered and, before he could catch it, rolled noiselessly to the floor, where with ape-like perversity it hid in the fringes of a heavy rug. The old man bent and searched fruitlessly. With an expression of vexation he rose slowly from his knees and, pressing a button in the wall, the room was flooded by a dazzling glare. Finding the mischievous knick-knack at last, he placed it on the table with a sigh of relief.

" Praise the saints ! it's not broke," he muttered. " Sure, the devil's in the thing ! "

As he was about to turn off the lights, the door by which he had entered was opened, and a young man in evening dress stood there looking in.

" Has Miss Mary returned, Thomas ? " he asked in a low voice.

" No, sir ; not yet. Mr. Ellwood persuaded her to go out this evening, though she wished to stay at home. It's a good thing to get a rest from all this scribbling, sir. She'll be ruining her own pretty eyes, I'm thinking—dear me ! day after day of it ! "

" Mr. Ellwood is writing a history of his collection," explained the young man, crossing over to the table.

" It's Miss Mary that's doing the writing, I take it, sir."

" True enough, but Mr. Ellwood dictates. Is he in his room ? No, don't disturb him. Was he in good spirits this evening ? "

The old servant stepped closer and spoke in a half whisper :

" He was singing a short time ago, just as he used to ! Oh, do you think it would ever be possible that he might—? Is there a chance, sir ?—eh ? "

The young man turned and spoke slowly.

" Strange things sometimes happen, Thomas," he replied. " Maybe all will come right, but I will wait up for Miss Ellwood and see to closing the house. You can go—but stay a moment ! Don't forget what I told you about keeping the rooms on this floor dark. How long have the lights been up ? "

" But a few minutes, sir. Mr. Ellwood was not here. Shall I put them out ? "

There was a nodded answer and the room was transformed once more to the half gloom of the shaded lamp.

The sound of wheels and horses' hoofs rang from the pavement below and the swirl of a quick stopping followed.

" The carriage, Dr. Crosswell," whispered the old man, eagerly. " I will let Miss Mary in. Good-night, sir."

He hurried off. The young man, who might have been thirty-five years of age, bent over the table. The lamp-light showed a strong, eager face, with hair slightly grayed at the temples. A firm, generous chin was prominent beneath the finely moulded, smooth-shaven lips.

" How patiently she has worked !—how patiently ! " he murmured. " It is her wonderful devotion. God make it successful ! " He paused and, drawing himself up, spoke the next words aloud : " My diagnosis was correct," he said, " Du Bois was wrong ! "

As he stood there, his brows knitted, the door opened softly and a young girl, her slight figure outlined in the brilliant framework, paused on the threshold. Her opera cloak hung gracefully about her ; her head was inclined slightly forward, and her left hand toyed with a string of pearls about her throat.

" So deep in thought, Dr. Crosswell,"

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she said, coming forward with her other hand extended, "and perplexed, I see! Probably you have been reading these last few pages." By this time she had reached the table and had picked up a page of the closely written manuscript. "I was so sleepy when I wrote that I could hardly keep from nodding—such scrawls!" She looked at him sideways with a little quizzical smile. "Oh, it will be a great work!" she said, beginning to take off her gloves.

"It is that now," returned the young man; "it will be the greatest work in all the world!"

The girl half sighed, half laughed.

"Yes? But I see years ahead," she replied. "It must never be finished. I am going to the library to-morrow to look up Chang Fu and the Fourth Dynasty."

"Why don't you send someone else to do this copying? It must be very wearisome."

As he spoke he stepped behind her and lifted the cloak as it slipped from her shoulders. He held it across his arm for a minute, as if loth to put it down.

"Ah! but he would know," the girl frankly answered, looking at him. "He says he will trust no one but myself, and it is a pleasure—it really is!" She changed her tone as she bent forward and turned up the lamp-wick. "But how glad I am to find you here just now! You must have known that I wished to see you. Thomas told me you were waiting."

"Did you enjoy the opera to-night?" asked the Doctor, laying the cloak tenderly and reluctantly aside.

"Indeed I did!" returned Miss Ellwood, seating herself in the easy-chair and placing her finger-tips together at her chin; "I forgot everything but the music. It did me good!"

"Please tell me about it."

He drew another chair to the table-side and leaned his head on his hand and looked at her.

It was a minute before the girl replied. The French clock chimed the quarter musically.

"There are other things to talk of," she said at last, quietly, "things that are so near to me, and dear. My father is much better; but he is so despondent at times—he seems to think that there is little hope. Women have strange intuitions—you have something to tell me. You were not over-sanguine yesterday; but is there better news to-night?" She gave a quick glance over her shoulder at the closed door on the left, and then leaned toward him. "Are there better promises?" She hesitated. "Tell me."

"Yes; there are—great promises, that must not yet be told. It might excite him. He might be tempted to use these wavering nerves. For five days more he must be kept in darkness—no light must reach him!" There was another pause; then, in a deeper tone, the young man went on: "I wish—I wish—I dared to think so hopefully of other great hopes of my life as I now do of this!"

"Of other great hopes?"

"Yes, that are so fringed with doubts, so hemmed by uncertainty. Yet without them my whole life would be as dim and black as *his* would be without you. Would he have lived if you had not been his eyes and life in those weeks when melancholia had seized and gripped him? No! It is a transfusion of your own blood through these written lines to your father's sluggish pulse. From the hour he began upon this he felt a desire to live—without that the skill of the world avails nothing. It is not my science that has saved him; it is your devotion—could you ever leave him? Oh, why do I ask?"

"Leave him?" the girl repeated. "No; not when my presence and my care mean all that! I felt selfish during my little fortnight's holiday. I am bearing no cross; I am but filling out the life I have fashioned for myself. Believe me, there is a pleasure in it. It is a delight to feel that another's happiness is dependent upon one's faithfulness. I have made my vow, my resolution—I have been his eyes—I could not rob him of them—no——"

Miss Ellwood had spoken in a carefully even tone, as if she were half explaining, half defending herself. She had not raised her eyes, but, looking up, she saw that the Doctor had risen to his feet and was watching her intently. Lifting her head she returned his gaze and tried to smile.

"But if he should be given back his own?" he asked.

"Ah! if he could see again! Ah, then——"

There may have been deeper feeling in

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her voice than she had meant to show. The Doctor bent swiftly forward and let fall his hand on hers.

"Then!" he whispered, "Miss Ellwood—Mary—no, don't draw it away. Would you care to know my greatest hope? Yes, look at me. Cannot you see there all I mean? Read! Do you not understand?—listen——"

"I must not!" (Miss Ellwood gently withdrew her fingers.) "No, no! You must not speak! It is hard, but it would be harder if you did. But yet, I understand."

Crosswell straightened himself slowly.

"Ah, yes," he said, "it seems as if I had spoken a hundred times. I have no right—no right—forgive me! I tried not to—and you knew!"

"I am a woman—that is all."

Crosswell bent over her again; she forced herself to look at him, but could smile no longer. He was in such deep earnest that his voice trembled.

"I may soon be going. In another week I shall not be here. Could I go without telling you? Think, think! When I am away from you, and can no longer hear you, see you!"

"You are going?" (She had regained her self-control again.) "Is it not better? It is hard—but can't you see how much harder it will be for—for both—if you should stay—unless—there! Oh, please, say no more. I ask it."

"For yourself?"

"For myself. It could not change results. I admire you, and respect you—I—I—you have been to me—" she faltered, and then went on quickly, "such a help and stay all these months. I want to feel that you are there in the old way—even if you are not where I can hear or see you—to help me to do what is right—to carry out what I have undertaken to the end. Is not my meaning clear?"

As she finished speaking Miss Ellwood rose and stood very straight, her arms hanging, hands clasped, before her. Crosswell leaned heavily on the table, but his eyes never left her face. He breathed deeply.

"I see," he said; "but yet to hope—to think—even to tell you now. Is it that you wish to spare me? Be frank."

"Yes—there! there! You must not!"

He had shaken his lowered head sadly. "Good-night."

She extended her hand impulsively. "Good-night—good friend!"

Crosswell did not reply, he took her fingers gently in his and, bending, kissed them. Miss Ellwood closed her eyes. Unconsciously her other hand stole forward and almost swept his hair. As he lifted himself, he felt the gentle touch. Instantly he had imprisoned both. She drew back firmly.

"Please, please," she cried. "Oh, do forget!"

He stepped away from her.

"I never shall forget," he murmured. "I was weak—good-night!"

He left the room quickly without a backward glance. But, as if he was still standing before her, she spoke out from her heart.

"Forget," she said, "until we know."

As she heard his step descending the stairs, she sank down by the table, and, dropping her head forward among the papers, burst into noiseless sobbing. The big clock chimed the half.

. . . . . .

"Mary, are you here?"

The girl looked up. A tall man had entered from the left so quietly that she had not noticed she was not alone. He had taken a step or two into the room, and was standing there in an attitude of listening. He was broad-shouldered and strong-looking; the long, dark dressing-gown he wore was loosely gathered at his waist by a silken cord—he had evidently slipped it on over his evening-dress. The face that showed above the low collar and the broad, white tie was almost hidden by a black bandage that crossed the temples, hiding the eyes completely; the wide brow was crowned by a close-cropped growth of crisp, iron-gray. But, despite the almost masked appearance, the face, like the figure, was dignified and forceful.

"Yes, father; here I am," replied the girl at last, drying her eyes swiftly.

"Some time ago I thought I heard voices—are you alone?"

"All alone, father."

"What! over those tiresome old papers, child?"

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Drawn by George Wright.

"Yes, look at me. Cannot you see there all I mean?"—Page 308.

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"Yes, over those same old papers. But they are not tiresome."

"How was the opera?" in the same level tone, but cheerfully.

"Oh, it was fine, father! Jean was in great voice."

She had risen now and gone to him. He took her in his arms.

"Good! I'm so glad you went!" He kissed her. "Is it very late?" he asked.

"No; not very late, father."

"Is Dr. Crosswell in?"

"Yes; he was here a moment since. I just bade good-night to him."

The blind man felt for the easy-chair, and, with just a touch on his daughter's shoulder, seated himself.

"He is a fine young fellow, Mary; it's my belief he has a great future before him. During the fortnight you were away he hardly left me. We did some work. He has the mentally responsive elbow-touch. And after the operation——"

He paused and slowly stroked his brow above the black bandage.

"Yes, father; go on."

"No son could have been more devoted. He values my treasures, too, and some day I may prove I value his faithful interest. Still, it was not you, dear. I missed you dreadfully!"

She seated herself beside him on the arm of the chair.

"I sha'n't leave you again, father."

"No; never leave me, my dear Eyes. I'm very peevish, I know—I have not the patience of the born blind. I cannot learn to read these senseless raised letters. Someone must see for me and think for me. Do you know it is four years since I have seen your sweet face? Four years ago the light began to go! Have I changed much? Have I grown much older and grayer? Am I grizzled?"

The girl looked at her father sadly; then she placed her cheek against his and patted his hair lovingly.

"No; you haven't changed dada," she murmured. "You are always the same to me."

For a few moments neither spoke and neither moved. Then the blind man gave a little nervous laugh.

"Do you know, the Doctor has denied me all excitement," he said. "I think he wishes me to be cheerful," he sighed; "but I have little hope—and yet—" he clenched his fist and opened it two or three times and said no more.

"Thomas tells me you have not been for your drive for two weeks," murmured the girl, soothingly. "You must not mope. You hear me?"

Her father slipped his arm about her waist and drew her close. Half earnestly, half excitedly he went on, as if he had not heard her:

"And yet—sometimes of late I almost feel as I used to when the spring got into my blood—all the sense of it, all the promise of it——"

He broke off quickly, as if trying to calm himself.

"That must be a pretty gown," he said, turning his head toward her.

"It is, I think."

"What color is it?"

"Oh, this is pink and silver gray." She described her gown, even her slippers, and made him bend and touch them.

"How can you walk in them?" he said. "Quite wonderful!" He dropped his voice. "Four years ago," he murmured. Then to her, brightly—"Let me see, little one, your birthday must be near at hand?"

Mary turned and looked at the clock.

"It is to-morrow, father."

"Twenty-one! the age your mother was when she died. Have you grown to look more like her?"

"They say so, father, dear."

He turned as if to draw her down to him and his hand touched her throat.

"Why! you are wearing her pearls to-night," he said. "A strange legend in our family of these pearls—their possession assures a happy marriage."

"Yes?"

"They were my own mother's and my wedding gift to yours. Never part with them—she loved them so! Is she looking at us?" He turned to the place where the portrait gazed smilingly on them from the wall.

"Looking down at us," repeated the girl. "Her hair is just like mine, and her eyes are like——" She paused and kissed him.

"Our eyes, dear heart."

"Yes; our eyes." She changed the subject swiftly. "But what have you in your hand?"

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He had thrust something into the pocket of his dressing-gown.

"Oh, some notes that the Doctor wrote for me—and here is the vase I spoke of; I knew I had it somewhere. There are two so much alike." He produced a little bit of cream-colored china with delicate blue tracery.

"See," he exclaimed, "the figures are storks—are they not?—beneath its glaze! The work of the elder Chang. It feels soft as wax. Take it."

She took it in her hand and held it beneath the fringes of the lamp-shade. The light during the last few moments had been slowly dying down.

"It is very beautiful," she said.

"And here are the notes," continued her father. "I have much more to say that I have been thinking about them all evening."

He put a crumpled handful of papers on the table. His daughter jumped from his knee and spoke briskly.

"Come, let's go to work then," she cried, "while it is clear in your mind. I am not in the least tired. Wait till I leave my things in my room—I'll be back at once."

The blind man pushed himself up from the chair.

"No, not to-night," he answered, "that is asking too much. Off to bed with you—off you go!"

She did not answer him; she had picked up the bits of paper and was reading them, holding them close to the waning light. Her expression changed as she did so, and her lips trembled nervously.

"Go! go at once!—away with you!" continued her father, and with an affectation of authority he stamped his foot.

But his daughter stood looking at him, holding the notes in her hand, and her face was joyous. Her eyes were sparkling wet.

"Then you must go first," she laughed, "I can't trust you. You would stay up all night, obstinate man! It is not often I insist." She placed the papers on the table and took him by the arm. She half pushed, half led him toward his room. There she stopped and held him.

"Good-night! good-night!" she whispered, with her face close to his. "The promise of the spring!"

"Ah, yes! the promise of the spring!" was the return. "Good-night, dear little daughter, good night to you!" He closed the door.

No sooner had he gone than she rushed back to the table.

"His handwriting!" she exclaimed, gathering the scattered papers and reading hurriedly.

"'It is as I thought; the retina is not destroyed, nor are the nerves. The growth and film have been removed, and I can positively promise—if every condition is fulfilled, and the patient submitted to no strain—'" (The lamp flame had resolved itself into a red circle of charred embers.) "'Care and complete rest will—' Oh, this lamp is going out!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke the embers died away.

The room was in darkness now. But past the half-drawn curtains a struggling spring moon, almost at the full, gazed in.

"Why should I not read them?" thought the girl. "Perhaps he meant me to. Oh, Herbert! why did you not tell me all at first—why did I send you away?—why?—why?"

Just then the clock struck twelve. She counted every stroke, and then she spoke aloud:

"Twelve o'clock—my birthday! It will be the birthday of my life." She gathered up the scattered papers. "He surely meant me to," she said, and clasped them to her breast. "'The promise of the spring!' What am I crying for?—no, I'm not crying, I'm laughing." By this time she had reached the door and there she turned.

"Good-night, Chang Fu!" she whispered, "good-night, To Kang! good-night, all you stupid, hideous, tiresome things—the happiest girl in all the world wishes you good-night!"

. . . . . .

The big clock was getting ready to chime the quarter again. The moon had climbed higher and the last belated couple, straggling out from the park, had crossed the avenue. Suddenly there came a rattle of the window-panels, and the heavy curtains that partly shrouded them moved slightly; but the ivy that grew up beside the house had not stirred, so it could not have been the wind. A moving shadow crossed the little patch of moonlight that fell through the panes

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upon the floor. The curtains again moved gently and an inrush of mild fresh air followed. From the narrow stone balcony there stepped into the room the figure of a man. He was slightly built, but he must have been strong; for it was by dint of some clever hauling and lifting that he had reached the second story—in fact he was a little out of breath as he entered. He was a very determined looking man and quite well dressed. His derby hat was jammed well down over his ears; his short, dark overcoat was buttoned neatly, and he stood there with his hands in his pockets, looking calmly from left to right. Perhaps he was subject to colds in the spring time, for he had on his feet a pair of galoches, and when he moved—as he soon did—he made no noise at all.

He took from his pocket a little object like a short, fat truncheon. Holding it in his hand the end resolved itself into a brilliant glaring eye, that flashed about the apartment searchingly. It first lighted on the Buddha, who appeared to blink with a smile of self-effacement; then on the writhing dragon; then on the tall clock, and last of all on the tall carved cabinet.

The bits of silver gleamed, and the gold and jewelled frames of the miniatures caught the light and answered it. The man hitched the glowing eye under his arm and drew forth a small steel, wedge-like instrument. He gave a quick jerk to it and it lengthened with a snap. Standing close to the cabinet he looked at the lock and pressed the steel against the jamb. With his disengaged hand he struck the edge a few soft blows. Then he wedged it a little to one side. A creaking noise followed; some slivers of wood and varnish fell upon the floor. Then he paused and turned.

The door on the left was slowly opening! A man's voice spoke in very level tones.

"Mary," said the voice, "are you still here?"

The blazing eye went out, with a swiftness that was remarkable, the interloper withdrew the small steel lever and slipped it in his pocket; quickly he crouched and with his disengaged hand drew forth something that shone evilly in the moonlight. He pointed it toward the door that had now swung widely open, revealing a tall man's figure. The pointing hand grew tense and a slight click came from it. The moonlight was quite sufficient to make things visible.

"Mary!" The interloper saw the lips move beneath the black bandage.

Without closing the door behind him, the owner of the voice walked toward the centre-table. The silent one followed him with his rigidly extending arm. The blind man put out his hand and stopped. At this the bright eye opened and the light fell full upon his face. He passed his hand across his brow once or twice and took another step toward the table, unerringly his fingers found the lamp.

"It is out," he said, "and yet I could have sworn I felt a light. There is a window open somewhere," he murmured, facing about. "I wonder what's the time."

The big clock whirred and chimed the quarter. The blinking eye went out again. Before the clock had finished, the right hand door was opened on its noiseless hinges and a white-clad figure came in swiftly.

"I must have the rest—they must be here," a girl's voice whispered. Jewelled fingers felt along the wall and reached the electric button. There was a quick pressure and a glare of light. No scream or sound followed—silence!

There she stood; there stood her father, slowly turning from side to side, one hand again upon his forehead, and just in front of her crouched the man with the pointing evil thing.

Directly at her he held it, and she could see back of it his small eyes gleaming and the set lips beneath the short black mustache. She had clasped her throat as if to prevent a cry. Now she took a step forward and her fingers pressed upon her lips. They framed some words:

"He is blind; he cannot see," she whispered.

It was to her almost as if she had shouted at top voice. She was so close by this time to the pointing man that the pistol was against her breast. She lifted her hands again and with quick motions slipped the rings from her fingers. She held them toward him in the hollow of her palm, careful to drop not one. The burglar took them. For an instant his

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Drawn by George Wright.

Directly at her he held it.—Page 312.

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face looked puzzled and then grew stern again.

"Did any one enter the room just now?" It was the blind man speaking. No answer came. Then louder: "Is there any one here? Who is it?"

Everything about him seemed listening—his upraised, unclasped hands, his lifted shoulders and his expanded nostrils—it could last no longer.

"Yes, father; it is I. I have just come in." Her voice shook a little, but its control was wonderful. Her left hand had gone to her throat again and was half concealed by a wrap of filmy lace.

"You have disobeyed me!" she went on. "You said you were going to bed."

"Yes, and so did you," returned her father, "why did you come back?"

"To close the window, I had forgotten."

She passed so close to the burglar that he could again have touched her. It was as if he were not there. She reached the open window and her hand was on the fastening. The small man shook his head.

"Let us leave it open a little longer," she went on, "it is very close!"

She crossed the room to her father and placed her hand upon his shoulder.

"Come! Neither of us wishes to sleep," she said; "let us do some work." Her tone was almost playful; but as she spoke she pointed from the burglar to the window. It was almost a peremptory gesture of command.

The man, who had slipped the revolver back into his pocket, although his hand still held it there, shook his head. In the stillness a measured footbeat came from the sidewalk. Someone was there before the house. A wild look came into the girl's eyes; she took a half step forward. But the cool stranger read her thoughts. Instantly out came the pistol. Not at her was it pointed, but at the figure near the table.

With an imploring gesture again as she turned: "Now to the notes! Sit down; here is your chair." She laughed a little strangely.

The blind man seated himself, and as he did so he touched the hand that was gently forcing him.

"Why, your fingers are as cold as ice, girl! You must close that window," he said.

Instantly then the electric lights went out. Only the moonlight now dimly lit the room.

"No, please let it be open a little longer!" implored the girl. "Work will warm my fingers. Come, let us begin. I am all attention." She rustled the papers in her hand and quoted with her eyes closed: "'Probably the best work of this dynasty was done by the Changs—father and son—who mastered the secrets of their predecessors and produced the finest glaze of Chinese pottery. Two wonderful pieces are now in my possession. The history of one is unique; it is——'"

Her father interrupted her. "Yes, it is the one I brought to you to-night. Isn't it here somewhere upon the table?"

She glanced over her shoulder before replying. The burglar was standing by the door at the right now, turning the key slowly in the lock. She answered the question, this time, with an effort.

"Yes, it is here," she said; "it is beautiful!"

"What is the matter, child?"

"Nothing; why?"

"Your voice sounds strange. Is anything the matter, dear?"

Her hands were pressing her temples closely now. She swayed to and fro.

"No, no! why should you think?" she faltered. "Come, come! we will go on."

"Are you unhappy, Mary. Is anything worrying you?"

"No, no! father, truly—go on! go on!" She spoke, half over her shoulder: "Here I am and we won't move for an hour. We won't talk of anything but our work. Go on!"

"Then read what you read a moment since." His hands sought hers but she avoided them.

"'Probably the best work of the fourth dynasty,'" she began and stopped. The burglar had half stepped through the curtains.

"Mary, has anything frightened you?" asked the blind man, in a low, tense whisper.

"No, no!" she answered. "No, father, I am not frightened."

The burglar had come back. He was making gestures now to her. She read their import. He had seen the string of pearls that she had sought so to conceal. She clasped her hands convulsively.

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Drawn by George Wright.

He gave a quick, silent leap and gained the window.—Page 316.

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"No, no!" she said again; "I must close the window." She rose to her feet. Her father turned in his chair.

"She is in terror of something in this room," he said beneath his breath. But, in the level tone that marks the blind, he declared aloud: "My imagination, dear! Now to this little porcelain. These dragons' figures beneath the glaze—I mean these storks. Did we say storks or dragons?"

She hesitated—it was an instant before she could reply.

"Storks—they are storks," she faltered.

"Ah! I thought as much." He pushed himself to his feet. "A step!" he said aside, and then to her: "It should have been the dragons. I know just where it is; here in the cabinet behind us."

Once more the room blazed with electric light. The burglar stood there, one hand upon the button, the other extended as before.

"Let me get it for you!" Mary cried, "let me!"

She stepped forward and stood between the two, her fingers working nervously to unclasp the pearls about her throat. There was not a tremor in her father's voice as he answered:

"No, little one, I know where to lay my hands on it, and I have the key."

He had taken out a jingling bunch on his watch-chain, and calmly he selected one by feeling.

"My eyes—my poor lost eyes!" he murmured, passing his hand in a weary gesture across his brow.

It was a quick movement, but he seemed to push the bandage up until it almost reached the fringe of iron-gray. By this time the girl had wrenched free the clasp, and stood there extending the necklace toward the grasping fingers.

The burglar shifted his glance an instant as the key was inserted in the cabinet lock. Then he looked up again.

"*Drop that pistol!* Do you hear me? Don't you dare move or I'll kill you where you stand!"

The burglar's weapon fell, he gazed into a pair of red-rimmed, staring eyes—he looked down the barrel and into the five loaded chambers of a big revolver, grasped in a steady hand! The black bandage lay upon the floor! Mr. Ellwood gave a quick glance over his shoulder out of the open window. He spoke in no measured voice, but with that of one who values every second.

"Mary, there is a policeman standing there upon the corner. (Don't you move or I'll kill you like a dog.) Quickly, child, go to the Doctor's room—alarm the house—tell them to bring in that policeman. (Higher with your hands—up with them!)"

The girl stood still.

"But you can see!" she cried. "My God! He can see! Father!"

"Quick, Mary, child, don't delay! Go! Go!"

She ran to the door that led to the hallway, unlocked and opened it and began to call for help.

It was a level, even voice again: "I can see every move you make. Quiver an eyelid and you die!—not a motion! don't you dare move a muscle!"

The hand holding the revolver wavered slightly; the burglar dropped his arm. Slowly he bent to one side.

There was a sound of voices and movement from the hallway. Despite the warning the burglar moved until his finger pressed the electric knob. He gave a quick, silent leap and gained the window. There was a rustle of the ivy leaves, and something fell on the soft turf outside. The Doctor and the old servant, hastily dressed, entered. Mary was with them. They found the room in darkness.

"Have you come at last?" asked the deep voice.

The Doctor spoke: "Yes, we are here, but——"

"Lay hold of him! Take care—the revolver is by his feet."

"Never mind the lights," whispered the young man to the servant; and then to Mr. Ellwood, whose wrist he had grasped fearlessly, pushing the weapon up, "where is he?"

"There—take care—lay hold of him!"

A policeman's whistle blew outside. A distant pistol shot sounded, and then two more. There came the ringing of a nightstick on the pavement.

The old servant ran to the window.

"They have missed him, sir—he's turned the corner," he cried and stepped out on the balcony.

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Inside the room the girl had clasped her father. She held his face in both her hands.

"But, father, you can see!" she cried. "You—did—you saw him—speak—didn't you see him? Look at me."

"Are the lights up now?" was the reply.

The Doctor pushed close and then fell back.

"My God! he has ruined it—he has ruined all of us!" he groaned.

The girl turned slowly to him.

"But he sees, Herbert—he surely must—speak—here—I am, father—look at me—tell me you can see me!" She almost shook him. "Look!" she sobbed.

Ellwood spoke slowly. "No, dear, I cannot. The blind are strangely gifted. Ah, God! Doctor, where are you?"

Crosswell did not approach, Mary had swayed and staggered to him; she had fallen forward, with her head upon his shoulder. The blind man put forth his hand and found it there. He said nothing, but softly touched her. With the other hand he grasped Crosswell's arm.

"They're gone," he whispered, "my eyes are gone!"

For a minute no one moved; then Mary shuddered and sought to stand alone.

"Darling, no, no! don't move—I understand," her father said, still caressing her hair. "Indeed, I must have been so blind and selfish! And now, Herbert, my son, your hand. There is no need of speaking. You have redeemed your promise," he whispered, almost in the Doctor's ear, "I saw!—she must never know!" and bending forward he kissed his daughter's tear-stained cheek. "Ah, my dear Eyes!" he said.

The old servant came hastening through the window; he held something that gleamed like a ray of captured moonlight.

"See what the burglar dropped," he cried, "a string of pearls."

MOSTAR

A HERZEGOVINIAN SKETCH

By Mary H. Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

THE big Austrian Lloyd steamer was practically our own yacht. We enjoyed her promenade-deck alone, save for two old Turks, wealthy merchants of Mostar, who never moved from their chosen spot behind the funnel. There they squatted, day in and day out, on small Smyrna rugs, sometimes napping, frequently smoking, but oftenest grinding coffee in a slender brass mill, and then brewing it over an alcohol-lamp. All day we watched them with interest, for we felt them a foretaste of what we had set out to see.

The deliciously dreamy day wore on. At night-fall a horde of Turks rushed aboard, for what turned out to be very little luggage. A young turbaned giant carried off our bags, and we hastened toward a waiting train, which was to take us into the interior of Herzegovina.

Darkness fell about, and rain flecked the window-panes. The blackness of a starless night enveloped us, except when long waits at stations revealed, in the flash of a lantern, a red fez or a white caftan. But finally dancing lights appeared, reflected in a river, and we had reached Mostar.

From a rattling carriage nothing could be seen but low houses, with an occasional gleam from a tiny latticed window. Flickering oil-lamps swung above shop-doors, or over chestnut-stands, figures glided by in white drapery, in fez, and ample trousers.

At day-break next morning, we threw open our shutters. High mountains tower all about us, girt to their middles with vine

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A Corner of the Market.

terraces, russet and golden; olive-trees sweep up the slopes to meet the vineyards, and from their gray foliage a dozen slender minarets, arrow-like, shoot up from where nestle low stone-roofed houses. Far below roar the churning waters of the Narenta. Near us the noisy river is spanned by a bridge, swaying under the feet of a bustling Oriental throng, making its way to the market-street; Bosnians bestriding the shoulders of mules and ponies, like Arabs and Andalusians, Servian mountaineers in white shaggy-skirted coats and leggings; young girls from Ljubuski in coquettish jackets and red fez and full trousers of cherry and mauve silk; trains and trains of horses, burdened with saddle-bags and well-filled baskets—cavalcades resembling a desert-caravan of swaying camels; Greek priests, black-bearded and black-gowned, contrasting curiously with Servian women all in white, whose outer garments, tucked up, reveal short pantaloons.

We sip our coffee overlooking a shady garden where a Turk is raking up the autumn-leaves. Troops of little turbaned boys chatter in soft voices as they take their way to school.

Low houses border the road to the market, and between them, here and there, diminutive latticed windows squint over forbidden walls. As I wonder whether the women of a harem really live behind those well-barred panes, looking up I see a face instantly withdrawn. But near by a court-gate swings temptingly open, and I step within; a long blue house, whose overhanging upper-story is adorned with richly framed Moorish windows, shuts in a stone-paved court. Under the stairs ascending to the Odalik—the women's apartments—and along the walls, gayly covered divans, with a luxury of Oriental cushions, invite to repose. A coffee-tray, with half-emptied cups, rests on a low tabouret, from under which peeps a pair of gold-wrought slippers, dainty enough to cause Cinderella's despair. A young woman is coming down

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The Shops.

the steps, her slender fingers trailing the balustrade, her face turned away, but I mark the grace of her figure, the amber tones of her full neck, the glint of gold upon her gorgeous henna-dyed hair. How I should have loved to brave the glance of those dark eyes, but I dared not! . . .

The life and death of Mostar centres round its mosques, beside whose snowy minarets cypress-trees, like sombre twins, stretch up their sable forms:

> Noirs soupirs de feuillage élancés
> Vers les cieux.

In their shadows cemeteries, not remote like ours, nor saddened by uncertain thoughts, lift up their turbaned grave-posts —vague shadows of the buried, rising from dank, tankled grasses and creeping vines.

No peal of church-bell summons the "Faithful" to prayer, but at daybreak, at noonday, at nightfall, the muezzin, an elder with long, white beard, climbs high on every minaret, and from its airy platform sends forth his plaintive call, echoed back and forth, until the very air vibrates with the trembling notes. Just as the last echoes are lulling, at the mosque entrance, richly painted with arabesques, you will see rows and rows of shoes—for who would carry the dust of the streets upon the rugs that face toward Mecca! And I think of Bayazid, far off, in Constantinople, in the shadow of the mosque that bears his name, reposing in his tomb, covered with a carpet of gold and silver, with, under his head, a brick kneaded from the dust brushed from his shoes and garments. For there is in the Koran a verse to this purport: He who is dust-soiled, walking in the paths of Allah, need not fear the fires of Hades.

The narrow ways of Mostar are a perfect "Midway." Every turn is a picture, with color enough to make an impressionist go mad with joy. In the shaded angles venders of roasted chestnuts sit under tattered awnings, and extol in strident

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voices the hot quality of their bursting nuts. Playing about the door-ways are beautiful little children, wearing pantaloons *à la* Mameluke, colored like flowers, jonquil, cherry-red, and chrysanthemum tones. Slender youths, with tiny pots of coffee, run about, to supply the constant demand for this favorite beverage. Turkish women, with faces veiled in opaque muslin, drag their yellow shoes in waddling steps—unshapely figures these, muffled in the *ferajehs*, a long mantle, whose scoop-shaped hood shadows the hidden face, and whose sleeves hang empty, thrown back over the shoulders. Tall, bearded merchants, in wadded gowns and fresh white turbans, take their stately way leisurely through the crowd.

The Saric Mosque.

Little kiosques, on either hand, unfold their doors at daybreak. Each shop, like a menagerie-cage, contains a squatting Turk or two, plying a special trade: Sandal-makers, in the midst of glue and color-pots, and rows and rows of wooden lasts; a dozen little tailor-dens, the neatest these, hung with embroidered vests, their occupants, sitting cross-legged, sewing the golden braids; workers in repoussé silver, mould a wad of clay for a cushion, on which they lay a sheet of silver, then hammer it into a shapely buckle. And one shop, more spacious than the others especially attracts me. In it, carefully folded on shelves, lie gorgeous woollen and cotton stuffs; in cases upon its walls, gleam silks of Brousse that shine like moonlight with threads of silver, gold-embroidered caftans fit for the shoulders of an odalisque, gauzes shot with lustrous silks, slippers all wrought with threads of gold; long-fringed rugs piled high in corners; suspended from the ceiling, brasses, coppers, coffee-pots, and water-vases, sparkle and shine as reflected lights play upon their under surfaces. About the door hang strings of fez, red as ripe tomatoes, big, clumsy clasp-knives, with bone handles, children's sandals, painted, and hung by dangling tassels, shaggy sheep-skin blankets, leather pouches, appliquéd with birds in red and black or leaf-forms in brass, scarfs of purple, blue, and green, whose screeching colors, you may be sure, are not of Turkish origin. And back of all this confusion, in a filtered half-light, sits a patriarch, white-turbaned, with a face of passive fatality, his eyes fixed, his eagle nose hooked over a long, white beard, his lean cheek bronzed and withered, and his transparent fingers, like a bird's claw, clutched over a never-neglected pipe.

And now we cross the great stone bridge —a bridge so famous that from it Mostar took its name. With a single span it leaps from rock to rock over the deep-sunk Narenta, even as the heavenly bow throws wide over the earth its radiant half circle. Two massive watch-towers threateningly guard its narrow way upon whose steep incline the ponies stumble, and the women bend double under their heavy loads. As we reach the centre of the arch, leaning over the parapet, the head grows giddy as our glance falls far below to where the circling waters of the river

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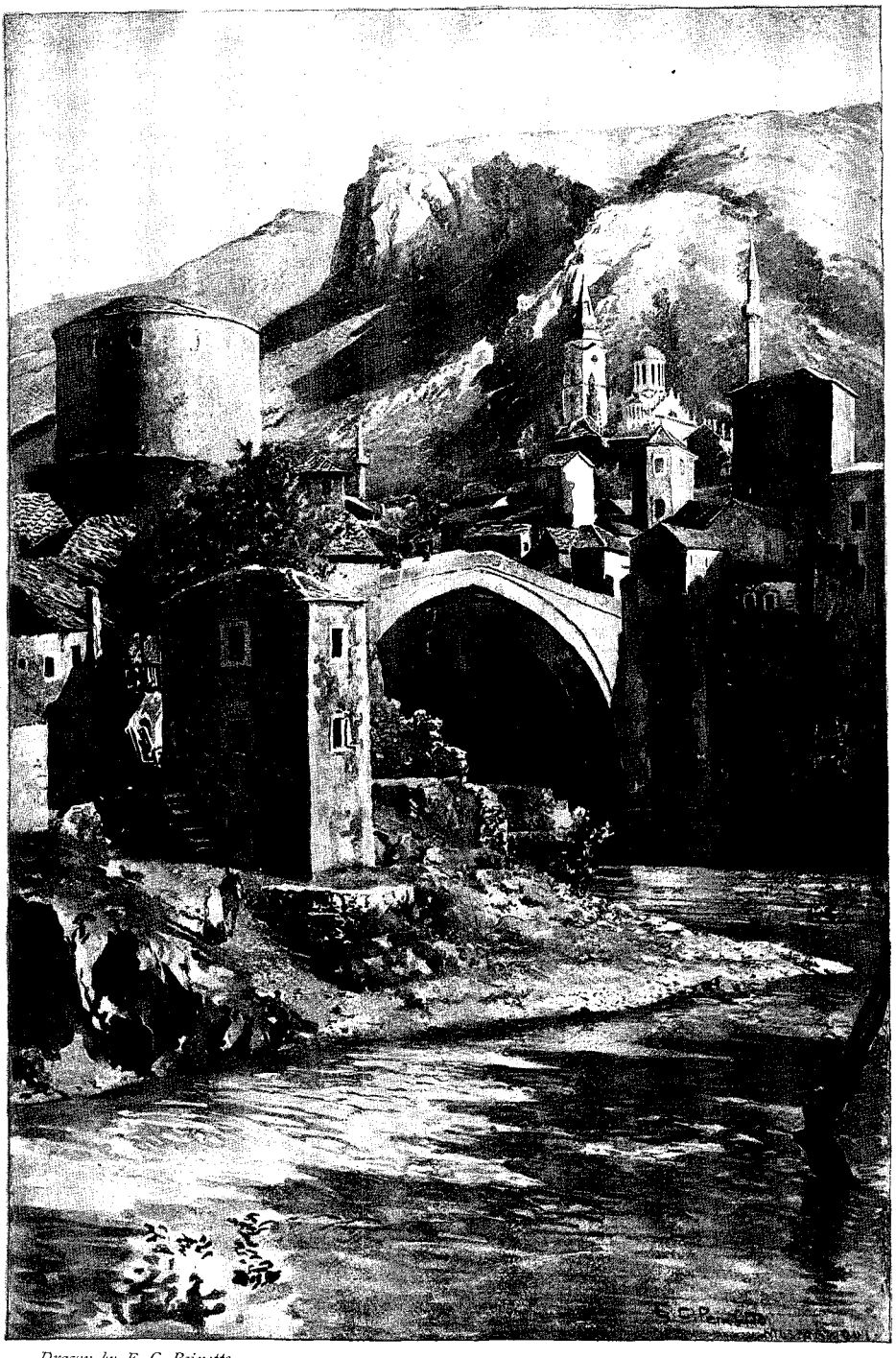

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto.

Mostar.

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A Mosque Entrance.

foam in never-ceasing eddies. At the far end of the bridge, passing beneath a high arched gate, where a bronzed beggar in filthy rags stretches out a mummied hand, we enter the poorer quarters. The kiosques, less attractive perhaps, are more crowded with busy throngs. Vegetable-venders and fruit-merchants occupy the stalls, beside butcher shops where ox tongues, fatted pork legs, and bloody sheep's heads hang in abhorrent array.

Here the pleasance ends. An isolated booth or two straggles on, but the impression quickly changes, and we find ourselves in the open country on the left bank of the Narenta. Shadows of feathery willows play upon her swirling waters; the great bridge swings high its slender limbs out of the depths and sweeps its graceful curve in air; gray stone roofs lean one upon the other, and minarets, white and needle-like, punctuate the life-centres; high on the hill-side scintillate the gilded domes and spires of the Greek Church, and back of all these varied forms the mountains tower, preserving, untouched by modern life, this picturesque bit of the Orient.

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THE JOY O' LIFE

By Theodosia Garrison

Oh, the Joy o' Life goes singing through the highway,
Oh, the Joy o' Life goes swinging through the green,
And the form of her is slight as a crescent moon at night
And her face is some strange flower none hath seen.
She beckoned me and what could I but follow!
(Oh, I have seen the glamour of her eyes!)
Through the winding o' the ways, through the hundred nights and days,
Must I follow where she lures me woman-wise.

My plough—I left it idle in the furrow—
My harvest lies for other eyes to scan,
For it's fare ye well to loam, to hearthstone and to home
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a man.

Oh, the Joy o' Life she calls me from the valley,
Oh, the Joy o' Life she hails me from the height,
And her voice is like the thrill of the thrush when noon is still,
And her laughter is the lilting of delight.
I follow through the sunshine and the moonshine—
(Oh, I have seen the waving of her hand)
In the paths that know the fleet flying touches of her feet
At the music of her mocking of command.

My friend—I left him fasting at my threshold—
My sweetheart is another man's to wife,
For it's fare ye well my own, and it's laugh and turn alone
When a man has heard the voice of Joy o' Life.

Oh, the Joy o' Life she ever flies before me,
Oh, the Joy o' Life she may not turn or wait,
But the day must dawn at last when the distances are passed
And the heart of me is leaping to its mate.
I have wooed her with the strength of my pursuing—
(Oh, I shall know the sweetness of her mouth!)
And I may not faint or pine till her hand hath closed in mine
Like the touch of silvern water in the drought.

My dead—I left them sleeping in the churchyard—
My gods I thrust aside to bless or ban,
For it's fare ye well and hie, and it's follow till ye die
When the Joy o' Life is calling to a man.

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Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

I sprang back against the cabin.—Page 333.

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CAPTAIN MACKLIN

HIS MEMOIRS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER APPLETON CLARK

VI

I BENT my head and drove my spurs into my horse. I did not know where he was carrying me. My eyes were shut with tears, and with the horror of what I had witnessed. I was reckless, mad, for the first time in my life, filled with hate against my fellow-men. I rode a hundred yards before I heard the scout at my side shouting, "To the right, Captain, to the right."

At the word I pulled on my rein, and we turned into the Plaza.

The scout was McGraw, the Kansas cowboy, who had halted Aiken and myself the day we first met with the filibusters. He was shooting from the saddle as steadily as other men would shoot with a rest, and each time he fired, he laughed. The laugh brought me back to the desperate need of our mission. I tricked myself into believing that La Guerre was not seriously wounded. I persuaded myself that by bringing him aid quickly, I was rendering him as good service as I might have given had I remained at his side. I shut out the picture of him, faint and bleeding, and opened my eyes to the work before us.

We were like the lost dogs on a race-course that run between lines of hooting men. On every side we were assailed with cries. Even the voices of women mocked at us. Men sprang at my bridle, and my horse rode them down. They shot at us from the doors of the cafés, from either curbstone. As we passed the barracks even the men of my own native regiment raised their rifles and fired.

The nearest gun was at the end of the Calle Bogran, and we raced down it, each with his revolver cocked, and held in front of him.

But before we reached the outpost I saw the men who formed it, pushing their way toward us, bunched about their Gatling with their clubbed rifles warding off the blows of a mob that struck at them from every side. They were ignorant of what had transpired; they did not know who was, or who was not their official enemy, and they were unwilling to fire upon the people, who a moment before, before the flag of Alvarez had risen on Pecachua, had been their friends and comrades. These friends now beset them like a pack of wolves. They hung upon their flanks and stabbed at them from the front and rear. The air was filled with broken tiles from the roofs, and with flying paving-stones.

When the men saw us they raised a broken cheer.

"Open that gun on them!" I shouted. "Clear the street, and push your gun to the Palace. La Guerre is there. Kill every man in this street if you have to, but get to the Palace."

The officer in charge fought his way to my side. He was covered with sweat and blood. He made a path for himself with his bare arms.

"What in hell does this mean, Macklin?" he shouted. "Who are we fighting?"

"You are fighting every native you see," I ordered. "Let loose up this street. Get to the Palace!"

I rode on to the rear of the gun, and as McGraw and I raced on toward the next post, we heard it stabbing the air with short, vicious blows.

At the same instant the heavens shook with a clap of thunder, the sky turned black, and with the sudden fierceness of the tropics, heavy drops of rain began to beat upon us, and to splash in the dust like hail.

A moment later and the storm burst

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upon the city. The streets were swept with great sheets of water, torrents flowed from the housetops, the skies darkened to ink, or were ripped asunder by vivid flashes, and the thunder rolled unceasingly. We were half drowned, as though we had been dragged through a pond, and our ponies bowed and staggered before the double onslaught of wind and water. We bent our bodies to theirs, and lashed them forward.

The outpost to which we were now riding was stationed at the edge of the city where the Calle Morizan joins the trail to San Lorenzo on the Pacific coast. As we approached it I saw a number of mounted men, surrounding a closed carriage. They were evidently travellers starting forth on the three days' ride to San Lorenzo, to cross to Amapala, where the Pacific Mail takes on her passengers. They had been halted by our sentries. As I came nearer I recognized, through the mist of rain, Joseph Fiske, young Fiske, and a group of the Isthmian men. The storm, or the bursting shells, had stampeded their pack-train, and a dozen frantic Mozos were rounding up the mules and adding their shrieks and the sound of their falling whips, to the tumult of the storm.

I galloped past them to where our main guard were lashing the canvas-cover to their gun, and ordered them to unstrap it, and fight their way to the Palace.

As I turned again the sentry called: "Am I to let these people go? They have no passes."

I halted, and Joseph Fiske raised his heavy eyelids, and blinked at me like a huge crocodile. I put a restraint upon myself and moved toward him with a confident smile. I could not bear to have him depart, thinking he went in triumph. I looked the group over carefully and said: "Certainly, let them pass," and Fiske and some of the Isthmian men, who appeared ashamed, nodded at me sheepishly.

But one of them, who was hidden by the carriage, called out: "You'd better come, too; your ship of state is getting water-logged."

I made no sign that I heard him, but McGraw instantly answered, "Yes, it looks so. The rats are leaving it!"

At that the man called back tauntingly the old Spanish proverb: "He who takes Pecachua, sleeps in the Palace." McGraw did not understand Spanish, and looked at me appealingly, and I retorted, "We've altered that, sir. The man who sleeps in the Palace will take Pecachua to-night."

And McGraw added: "Yes, and he won't take it with thirty pieces of silver, either."

I started away, beckoning to McGraw, but, as we moved, Mr. Fiske pushed his pony forward.

"Can you give me a pass, sir," he asked. He shouted the words, for the roaring of the storm drowned all ordinary sounds. "In case I meet with more of your men, can you give me a written pass?"

I knew that the only men of ours still outside the city were a few scouts, but I could not let Fiske suspect that, so I whipped out my note-book and wrote:

"To commanders of all military posts. Pass bearer, Joseph Fiske, his family, servants, and baggage-train.

ROYAL MACKLIN,
Vice-President of Honduras."

I tore out the page and gave it him, and he read it carefully and bowed.

"Does this include my friends?" he asked, nodding toward the Isthmian men.

"You can pass them off as your servants," I answered, and he smiled grimly.

The men had formed around the gun, and it was being pushed toward me, but as I turned to meet it I was again halted, this time by young Fiske, who rode his horse in front of mine, and held out his hand.

"You must shake hands with me!" he cried. "I acted like a cad." He bent forward, raising his other arm to shield his face from the storm. "I say, I acted like a cad," he shouted, "and I ask your pardon."

I took his hand and nodded. At the same moment as we held each other's hands the window of the carriage was pushed down and his sister leaned out and beckoned to me. Her face, beaten by the rain, and with her hair blown across it, was filled with distress.

"I want to thank you," she cried. "Thank you," she repeated, "for my

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brother. I thank you. I wanted you to know."

She stretched out her hand and I took it, and released it instantly, and as she withdrew her face from the window of the carriage, I dug my spurs into my pony and galloped on with the gun.

What followed is all confused.

I remember that we reached the third and last post just after the men had abandoned it, but that we overtook them, and with them fought our way through the streets. But through what streets, or how long it took us to reach the Palace I do not know. No one thing is very clear to me. Even the day after, I remembered it only as a bad dream, in which I saw innumerable, dark-skinned faces pressing upon me with open mouths, and white eyeballs; lit by gleams of lightning and flashes of powder. I remember going down under my pony and thinking how cool and pleasant it was in the wet mud, and of being thrown back on him again as though I were a pack-saddle, and I remember wiping the rain out of my eyes with a wet sleeve, and finding the sleeve warm with blood. And then there was a pitchy blackness through which I kept striking at faces that sprang out of the storm, faces that when they were beaten down were replaced by other faces; drunken, savage, exulting. I remember the ceaseless booming of the thunder that shook the houses like an earthquake, the futile popping of revolvers, the whining shells overhead, the cries and groans, the Spanish oaths, and the heavy breathing of my men about me, and always just in front of us, the breathless whir of the Gatling.

After that the next I remember I was inside the Palace, and breaking holes in the wall with an axe. Some of my men took the axe from me, and said: "He's crazy, clean crazy," and Van Ritter and Miller fought with me, and held me down upon a cot. From the cot I watched the others making more holes in the wall, through which they shoved their rifles and then there was a great cheer outside, and a man came running in crying, "Alvarez and Heintz are at the corner with the twelve-pounders!" Then our men cursed like fiends, and swept out of the room, and as no one remained to hold me down, I stumbled after them into the big reception-hall, and came upon La Guerre, lying rigid and still upon a red-silk sofa. I thought he was dead, and screamed, and at that, they seized me again and hustled me back to the cot, telling me that he was not dead, but that at any moment he might die, and that if I did not rest, I would die also.

When I came to, it was early morning, and through the holes in the plaster wall I could see the stars fading before the dawn. The Gatlings were gone and the men were gone, and I was wondering if they had deserted me, when Von Ritter came back and asked if I were strong enough to ride, and I stood up feeling dizzy and very weak. But my head was clear and I could understand what he said to me. Of the whole of the Foreign Legion only thirty were left. Miller was killed, Russell was killed, and old man Webster was killed. They told me how they had caught him when he made a dash to the barracks for ammunition, and how, from the roof, our men had seen them place him against the iron railings of the University Gardens. There he died, as his hero, William Walker, had died, on the soil of the country he had tried to save from itself, with his arms behind him, and his blind-folded eyes turned upon a firing-squad.

McGraw had been killed as he rode beside me, holding me in the saddle. That hurt me worse than all. They told me a blow from behind had knocked me over, and though, of that, I could remember nothing, I could still feel McGraw's arm pressing my ribs, and hear his great foolish laugh in my ears.

They helped me out into the court-yard, where the men stood in a hollow square, with La Guerre on a litter in the centre, and with the four Gatlings at each corner. The wound was in his throat, so he could not speak, but when they led me down into the Patio he raised his eyes and smiled. I tried to smile back, but his face was so white and drawn that I had to turn away, that he might not see me crying.

There was much besides to make one weep. We were running away. We were abandoning the country to which some of us had come to better their fortunes, to

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which others had come that they might set the people free. We were being driven out of it by the very men for whom we had risked our lives. Some among us, the reckless, the mercenary, the adventurers, had played like gamblers for a stake, and had lost. Others, as they thought, had planned wisely for the people's good, had asked nothing in return but that they might teach them to rule themselves. But they, too, had lost, and because they had lost, they were to pay the penalty.

Within the week the natives had turned from us to the painted idols of their jungle, and the new gods toward whom they had wavered were to be sacrificed on the altars of the old. They were waiting only until the sun rose to fall upon our little garrison and set us up against the barrack wall, as a peace offering to their former masters. Only one chance remained to us. If, while it were still night, we could escape from the city to the hills, we might be able to fight our way to the Pacific side, and there claim the protection of our warship.

It was a forlorn hope, but we trusted to the Gatlings to clear a road for us, and there was no other way.

So just before the dawn, silently and stealthily the President and the Cabinet, and all that was left of the Government and Army of General La Guerre stole out of his palace through a hole in the court-yard-wall.

We were only a shadowy blot in the darkness, but the instant we reached the open street they saw us and gave cry.

From behind the barriers they had raised to shut off our escape, from the house-tops, and from the darkened windows, they opened fire with rifle and artillery. But our men had seen the dead faces of their leaders and comrades, and they were frantic, desperate. They charged like madmen. Nothing could hold them. Our wedge swept steadily forward, and the guns sputtered from the front and rear and sides, flashing and illuminating the night like a war-ship in action.

They drove our enemies from behind the barricades, and cleaned the street beyond it to the bridge, and then swept the bridge itself. We could hear the splashes when the men who held it leaped out of range of the whirling bullets into the stream below.

In a quarter of an hour we were running swiftly through the sleeping suburbs, with only one of our guns barking an occasional warning at the ghostly figures in our rear.

We made desperate progress during the dark hours of the morning, but when daylight came we were afraid to remain longer on the trail, and turned off it into the forest. And then, as the sun grew stronger, our endurance reached its limit, and when they called a halt our fellows dropped where they stood, and slept like dead men. But they could not sleep for long. We all knew that our only chance lay in reaching San Lorenzo, on the Pacific Ocean. Once there, we were confident that the war-ship would protect us, and her surgeons save our wounded. By the trail and unmolested, we could have reached it in three days, but in the jungle we were forced to cut our way painfully and slowly, and at times we did not know whether we were moving toward the ocean or had turned back upon the capital.

I do not believe that slaves hunted through a swamp by blood-hounds have ever suffered more keenly than did the survivors of the Foreign Legion. Of our thirty men, only five were unwounded. Even those who carried La Guerre wore blood-stained bandages. All were starving, and after the second day of hiding in swamps and fording mountain-streams, half of our little band was sick with fever. We lived on what we found in the woods, or stole from the clearing, on plants, and roots, and fruit. We were no longer a military body. We had ceased to be either officers or privates. We were now only so many wretched fellow-beings, dependent upon each other, like sailors cast adrift upon some desert island, and each worked for the good of all, and the ties which bound us together were stronger than those of authority and discipline. Men scarcely able to drag themselves on, begged for the privilege of helping to carry La Guerre, and he in turn besought and commanded that we leave him by the trail, and hasten to the safety of the coast. In one of his conscious moments he protested: "I cannot live, and I am only hindering your escape. It is not right, nor human, that one man should risk the

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lives of all the rest. For God's sake, obey my orders and put me down."

Hour after hour, by night as well as by day, we struggled forward, staggering, stumbling, some raving with fever, others with set faces, biting their yellow lips to choke back the pain.

Three times when we endeavored to gain ground by venturing on the level trail, the mounted scouts of Alvarez overtook us, or attacked us from ambush, and when we beat them off, they rode ahead and warned the villages that we were coming; so, that, when we reached them, we were driven forth like lepers. Even the village dogs snapped and bit at the gaunt figures, trembling for lack of food, and loss of sleep and blood.

But on the sixth day, just at sunset, as we had dragged ourselves to the top of a wooded hill we saw below us, beyond a league of unbroken jungle, a great, shining sheet of water, like a cloud on the horizon, and someone cried: "The Pacific!", and we all stumbled forward, and some dropped on their knees, and some wept, and some swung their hats and tried to cheer.

And then one of them, I never knew which, started singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and we stood up, the last of the Legion, shaken with fever, starving, wounded, and hunted by our fellow-men, and gave praise to God, as we had never praised Him before.

That night the fever took hold of me, and in my tossings and turnings I burst open the sword-wound at the back of my head. I remember someone exclaiming "He's bled to death!" and a torch held to my eyes, and then darkness, and the sense that I was being carried and bumped about on men's shoulders.

The next thing I knew I was lying in a hammock, a lot of naked, brown children were playing in the dirt beside me, the sun was shining, great palms were bending in the wind above me, and the strong, sweet air of the salt sea was blowing in my face.

I lay for a long time trying to guess where I was, and how I had come there. But I found no explanation for it, so I gave up guessing, and gazed contentedly at the bending palms until one of the children found my eyes upon him, and gave a scream, and they all pattered off like frightened partridges.

That brought a native woman from behind me, smiling, and murmuring prayers in Spanish. She handed me a gourd filled with water.

I asked her where I was, and she said, "San Lorenzo."

I could have jumped out of the hammock at that, but when I tried to do so I found I could hardly raise my body. But I had gained the coast. I knew I would find strength enough to leave it.

"Where are my friends," I asked. "Where are the Gringoes?"

But she raised her hands, and threw them wide apart.

"They have gone," she said, "three, four days from now, they sailed away in the white ship. There was a great fighting," she said, raising her eyes and shaking her head, "and they carried you here, and told me to hide you. You have been very ill, and you are still very ill." She gave a little exclamation and disappeared, and returned at once with a piece of folded paper. "For you," she said.

On the outside of the paper was written in Spanish: "This paper will be found on the body of Royal Macklin. Let the priest bury him and send word to the Military Academy, West Point, U. S. A., asking that his family be informed of his place of burial. They will reward you well."

Inside, in English, was the following letter in Aiken's handwriting:

"DEAR OLD MAN—We had to drop you here, as we were too sick to carry you any farther. They jumped us at San Lorenzo, and when we found we couldn't get to Amapala from here, we decided to scatter, and let each man take care of himself. Von Ritter and I, and two of the boys, are taking La Guerre with us. He is still alive, but very bad. We hope to pick up a fishing-boat outside the town, and make for the Raleigh. We tried to carry you, too, but it wasn't possible. We had to desert one of you, so we stuck by the old man. We hid your revolver and money-belt under the seventh palm, on the beach to the right of this shack. If I'd known you had twenty double eagles on you all this time, I'd have cracked your

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skull myself. The crack you've got is healing, and if you pull through the fever you'll be all right. If you do, give this woman twenty pesos I borrowed from her. Get her to hire a boat, and men, and row it to Amapala. The island is only fifteen miles out, and the Pacific Mail boat touches there Thursdays and Sundays. If you leave here the night before, you can make it. Whatever you do, don't go into the village here or land at Amapala. If they catch you on shore they will surely shoot you. So board the steamer in the offing. Hoping you will live to read this, and that we may meet again under more agreeable circumstances, I am,

Yours truly,

HERBERT AIKEN.

"P.S. I have your gilt sword, and I'm going to turn it over to the officers of the Raleigh, to take back to your folks. Good luck to you, old man."

After reading this letter, which I have preserved carefully as a characteristic souvenir of Aiken, I had but two anxieties. The first was to learn if La Guerre and the others had reached the Raleigh and the second was how I could escape to the steamer—the first question was at once answered by the woman. She told me it was known in San Lorenzo that the late "Presidente-Generale," with three Gringoes, had reached the American warship and had been received on board. The Commandante of Amapala had demanded their surrender to him, but the captain of the ship had declared that as political refugees, they were entitled to the protection they claimed, and when three days later he had been ordered to return to San Francisco, he had taken them with him.

When I heard that I gave a cheer all by myself, and I felt so much better for the news that I at once began to plot for my own departure. The day was Wednesday, the day before the steamer left Amapala, and I determined to start for the island the following evening. When I told the woman this, she protested I was much too weak to move, but the risk that my hiding-place might be discovered before another steamer-day arrived was much too great, and I insisted on making a try for the first one.

The woman accordingly procured a fishing-boat and a crew of three men, and I dug up my money-belt, and my revolver, and thanked her and paid her, for Aiken and for myself, as well as one can pay a person for saving one's life. The next night, as soon as the sun set, I seated myself in the stern of the boat, and we pushed out from the shore of Honduras, and were soon rising and falling on the broad swell of the Pacific.

My crew were simple fishermen, unconcerned with politics, and as I had no fear of harm from them, I curled up on a mat at their feet and instantly fell asleep.

When I again awoke the sun was well up, and when I raised my head the boatman pointed to a fringe of palms that hung above the water, and which he told me rose from the Island of Amapala. Two hours later we made out the wharves and the custom-house of the port itself, and, lying well toward us in the harbor, a big steamer with the smoke issuing from her stacks, and the American flag hanging at the stern. I was still weak and shaky, and I must confess that I choked a bit at the sight of the flag, and at the thought that, in spite of all, I was going safely back to life, and Beatrice and Aunt Mary. The name I made out on the stern of the steamer was Barracouta, and I considered it the prettiest name I had ever known, and the steamer the handsomest ship that ever sailed the sea. I loved her from her keel to her topmast. I loved her every line and curve, her every rope and bolt. But specially did I love the flag at her stern and the Blue Peter at the fore. They meant home. They meant peace, friends, and my own countrymen.

I gave the boatmen a double-eagle, and we all shook hands with great glee, and then with new strength and unassisted I pulled myself up the companion-ladder, and stood upon the deck.

When I reached it I wanted to embrace the first man I saw. I somehow expected that he would want to embrace me, too, and say how glad he was I had escaped. But he happened to be the ship's purser, and, instead of embracing me, he told me coldly that steerage-passengers are not allowed aft. But I did not mind, I knew I was a disreputable object, but I also knew I had gold

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in my money-belt, and that clothes could be bought from the slop-chest.

So I said, in great good-humor, that I wanted a first-class cabin, the immediate use of the bath-room, and the services of the ship's barber.

My head was bound in a dirty bandage. My uniform, which I still wore as I had nothing else, was in rags from the briers, and the mud of the swamps and the sweat of the fever had caked it with dirt. I had an eight days' beard, and my bare feet were in native sandals. So my feelings were not greatly hurt because the purser was not as genuinely glad to see me as I was to see him.

"A first-class passage costs forty dollars gold—in advance," he said.

"That's all right," I answered, and I laughed from sheer, foolish happiness, "I'll take six."

We had been standing at the head of the companion-ladder, and as the purser moved rather reluctantly toward his cabin, a group of men came down the deck toward us.

One of them was a fat, red-faced American, the others wore the uniform of Alvarez. When they saw me they gave little squeals of excitement, and fell upon the fat man gesticulating violently, and pointing angrily at me.

The purser halted, and if it were possible, regarded me with even greater unfriendliness. As for myself, the sight of the brown, impish faces, and the familiar uniforms filled me with disgust. I had thought I was done with brawling and fighting, of being hated and hunted. I had had my fill of it. I wanted to be let alone, I wanted to feel that everybody about me was a friend. I was not in the least alarmed, for now that I was under the Stars and Stripes, I knew that I was immune from capture, but the mere possibility of a row was intolerable.

One of the Honduranians wore the uniform of a colonel, and was, as I guessed, the Commandante of the port. He spoke to the fat man in English, but in the same breath turned to one of his lieutenants, and gave an order in Spanish.

The lieutenant started in my direction, and then hesitated and beckoned to some one behind me.

I heard a patter of bare feet on the deck, and a dozen soldiers ran past me, and surrounded us. I noted that they and their officers belonged to the Eleventh Infantry. That was the regiment I had driven out of the barracks at Santa Barbara.

The fat American in his shirt-sleeves was listening to what the Commandante was saying, and apparently with great dissatisfaction. As he listened he scowled at me, chewing savagely on an unlit cigar, and rocking himself to and fro on his heels and toes. His thumbs were stuck in his suspenders, so that it looked as though, with great indecision he was pulling himself forward and back.

I turned to the purser and said, as carelessly as I could: "Well, what are we waiting for?"

But he only shook his head.

With a gesture of impatience the fat man turned suddenly from the Commandante and came toward me.

He spoke abruptly and with the tone of a man holding authority.

"Have you got your police-permit to leave Amapala?" he demanded.

"No," I answered.

"Well, why haven't you?" he snapped.

"I didn't know I had to have one," I said. "Why do you ask?" I added. "Are you the captain of this ship?"

"I think I am," he suddenly roared, as though I had questioned his word. "Anyway, I've got enough say on her to put you ashore if you don't answer my questions."

I shut my lips together and looked away from him. His tone stirred what little blood there was still left in me to rebellion; but when I saw the shore with its swamps and ragged palms, I felt how perilously near it was, and Panama became suddenly a distant mirage. I was as helpless as a sailor clinging to a plank. I felt I was in no position to take offence, so I bit my lips and tried to smile.

The Captain shook his head at me, as though I were a prisoner in the dock.

"Do you mean to say," he shouted, "that our agent sold you a ticket without you showing a police-permit?"

"I haven't got a ticket," I said. "I was just going to buy one now."

The Commandante thrust himself between us.

"Ah, what did I tell you!" he cried.

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"You see? He is escaping. This is the man. He answers all the descriptions. He was dressed just so; green coat, red trousers, very torn and dirty—head in bandage. That is the description. Is it not so?" he demanded of his lieutenants. They nodded vigorously.

"Why—a-yes, that is the man," the Commandante cried in triumph. "Last night he stabbed José Mendez in the Libertad Billiard Hall. He has wanted to murder him. If José, he die, this man he is murderer. He cannot go. He must come to land with me."

He gave an order in Spanish, and the soldiers closed in around us.

I saw that I was in great peril, in danger more real than any I had faced in open fight since I had entered Honduras. For the men who had met me then had fought with fair weapons. These men were trying to take away my life with a trick, with cunning lies and false witnesses.

They knew the Captain might not surrender a passenger who was only a political offender, but that he could not harbor a criminal. And at the first glance at my uniform, and when he knew nothing more of me than that I wore it, the Commandante had trumped up this charge of crime, and had fitted to my appearance the imaginary description of an imaginary murderer. And I knew that he did this that he might send me, bound hand and foot, as a gift to Alvarez, or that he might, for his own vengeance, shoot me against a wall.

I knew how little I would receive of either justice or mercy. I had heard of Dr. Rojas killed between decks on a steamer of this same line; of Bonilla taken from the Ariadne and murdered on this very wharf at this very port of Amapala; of General Pulido strangled in the launch of the Commandante of Corinto and thrown overboard, while still in sight of his fellow-passengers on the Southern Cross.

It was a degraded, horrible, inglorious end—to be caught by the heels after the real battle was lost; to die of fever in a cell; to be stabbed with bayonets on the wharf, and thrown to the carrion harbor-sharks.

I swung around upon the Captain, and fought for my life as desperately as though I had a rope around my neck.

"That man is a liar," I cried. "I was not in Amapala last night. I came from San Lorenzo this morning. The boat I came in is alongside now; you can ask the men who brought me. I'm no murderer. That man knows I'm no murderer. He wants me because I belonged to the opposition government. It's because I wear this uniform that he wants me. I'm no criminal. He has no more right to touch me here, than he would if I were on Broadway."

The Commandante seized the Captain's arm.

"As Commandante of this port," he screamed, "I tell you if you do not surrender the murderer to me, your ship shall not sail. I will take back your clearance-papers."

The Captain turned on me, shaking his red fists, and tossing his head like a bull. "You see that!" he cried. "You see what you get me into, coming on board my ship without a permit! That's what I get at every banana-patch along this coast, a lot of damned beach-combers and stowaways stealing on board, and the Commandantes chasing 'em all over my ship and holding up my papers. You go ashore!" he ordered. He swept his arm toward the gang-way. "You go to Kessler, our consul. If you haven't done nothing wrong, he'll take care of you. You haven't got a ticket, and you haven't got a permit, and you're no passenger of mine! Over you go; do you hear me? Quick, now, over you go."

I could not believe that I heard the man aright. He seemed to be talking a language I did not know.

"Do you mean to tell me," I cried, speaking very slowly, for I was incredulous, and I was so weak besides that it was difficult for me to find the words, "that you refuse to protect me from these half-breeds, that you are going to turn me over to them—to be shot! And you call yourself an American?" I cried, "and this an American ship!"

As I turned from him I found that the passengers had come forward and now surrounded us; big, tall men in cool, clean linen, and beautiful ladies, shading their faces with their fans, and little children crowding in between them and clinging to their skirts. To my famished eyes they

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looked like angels out of Paradise. They were my own people, and they brought back to me more terribly than any other thing, how I loved the life these men were plotting to take from me. The sight of them drove me into a sort of frenzy.

"Are you going to take that man's word against mine?" I cried at the Captain. "Are you going to let him murder me in sight of that flag? You know he'll do it. You know what they did to Rojas on one of your own ships. Do you want another man butchered in sight of your passengers?"

The Commandante crowded in front of the ship's captain.

"That man is my prisoner," he cried. "He is going to jail, to be tried by law. He shall see his consul every day. And so, if you try to leave this harbor with him, I will sink your ship from the fort!"

The Captain turned with an oath and looked up to the second officer, who was leaning over the rail of the bridge above us.

"Up anchor," the Captain shouted. "Get her under weigh! There is your answer," he cried, turning upon me. "I'm not going to have this ship held up any longer, and I'm not going to risk the lives of these ladies and gentlemen by any bombardment, either. You're only going to jail. I'll report the matter to our consul at Corinto, and he'll tell our minister."

"Corinto!" I replied. "I'll be dead before you've passed that lighthouse."

The Captain roared with anger.

"Can't you hear what he says," he shouted. "He says he'll fire on my ship. They've fired on our ships before! I'm not here to protect every damned scalawag that tries to stowaway on my ship. I'm here to protect the owners, and I mean to do it. Now you get down that ladder, before we throw you down.

I knew his words were final. From the bow I heard the creak of the anchor-chains as they were drawn on board, and from the engine-room the tinkle of bells.

The ship was abandoning me. My last appeal had failed. My condition was desperate.

"Protect your owners, and yourself, damn you!" I cried. "You're no American. You're no white man. No American would let a conch-nigger run his ship. To hell with your protection!"

All the misery of the last two months, the bitterness of my dismissal from the Point, the ignominy of our defeat and flight, rose in me and drove me on. "And I don't want the protection of that flag either," I cried. "I wasn't good enough to serve it once, and I don't need it now."

It should be remembered that when I spoke these words I thought my death was inevitable and immediate, that it had been brought upon me by one of my own countrymen, while others of my countrymen stood indifferently by, and I hope that for what I said in that moment of fever and despair I may be forgiven.

"I can protect myself!" I cried.

Before anyone could move I whipped out my gun and held it over the Commandante's heart, and at the same instant without turning my eyes from his face I waved my other hand at the passengers. "Take those children away," I shouted.

"Don't move!" I yelled in Spanish at the soldiers. "If one of you raises his musket I'll kill him." I pressed the cocked revolver against the Commandante's chest. "Now then, take me ashore," I called to his men. "You know me, I'm Captain Macklin. Captain Macklin, of the Foreign Legion, and you know that six of you will die before you get me. Come on," I taunted. "Which six is it to be?"

Out of the side of my eyes I could see the bayonets lifting cautiously and forming a ring of points about me, and the sight, and my own words lashed me into a frenzy of bravado.

"Oh, you don't remember me, don't you?" I cried. "You ought to remember the Foreign Legion! We drove you out of Santa Barbara and Tabla Ve and Comyagua, and I'm your Vice-President! Take off your hats to your Vice-President! To Captain Macklin, Vice-President of Honduras!"

I sprang back against the cabin and swung the gun in swift half-circles. The men shrank from it as though I had lashed them with a whip. "Come on," I cried, "which six is it to be? Come on, you cowards, why don't you take me?"

The only answer came from a voice

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that was suddenly uplifted at my side. I recognized it as the voice of the ship's captain.

"Put down that gun!" he shouted.

But I only swung it the further until it covered him also. The man stood in terror of his ship's owners, he had a seaman's dread of international law, but he certainly was not afraid of a gun. He regarded it no more than a pointed finger, and leaned eagerly toward me. To my amazement I saw that his face was beaming with excitement and delight.

"Are you Captain Macklin?" he cried.

I was so amazed that for a moment I could only gape at him while I still covered him with the revolver.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then why in hell didn't you say so!" he roared, and with a bellow like a bull he threw himself upon the Commandante. He seized him by his epaulettes and pushed him backward. With the strength of a bull he butted and shoved him across the deck.

"Off my ship you!" he roared. "Every one of you, you're a gang of murdering cutthroats."

The deck-hands and ship-steward, who had gathered at the gangway to assist in throwing me down it, sprang to the Captain's aid.

"Over with him, boys," he roared. "Clear the ship of them. Throw them overboard." The crew fell upon the astonished soldiers, and drove them to the side. Their curses and shrieks filled the air, the women retreated screaming, and I was left alone, leaning limply against the cabin with my revolver hanging from my fingers.

It began and ended in an instant, and as the ship moved forward and the last red-breeched soldier disappeared headforemost down the companion-ladder, the Captain rushed back to me and clutched me by both shoulders. Had it not been for the genial grin on his fat face, I would have thought that he meant to hurl me after the others.

"Now then, Captain Macklin," he cried, "you come with me. You come to my cabin, and that's where you stay as long as you are on my ship. You're no passenger, mind you, you're my guest, and there's nothing on board too good for you."

"But I don't understand," I protested, faintly. "What does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" he shouted. "It means you're the right sort for me! I haven't heard of nothing but your goings-on for the last three trips. Vice-President of Honduras!" he exclaimed, shaking me as though I were a carpet. "A kid like you! You come to my cabin and tell me the whole yarn from start to finish. I'd rather carry you than old man Huntington himself!"

The passengers had returned, and stood in a wondering circle, listening to his exclamations. The stewards and deck-hands, panting with their late exertions, were grinning at me with unmistakable interest.

"Bring Captain Macklin's breakfast to my cabin, you," he shouted to them. "And, Mr. Owen," he continued, addressing the Purser, with great impressiveness, "this is Captain Macklin, himself. He's going with us as my guest."

With a wink at me, he cautiously removed my revolver from my fingers, and slapped me jovially on the shoulder. "Son!" he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have missed the sight of you holding your gun on that gang for a cargo of bullion. I suspicioned it was you, the moment you did it. That will be something for me to tell them in 'Frisco, that will. Now, you come along," he added, suddenly, with parental solicitude, "and take a cup of coffee, and a dose of quinine, or you'll be ailing."

He pushed a way for me through the crowd of passengers, who fell back in two long lines. As we moved between them, I heard a woman's voice ask, in a loud whisper:

"Who did you say?"

A man's voice answered, "Why, Captain Macklin," and then protested, in a rising accent, "Now, for Heaven's sake, Jennie, don't tell me you don't know who he is?"

That was my first taste of fame. It was a short-lived, limited sort of fame, but at that time it stretched throughout all Central America. I doubt if it is sufficiently robust to live in the cold latitudes of the North. It is just an exotic of the tropics. I am sure it will never weather

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Cape Hatteras. But although I won't amount to much in Dobbs Ferry, down here in Central America I am pretty well known, and during these last two months that I have been lying, very near to death, in the Canal Company's hospital, my poor little fame stuck by me, and turned strangers into kind and generous friends.

DOBBS FERRY, September, 1882.

September passed before I was a convalescent, and it was the first of October when the Port of Sydney passed Sandy Hook, and I stood at the bow, trembling with cold and happiness, and saw the autumn leaves on the hills of Staten Island and the thousands of columns of circling, white smoke rising over the three cities. I had not let Beatrice and Aunt Mary know that I was in a hospital, but had told them that I was making my way home slowly, which was true enough, and that they need not expect to hear from me until I had arrived in New York City. So, there was no one at the dock to meet me.

But, as we came up the harbor, I waved at the people on the passing ferry-boats, and they, shivering, no doubt, at the sight of our canvas awnings and the stewards' white jackets, waved back, and gave me my first welcome home.

It was worth all the disappointments, and the weeks in hospital, to stick my head in the ticket-window of the Grand Central Station, and hear myself say, "Dobbs Ferry, please." I remember the fascination with which I watched the man (he was talking over his shoulder to another man at the time) punch the precious ticket, and toss it to me. I suppose in his life he has many times sold tickets to Dobbs Ferry, but he never sold them as often as I had rehearsed asking him for that one.

I had wired them not to meet me at the station, but to be waiting at the house, and when I came up the old walk, with the box-hedges on either side, they were at the door, and Aunt Mary ran to meet me, and hugged and scolded me, and cried on my shoulder, and Beatrice smiled at me, just as though she were very proud of me, and I kissed her once. After ten minutes, it did not seem as if I had ever been away from home. And, when I looked at Beatrice, and I could not keep my eyes from her, I was filled with wonder that I had ever had the courage to go from where she was. We were very happy.

I am afraid that for the next two weeks I traded upon their affection scandalously. But it was their own fault. It was their wish that I should constantly pose in the dual rôles of the returned prodigal and Othello, and, as I told them, if I were an obnoxious prig ever after, they alone were responsible.

I had the ravenous hunger of the fever-convalescent, and I had an audience that would have turned General Grant into a braggart. So, every day wonderful dishes of Aunt Mary's contriving were set before me, and Beatrice would not open a book so long as there was one adventure I had left untold.

And this, as I soon learned, was the more flattering, as she had already heard most of them at second-hand.

I can remember my bewilderment that first evening as I was relating the story of the duel, and she corrected me.

"Weren't you much nearer?" she asked. "You fired at twenty paces."

"So we did," I cried, "but how could you know that?"

"Mr. Lowell told us," she said.

"Lowell!" I shouted. "Has Lowell been here?"

"Yes, he brought us your sword," Beatrice answered. "Didn't you see where we placed it?" and she rose rather quickly, and stood with her face toward the fire-place, where, sure enough, my sword was hanging above the mantel.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Mary. "Mr. Lowell has been very kind. He has come out often to ask for news of you. He is at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. We like him so much," she added.

"Like him!" I echoed. "I should think you would! Isn't that bully," I cried, "to think of his being so near me, and that he's a friend of yours already. We must have him out to-morrow. Isn't he fine, Beatrice?"

She had taken down the sword, and was standing holding it out to me.

"Yes, he is," she said, "and he is very fond of you, too, Royal. I don't believe you've got a better friend."

Attractive as the prodigal son may

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seem at first, he soon becomes a nuisance. Even Othello when he began to tell over his stories for the second time must have been something of a bore. And when Aunt Mary gave me roast beef for dinner two nights in succession, and after dinner Beatrice picked up "Lorna Doone" and retired to a corner, I knew that I had had my day.

The next morning at breakfast, in a tone of gentle reproach, I announced that I was going out into the cold world, as represented by New York City, to look for a job. I had no idea of doing anything of the sort. I only threw out the suggestion tentatively, and I was exceedingly disgusted when they caught up my plan with such enthusiasm and alacrity, that I was forced to go on with it. I could not see why it was necessary for me to work. I had two thousand dollars a year my grandfather had left me, and my idea of seeking for a job, was to look for it leisurely, and with caution. But the family seemed to think that, before the winter set in, I should take any chance that offered, and, as they expressed it, settle down.

None of us had any very definite ideas as to what I ought to do, or even that there was anything I could do. Lowell, who is so much with us now, that I treat him like one of the family, argued that to business men my strongest recommendation would be my knowledge of languages. He said I ought to try for a clerkship in some firm where I could handle the foreign correspondence. His even suggesting such work annoyed me extremely. I told him that, on the contrary, my strongest card was my experience in active campaigning, backed by my thorough military education, and my ability to command men. He said unfeelingly, that you must first catch your men, and that in down-town business circles a military education counted for no more than a college-course in football.

"You good people don't seem to understand," I explained (we were holding a family council on my case at the time); "I have no desire to move in downtown business circles. I hate business circles."

"Well, you must live, Royal," Aunt Mary said. "You have not enough money to be a gentleman of leisure."

"Royal wouldn't be content without some kind of work," said Beatrice.

"No, he can't persuade us he's not ambitious!" Lowell added. "You mean to make something of yourself, you know you do, and you can't begin too early."

Since Lowell has been promoted to the ward-room, he talks just like a grandfather.

"Young man," I said, "I've seen the day when you were an ensign, and I was a Minister of War, and you had to click your heels if you came within thirty feet of my distinguished person. Of course, I'm ambitious, and the best proof of it is, that I don't want to sit in a bird-cage all my life, counting other people's money."

Aunt Mary looked troubled, and shook her head at me.

"Well, Royal," she remonstrated, "you've got very little of your own to count, and some day you'll want to marry, and then you'll be sorry."

I don't know why Aunt Mary's remark should have affected anyone except myself, but it seemed to take all the life out of the discussion, and Beatrice remembered she had some letters to write, and Lowell said he must get back to the Navy Yard, although when he arrived he told us he had fixed it with another man to stand his watch. The reason I was disturbed was because, when Aunt Mary spoke, it made me wonder if she were not thinking of Beatrice. One day just after I arrived from Panama, when we were alone, she said that while I was gone she had been in fear she might die before I came back, and that Beatrice would be left alone. I laughed at her and told her she would live a hundred years, and added, not meaning anything in particular, "And she'll not be alone. I'll be here."

Then Aunt Mary looked at me very sadly, and said: "Royal, I could die so contentedly if I thought you two were happy." She waited, as though she expected me to make some reply, but I couldn't think of anything to say, and so just looked solemn, and then she changed the subject by asking: "Royal, have you noticed that Lieutenant Lowell admires Beatrice very much?" And I said: "Of course he does. If he didn't, I'd punch his head." At which she again looked at

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me in such a wistful, pained way, smiling so sadly, as though for some reason she were sorry for me.

They all seemed to agree that I had had my fling, and should, as they persisted in calling it, "settle down." A most odious phrase. They were two to one against me, and when one finished another took it up. So that at last I ceased arguing and allowed myself to be bullied into looking for a position.

But before surrendering myself to the down-town business circles I made one last effort to remain free.

In Honduras, La Guerre had told me that a letter to the Crédit Lyonnais in Paris would always find him. I knew that since his arrival at San Francisco he had had plenty of time to reach Paris, and that if he were there now he must know whether there is anything in this talk of a French expedition against the Chinese in Tonkin. Also whether the Mahdi really means to make trouble for the Khedive in the Soudan. La Guerre was in the Egyptian army for three years, and knows Baker Pasha well. I was sure that if there was going to be trouble, either in China or Egypt, he could not keep out of it.

So I cabled him to the Crédit Lyonnais, "Are you well? If going any more campaigns, please take me." I waited three restless weeks for an answer, and then, as no answer came, I put it all behind me, and hung my old, torn uniform where I would not see it, and hid the presentation-sword behind the eight-day clock in the library.

Beatrice raised her eyes from her book and watched me.

"Why?" she asked.

"It hurts me," I said.

She put down her book and for a long time looked at me without speaking.

"I did not know you disliked it as much as that," she said. "I wonder if we are wrong. And yet," she added, smiling, "it doesn't seem like a great sacrifice; to have work to do, to live at home, and in such a dear, old home as this, near a big city, and with the river in front and the country all about you. It seems better than dying of wounds in a swamp, or of fever in a hospital."

"I haven't complained. I'm taking my medicine," I answered. "I know you all wouldn't ask it of me, if you didn't think it was for my good." I had seated myself in front of the wood fire opposite her, and was turning the chain she gave me round and round my wrist. I slipped it off, and showed it to her as it hung shining in the firelight, from my fingers.

"And yet," I said, "it was fine being your Knight Errant, and taking risks for your sake, and having only this to keep me straight." I can't see why saying just that should have disturbed her, but certainly my words, or the sight of the chain, had a most curious effect. It is absurd, but I could almost swear that she looked frightened. She flushed, and her eyes were suddenly filled with tears. I was greatly embarrassed. Why should she be afraid of me. I was too much upset to ask her what was wrong, so I went on, hastily: "But now I'll have you always with me, to keep me straight," I said.

She laughed at that, a tremulous, little laugh, and said: "And so you won't want it any more, will you?"

"Won't want it," I protested, gallantly. "I'd like to see anyone make me give it up."

"You'd give it up to me, wouldn't you," she asked, gently. "It looks—" she added, and stopped.

"I see!" I exclaimed. "Looks like a pose, sort of effeminate, a man's wearing a bracelet. Is that what you think?"

She laughed again, but this time quite differently. She seemed greatly relieved.

"Perhaps that's it," she said. "Give it me, Royal. You'll never need any woman's trinkets to keep you straight."

I weighed the gold links in the hollow of my palm.

"Do you really want it?" I asked. She raised her eyes eagerly. "If you don't mind," she said.

I dropped the chain into her hand, but as I turned toward the fire, I could not help a little sigh. She heard me, and leaned forward. I could just see her sweet, troubled face in the firelight. "But I mean to return it you, Royal," she said, "some day, when—when you go out again to fight wind-mills."

"That's safe!" I returned, roughly. "You know that time will never come. The three of you together have fixed that. I'm no longer a knight-errant. "I'm a

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business-man now. I'm not to remember I ever was a knight-errant. I must even give up my Order of the Golden Chain, because it's too romantic, because it might remind me that somewhere in this world there is romance, and adventure, and fighting. And it wouldn't do. You can't have romance around a business office. Some day, when I was trying to add up my sums, I might see it on my wrist, and forget where I was. I might remember the days when it shone in the light of a camp-fire, when I used to sleep on the ground with my arm under my head, and it was the last thing I saw, when it seemed like your fingers on my wrist holding me back, or urging me forward. Business circles would not allow that. They'd put up a sign, "Canvassers, pedlers, and Romance not admitted."

The first time I applied for a job I was unsuccessful. The man I went to see had been an instructor at Harvard when my uncle was professor there, and Aunt Mary said he had been a great friend of Professor Endicott's. One day in the laboratory the man discovered something, and had it patented. It brought him a fortune, and he was now president of a company which manufactured it, and with branches all over the world.

Aunt Mary wrote him a personal letter about me, in the hope that he might put me in charge of the foreign correspondence.

He kept me waiting outside his office-door for one full hour. During the first half-hour I was angry, but the second half-hour I enjoyed exceedingly. By that time the situation appealed to my sense of humor. When the great man finally said he would see me, I found him tilting back in a swivel-chair in front of a mahogany table. He picked out Aunt Mary's letter from a heap in front of him, and said: "Are you the Mr. Macklin mentioned in this letter? What can I do for you?"

I said, very deliberately: "You can do nothing for me. I have waited one hour to tell you so. When my aunt, Mrs. Endicott, does anyone the honor to write him a letter, there is no other business in New York City more important than attending promptly to that letter. I *had* intended becoming a partner in your firm; now, I shall not. You are a rude, fat, and absurd, little person. Good-morning."

I crossed over to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and told Lowell and the other watch-officers in the ward-room of my first attempt to obtain a job. They laughed until I hoped they would strangle.

"Who the devil do you think you are, anyway," they cried, "going around, insulting millionnaires like that?"

After leaving the cruiser that afternoon, I was so miserable that I could have jumped into the East River. It was the sight of the big, brown guns did it, and the cutlasses in their racks, and the clean-limbed, bare-throated Jackies, and the watch-officer stamping the deck just as though he were at sea, with his glass and side-arms. And when the marine at the gate of the yard shifted his gun and challenged me, it was so like old times that I could have fallen on his neck and hugged him.

Over the wharves, all along my way to the ferry, the names of strange and beautiful ports mocked at me from the sheds of the steam-ship lines; "Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and the River Plata," "Guayaquil, Callao, and Santiago," "Cape Town, Durban, and Lorenzo Marquez." It was past six o'clock and very dark. The ice was pushing and grinding against the pier-heads, and through the falling snow the tall buildings in New York twinkled with thousands of electric lights, like great Christmas-trees. At one wharf a steamer of the Red D line, just in from La Guayra was making fast, and I guiltily crept on board. Without, she was coated in a sheathing of ice, but within she reeked of Spanish-America—of coffee, rubber, and raw sugar. Pineapples were still swinging in a net from the awning-rail, a two-necked water-bottle hung at the hot mouth of the engine-room. I found her captain and told him I only wanted to smell a ship again, and to find out, if where he came from, the bands were still playing in the plazas. He seemed to understand, and gave me a drink of Jamaica rum with fresh limes in it, and a black cigar; and when his steward brought them, I talked to him in Spanish just for the sound of it. For half an hour I was under the Southern Cross, and New York was 3,000 miles astern.

When I left him, the Captain gave me a bag of alligator-pears to take home with

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me, and I promised to come the next day, and bring him a new library of old, paper novels.

But, as it turned out, I sent them instead, for that night when I reached the New York side, I saw how weakly and meanly I was acting, and I threw the alligator-pears over the rail of the ferry-boat and watched them fall into the dirty, grinding ice. I saw that I had been in rank mutiny. My bed had been made for me and I must lie in it. I was to be a business-man. I was to "settle down," and it is only slaves who rebel.

The next day, humble and chastened in spirit, I kissed the rod, and went into the city to search for a situation. I determined to start at Forty-second Street, and work my way down town until I found a place that looked as though it could afford a foreign correspondent. But I had reached Twenty-eighth Street, without seeing any place that appealed to me, when a little groom, in a warm fur collar and chilly white breeches, ran up beside me and touched his hat. I was so surprised that I saluted him in return, and then felt uneasily conscious that that was not the thing to do, and that I had lost his respect forever.

"Miss Fiske would like to speak with you, sir," he said. He ran back to a brougham that was drawn up beside the curb behind me, and opened the door. When I reached it, Miss Fiske leaned from it, smiling.

"I couldn't help calling you back, Captain Macklin," she said, and held out her hand.

When I took it she laughed again. "Isn't this like our last meeting?" she asked. "Don't you remember my reaching out of the carriage, and our shaking hands?" "Only now," she went on, in a most frank and friendly manner, "instead of a tropical thunder-storm, it's a snow-storm, and instead of my running away from your shells, I'm out shopping. At least mother's out shopping," she added. "She's in there. I'm waiting for her." She seemed to think that the situation required a chaperon.

"You mustn't say they were my shells, Miss Fiske," I protested. "I may insult a woman for protecting her brother's life, but I never fire shells at her."

It did not surprise me to hear myself laughing at the words which, when she spoke them, had seemed so terrible. It was as though none of it had ever occurred. It was part of a romantic play, and we had seen the play together. Who could believe that the young man, tramping the streets on the lookout for a job, had ever signed his name, as vice-president of Honduras, to a passport for Joseph Fiske; that the beautiful girl in the sables, with her card-case in her hand, had ever heard the shriek of a shrapnel?

And she exclaimed, just as though we had both been thinking aloud: "No, it's not possible, is it?"

"It never happened," I said.

"But I tell you what has happened," she went on, eagerly, "or perhaps you know. Have you heard what my father did?"

I said I had not. I refrained from adding that I believed her father capable of doing almost anything.

"Then I'm the first to tell you the news," she exclaimed. She nodded at me energetically. "Well, he's paid that money. He owed it all the time!"

"That's not news," I said.

She flushed a little, and laughed.

"But, indeed, father was not to blame," she exclaimed. "They deceived him dreadfully. But when we got home, he looked it up, and found you were right about that money, and so he's paid it back, not to that odious Alvarez man, but in some way, I don't quite understand how, but so the poor people will get it."

"Good!" I cried.

"And he's discharged all that Isthmian crowd," she went on.

"Better," I said.

"And made my brother president of the new company," she continued, and then raised her eyebrows, and waited, smiling.

"Oh, well," I said, "since he's your brother—'best.'"

"That's right," she cried. "That's very nice of you. Here comes mother. I want you to meet her."

Mother came toward us, out of a French dressmaker's. It was one of the places I had decided against, when I had passed it a few minutes before. It seemed one of the few business houses where a French linguist would be superfluous.

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I was presented as "Captain Macklin—who, you know, mother—who fought the duel with Arthur—that is, who didn't shoot at him."

Mrs. Fiske looked somewhat startled. Even to a trained social leader it must be trying to have a man presented to you on a sidewalk as the one who did not shoot your son.

Mrs. Fiske had a toy dog under one arm, and was holding up her train, but she slipped the dog to the groom, and gave me her hand.

"How do you do, Mr.—Captain Macklin," she said. "My son has told me a great deal about you. Have you asked Captain Macklin to come to see us, Helen?" she said, and stepped into the brougham.

"Come in any day after five," said Miss Fiske, "and we'll have tortillas and frijoles, and build a camp-fire in the library. What's your address?"

"Dobbs Ferry," I said.

"Just Dobbs Ferry?" she asked. "But you're such a well-known person, Captain Macklin."

"I'm Mr. Macklin now," I answered, and I tried to shut the door on them, but the groom seemed to think that was his privilege, and so I bowed, and they drove away. Then I went at once to a drug-store and borrowed the directory, to find out where they lived, and I walked all the way up the avenue to have a look at their house. Somehow I felt that for that day I could not go on asking for a job. I saw a picture of myself on a high stool in the French dressmaker's writing to the Paris house for more sable cloaks for Mrs. Fiske.

The Fiske mansion overlooks Central Park, and it is as big as the Academy of Music. I found that I knew it well by sight. I at once made up my mind that I never would have the courage to ring that door-bell, and I mounted a Fifth Avenue stage, and took up my work of reconnoitring for a job where Miss Fiske had interrupted it.

The next day I got the job. I am to begin work on Monday. It is at Schwartz & Carboy's. They manufacture locks and hinges and agricultural things. I saw a lot of their machetes in Honduras with their paper stamp on the blade. They have almost a monopoly of the trade in South America. Fortunately, or unfortunately, one of their Spanish clerks had left them, and when I said I had been in Central America and could write Spanish easily, Schwartz, or, it may have been Carboy—I didn't ask him which was his silly name—dictated a letter and I wrote it in Spanish. One of the other clerks admitted it was faultless. So, I regret to say, I got the job. I'm to begin with fifteen dollars a week, and Schwartz or Carboy added, as though it were a sort of a perquisite: "If our young men act gentlemanly, and are good dressers, we often send them to take our South American customers to Martin's to lunch. The house pays the expenses. And in the evenings you can show them around the town. Our young men find that an easy way of seeing the theatres for nothing."

Knowing the tastes of South Americans visiting New York, I replied severely that my connection with Schwartz & Carboy would end daily at four in the afternoon, but that a cross-town car passed Koster & Bial's every hour. I half hoped he would take offence at that, and in consequence my connection with Schwartz & Carboy might end instantly and forever; but, whichever one he was, only laughed and said: "Yes, those Brazilians are a queer lot. We eat up most of our profits bailing them out of police courts the next morning. Well—you turn up Monday."

Dobbs Ferry, Sunday, Midnight.

It's all over. It will be a long time before I add another chapter to my "Memoirs." When I have written this one they are to be sealed, and to-morrow they are to be packed away in Aunt Mary's silver chest. I am writing these lines now after everyone else has gone to bed.

It happened after dinner. Aunt Mary was upstairs, and Beatrice was at the piano. We were waiting for Lowell, who had promised to come up and spend the evening. I was sitting at the centre-table, pretending to read, but watching Beatrice. Her back was turned toward me, so I could stare at her as long as I pleased. The light of the candles on each side of the music-rack fell upon her hair, and made it flash and burn. She had twisted it high, in a coil, and there never was anything more lovely than the

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burnished copper against the white glow of her skin, nor anything so noble as the way her head rose upon her neck and sloping shoulders. It was like a flower on a white stem.

She was not looking at the music before her, but up at nothing, while her hands ran over the keyboard, playing an old sailor's "chantey" which Lowell has taught us. It carries with it all the sweep and murmur of the sea at night.

She could not see me, she had forgotten that I was even in the room, and I was at liberty to gaze at her and dream of her undisturbed. I felt that, without that slight, white figure always at my side, the life I was to begin on the morrow, or any life, would be intolerable. Without the thought of Beatrice to carry me through the day I could not bear it. Except for her, what promise was there before me of reward or honor? I was no longer "an officer and a gentleman," I was a copying clerk, "a model letter-writer." I could foresee the end. I would become a nervous, knowing, smug-faced civilian. Instead of clean liquors, I would poison myself with cocktails and "quick-order" luncheons. I would carry a commuter's ticket. In time I might rise to the importance of calling the local conductors by their familiar names. "Bill, what was the matter with the 8.13 this morning?" From to-morrow forward I would be "our" Mr. Macklin. "Yours of even date received. Our Mr. Macklin will submit samples of goods desired." "Mr." Macklin! "Our" Mr. Macklin! Ye Gods! Schwartz & Carboy's Mr. Macklin!

I set my teeth and fixed my eyes on Beatrice. For her sake, but only for her sake, could it be endured. If she could ever care for me, as I longed and hoped she might, I would submit to any servitude, I would struggle to rise above the most hateful surroundings.

I had just registered this mental vow, my eyes were still fixed appealingly on the woman who was all unconscious of the sacrifice I was about to make for her, when the servant came into the room and handed me a telegram. I signed for it, and she went out. Beatrice had not heard her enter, and was still playing. I guessed the telegram was from Lowell to say he could not get away, and I was sorry. But as I tore open the envelope, I noticed it was not the usual one of yellow paper, but of a pinkish white. I had never received a cablegram. I did not know that this was one. I read the message, and as I read it the blood in every part of my body came to a sudden stop. There was a strange buzzing in my ears, the drums seemed to have burst with a tiny report. The shock was so tremendous that it seemed Beatrice must have felt it too, and I looked up at her stupidly. She was still playing.

The cablegram had been sent that morning from Marseilles. The message read, "Commanding Battalion French Zouaves, Tonkin Expedition, holding position of Adjutant open for you, rank of Captain, if accept join Marseilles. La Guerre."

I laid the paper on my knee, and sat staring, scarcely breathing, as though I were afraid if I moved I would wake. I was trembling and cold, for I was at the parting of the ways, and I knew it. Beyond the light of the candles, beyond the dull red curtains jealously drawn against the winter landscape, beyond even the slight, white figure with its crown of burnished copper, I saw the swarming harbor of Marseilles. I saw the swaggering turcos in their scarlet breeches, the crowded troop-ships, and from every ship's mast the glorious tri-color of France; the flag that in ten short years had again risen, that was flying over advancing columns in China, in Africa, in Madagascar; over armies that were giving France for Alsace-Lorraine new and great colonies on every seaboard of the world. The thoughts that flew through my brain made my fingers clench until the nails bit into my palms. Even to dream of such happiness was actual pain. That this might come to me! To serve under the tri-color, to be a captain of the Grande Armée, to be one of the army reared and trained by Napoleon Bonaparte.

I heard a cheery voice, and Lowell passed me, and advanced bowing toward Beatrice, and she turned and smiled at him. But as she rose, she saw my face.

"Roy!" she cried. "What is it? What has happened?"

I watched her coming toward me, as

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someone projected from another life, a wonderful, beautiful memory, from a life already far in the past. I handed her the cablegram and stood up stiffly. My joints were rigid and the blood was still cold in my veins. She read the message, and gave a little cry, and stood silent, gazing at me. I motioned her to give it to Lowell, who was looking at us anxiously, his eyes filled with concern.

He kept his head lowered over the message for so long, that I thought he was reading it several times. When he again raised his face it was filled with surprise and disapproval. But beneath, I saw a dawning look which he could not keep down, of a great hope. It was as though he had been condemned to death, and the paper Beatrice had handed him to read had been his own reprieve.

"Tell me," said Beatrice. Her tone was as gentle and as solemn as the stroke of a bell, and as impersonal. It neither commended nor reproved. I saw that instantly she had determined to conceal her own wishes, to obliterate herself entirely, to let me know that, so far as she could affect my choice, I was a free agent. I looked appealingly from her to Lowell, and from Lowell back to Beatrice. I still was trembling with the fever the message had lit in me. When I tried to answer my voice was hoarse and shaking.

"It's like drink!" I said.

Lowell raised his eyes as though he meant to speak, and then lowered them and stepped back, leaving Beatrice and myself together.

"I only want you to see," Beatrice began, bravely, "how—how serious it is. Every one of us in his life must have a moment like this, and, if he could only know that the moment had come, he might decide wisely. You know the moment has come. You must see that this is the crisis. It means choosing not for a year, but for always." She held out her hands, entwining the fingers closely. "Oh, don't think I'm trying to stop you, Royal," she cried. "I only want you to see that it's final. I know that it's like strong drink to you, but the more you give way to it—. Don't you think, if you gave your life here a fairer trial, if you bore with it a little longer——"

She stopped sharply as though she recognized that, in urging me to a choice, she was acting as she had determined she would not.

I did not answer, but stood in silence with my head bent, for I could not look at her. I knew now how much dearer to me, even than her voice, was any voice that gave the call to arms. I did indeed understand that the crisis had come. In that same room, five minutes before the message arrived, I had sworn for her sake alone to submit to the life I hated.

And yet in an instant, without a moment's pause, at the first sound of "Boots and Saddles," I had sprung to my first love, and had forgotten Beatrice and my sworn allegiance. Knowing how greatly I loved her, I now could understand, since it made me turn from her, how much greater must be my love for this, her only rival, the old life that was again inviting me.

I was no longer to be deceived; the one and only thing I really loved, the one thing I understood and craved, was the free, homeless, untrammelled life of the soldier of fortune. I wanted to see the shells splash up the earth again, I wanted to throw my leg across a saddle, I wanted to sleep on a blanket by a camp-fire, I wanted the kiss and caress of danger, the joy which comes when the sword wins honor and victory together, and I wanted the clear, clean view of right and wrong, that is given only to those who hourly walk with death.

I raised my head, and spoke very softly:

"It is too late. I am sorry. But I have decided. I must go."

Lowell stepped out of the shadow, and faced me with the same strange look, partly of wonder, and partly of indignation.

"Nonsense, Royal," he said, "let me talk to you. We've been shipmates, or comrades, and all that sort of thing, and you've got to listen to me. Think, man. Think what you're losing. Think of all the things you are giving up. Don't be a weak child. This will affect your whole life. You have no right to decide it in a minute."

I stepped to it's hiding-place, and took out the sword my grandfather had carried in the Civil War; the sword I had worn

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in Honduras. I had hidden it away, that it might not remind me that once I, too, was a soldier. It acted on me like a potion. The instant my fingers touched its hilt, the blood, which had grown chilled, leaped through my body. In answer I held the sword toward Lowell. It was very hard to speak. They did not know how hard. They did not know how cruelly it hurt me to differ from them, and to part from them. The very thought of it turned me sick and miserable. But it was written. It had to be.

"You ask me to think of what I am giving up," I said, gently. "I gave up this. I shall never surrender it again. I am not deciding in a minute. It was decided for me long ago. It's a tradition. It's handed down to me. My grandfather was Hamilton, of Cerro Gordo, of the City of Mexico, of Gettysburg. My father was "Fighting" Macklin. He was killed at the head of his soldiers. All my people have been soldiers. One fought at the battle of Princeton, one died fighting the king at Culloden. It's bred in me. It's in the blood. It's the blood of the Macklins that has decided this. And I—I am the last of the Macklins, and I must live and die like one."

The house is quiet now. They have all left me to my packing, and are asleep. Lowell went early and bade me good-by at the gate. He was very sad and solemn. "God bless you, Royal," he said, "and keep you safe, and bring you back to us." And I watched him swinging down the silent, moon-lit road, knocking the icicles from the hedges with his stick. I stood there some time looking after him, for I love him very dearly, and then a strange thing happened. After he had walked quite a distance from the house, he suddenly raised his head and began to whistle a jolly, rollicking sea-song. I could hear him for some minutes. I was glad to think he took it so light-heartedly. It is good to know that he is not jealous of my great fortune.

To-night we spared each other the parting words and good-byes. But to-morrow they must be spoken, when Aunt Mary and Beatrice come to see me sail away on the French liner. The ship leaves at noon, and ten days later I shall be in Havre. Ye gods, to think that in ten days I shall see Paris! And then, the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Indian Ocean, Singapore, and, at last, the yellow flags and black dragons of the enemy. It cannot last long, this row. I shall be coming home again in six months, unless the Mahdi makes trouble. La Guerre was three years in the Khedive's service, and with his influence an ex-captain of the French army should have little difficulty in getting a commission in Egypt. Then, after that, I really will come home. But not as an ex-soldier. This time I shall come home on furlough. I shall come home a real officer, and play the prodigal again to the two noblest and sweetest and best women in God's world. All women are good, but they are the best. All women are so good, that when one of them thinks one of us is worthy to marry her, she pays a compliment to our entire sex. But as they are all good and all beautiful, Beatrice being the best and the most beautiful, I was right not to think of marrying only one of them. With the world full of good women, and with a fight always going on somewhere, I am very wise not to "settle down." I know I shall be very happy.

And in a year I certainly must come back, a foreign officer on leave, and I shall go to West Point and pay my respects to the Commandant. The men who saw me turned out will have to present arms to me, and the older men will say to the plebs, "That distinguished-looking officer with the French mustache, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor is Captain Macklin. He was turned out of here. Now he's only a soldier of fortune. He belongs to no country."

But when the battalion is drawn up at retreat and the shadows stretch across the grass, I shall take up my stand once more on the old parade ground, with all the future Grants and Lees around me, and when the flag comes down, I shall raise my hand with theirs, and show them that I have a country, too, and that the flag we salute together is my flag still.

THE END.

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A FISHERMAN OF COSTLA

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

THE captain of the coast steamer almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the question. "Go to Kilronan, in the outer Arran Island, to-day? No, sir, not for all the money your clients have in prospect. Even if my steamer had not two loose plates forward, and her condenser all out of gear, as my engineer says, I would not head her out in the bay to-day—not for all the money of one of your American millionnaires. No, sir."

"But consider the urgency," panted the stranger. "Consider——"

"Consider the urgency? Consider the steamer," retorted the captain. "Lord, you'd never need to say you've just arrived from strange parts. If you'd been in Galway for more than ten minutes, you'd have known that this howling westerly gale that's sweeping in on this coast would make a junk-pile in quick order of any old iron steamer of the tonnage of mine. In quick order, yes, sir—up on the rocks she'd go—it's all rocks on this coast. And then where would my captain's papers be?"

"Name your price," persisted the stranger. He dropped his suit-case, put his hand to his inside coat-pocket, and drew out a thick wallet. "Name your price. I'll charter the steamer for a week, and you can have her back at the end of twenty-four hours, and it's only two hours' run to Kilronan, as you said yourself. Two hours out and two hours back, four hours steaming besides the waiting while I'm looking over the records with your parish priest and parish clerk—six hours all told and my business will be done with. What do you say? Name your price."

"No, no, I'm sorry, but I would not try it even if my steamer was ready for the value of the whole estate you say may be at stake. No, no," replied the steamer captain.

"Then what am I to do? At the hotel I stopped just long enough to make inquiries, and they sent me to you. They told me that if you would not take me to Arran, nobody out of Galway would take me, unless it were a Claddagh fisherman across the harbor in one of their little sailing-vessels. And then they added that if I could get a fisherman ready to risk it, it is more than likely he could not do anything against this storm—it's a head wind to Arran."

"They told you right. Lord bless you, no hooker could ever beat out this gale. Kilronan bears about west from here, and this wind's straight from the west-northwest. If the wind was blowing from offshore now, why you might speak of taking a hooker, if you would find anybody crazy enough to try it. Though as for that part of it, you'll find Irishmen crazy enough to try almost anything—I mean if you can show 'em a half-decent reason for it. They won't do it just for the

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money, remember—no, sir, not for all the money that wallet of yours'll hold—but if you could work up their feelings——"

"If the wind were blowing from offshore?" repeated the stranger absently. "But is there no place around here on the coast from which the wind blows toward Arran?"

"Ha! Why, that's so, too! There's the north shore—there's Costla. From Costla to Kilronan the wind won't be behind you, mind, but it will be a fair wind—fair enough for a passage. But, my soul, think of the risk."

"Risk?—in the boat?"

"In the boat?—yes—crossing Galway Bay in this gale."

"Would your fishermen here be afraid? They told me other tales of them, captain." The stranger smiled in an exasperating way.

"See here," said the captain. "Don't you run away with any notion that our fishermen hereabouts won't fish when any other men on earth would go out and fish in small boats. But let me tell you, it's one thing to fish because the wife and children at home need the help, and another thing—here," the captain broke off with some heat, "look here now, and 'll tell you. A while ago you said you'd go to any labor and any risk to reach Kilronan to-day, and be back here to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "any labor and any risk so as to be back here and aboard the train that will connect with the White Star steamer out of Queenstown to-morrow morning. If I don't do this thing, and take that steamer so as to be back in time, my trip over here is of no avail. And it means more than a dead loss of time and money to the firm. I'm a young lawyer in a big office, and this thing means a lot to me. You tell me what to do and I'll do it at any risk."

"You will? Well, you go to Costla—that's on the coast on the north side of Galway Bay, as I said. It's the nearest place on the mainland to Kilronan. There's a fair road from here to there; it's on the mail-car route that goes out of the western side of Galway. You go to Costla. First, of course, you go to the Royal Hotel up the street—that's where you just came from—and tell them you want a jaunting-car, a fast horse, and a good driver. Get Pat Kelley if you can, and have him arrange to have a fresh horse for you at Spiddal. There's always a fresh horse to be had at Spiddal, and that's half way to Costla. You ought to be at Costla Bay in two hours and a half. It's twenty-five miles. When you get to Costla, ask for Gerald Donohue. Anybody will tell you where to find him, though, there being two Geralds, you want to ask for the right one. One has a son in the Coast Guards. You don't want him—he's old and stays ashore now. You want the other Gerald that's a fisherman and has no son in the Coast Guards. He did have a son that would be old enough for that now, but he lost him the time the last big wave swept over Glasher Rock. Anyway, you tell Gerald what you told me when you first hopped off that car a while ago. Tell him that if you can't get those records with the proper certification and be back aboard to-morrow morning's New York steamer out of Queenstown, your clients—a family of children, did you say?—well, tell him they'll lose a fortune. Tell Gerald that and put it strong to him. Tell him what you told me, that the fortunes of those children, whose father was Kilronan born, may be hanging on your getting to Kilronan and back by to-night, and trust Gerald to put you across the bay to Arran Island if any living man will do it. And if he gets you across to Arran, then he'll make small work of bringing you on to Galway afterward, for it will be a fair wind from Arran back to Galway. He'll only have to keep her from swamping on the way back. And if Gerald won't do it, you can give it up—no man on the coast will do it."

"Thank you, thank you, I'm off. O jarvey—" the stranger leaped to the jaunting-car—"to the Royal Hotel! Lash her now!"

The captain gazed after him. "The Lord save us, I wonder is there ever one of them American business men that's got time to take a full breath."

II

It was at ten o'clock in the morning that the American left the steamer-cap-

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tain. At one in the afternoon he was down by a small stone quay at an inner point of Costla Bay talking to a fisherman of the place, Gerald Donohue, the right Gerald Donohue, the one that had no son in the Coast Guards. Stout, bearded, and hardy-looking was Gerald of the blue eyes and simple speech.

"Sure it's the moving tale you're telling me," he was saying. "But do you think what it means if my little vessel is lost? The wife and the small childer——"

"Well, as to that, Mister Donohue, I can only say that the heirs—the people we're fighting for—will see that your family shall not want. When they hear the story, as hear it they must, for I'll be with you and they'll naturally make inquiries—if we're lost then you can count on it that your family will not be forgotten. It won't be a hundred pounds, or two hundred, or three hundred that they——"

Gerald raised his hand. "We'll not speak of the money. The man that would cross Galway Bay to-day for money, and wife and childer behind him, would be staining his soul with the black marks of a sin that the fires o' Purgatory would never burn out—never. But for Dannie Costello's childer that has to fight for the money he left behind sure 'tis a hard thing. The childer that can't get their own father's money—man, but it is the hard nature that is fighting them. I knew Dannie for ten years before he left Arran—the one age we were. And him the manager of a boy before he was old enough to walk. And a fine kind boy he was. And only the year before last he sent fifty pound at Christmas-time for the little stone church they're trying to build in Kilronan. Yes, sir, the big heart had Dannie. And now he's dead, you tell me, and they're schemin', the villains, to keep the poor childer out o' the money. Sure an awful thing is law now, isn't it? Here, Tammie"—he turned to a twelve-year-old lad who was standing near and watching the surf break over the rocks below him. "Tammie, run up to the house like a good boy and get the two suits of oil-clothes—make haste now—while I will be reefing down the main-sail and taking in a bit of the jib. Make haste, Tammie, for it's makin' the wind is all the time. Yes, sir, it must be makin' when it isn't going down. And it's big boots and plenty of oil-clothes we'll need this day. And do yourself get into the hooker, sir, yourself and your valise, while I do be reefin' down."

The "hooker" was a black-painted, or rather black-tarred, jib and mainsail boat of perhaps twenty-five feet on deck and eight feet beam. Forward she was decked over, but aft was merely an open space, wherein was a lot of broken rock in her bottom for ballast. Having been used at odd times for carrying peat to the islands in the bay, a great deal of loose loam had managed to sift down into the crevices of the stone, thereby giving more than usual stability to the ballast.

The lawyer stood on the ballast and watched the fierce surf as it broke over the rocks that edged the little bay. He could not quite see the full glory of the surf of the greater bay outside, the bay they were soon to attempt to cross, but he saw enough to get a faint idea of what it might be like, and as he pondered over the prospect he began to experience his first slight sinking of the heart since he left Galway, and almost to wish that to somebody else had fallen what now promised to be a hazardous undertaking.

While the lawyer was soberly meditating, the fisherman was rushing preparations. Three reefs were put in the black mainsail, and the jib was taken in until not more than half its original size was spread. The hatch to the little hole forward was battened down and running gear overhauled. Gerald did not like the look of the jib. "It's old, and a touch of rot in it. If there was time, there's a bit of a storm-sail below I would put on her by way of a jib instead of that old rag, but there's not the time—here comes Tammie, with his load of boots and oil-clothes.

"Throw it aboard, Tammie.

"Ah, poor b'y, ye had a great load of it, sure enough. Here, sir—" he turned to his passenger—"take off your shoes and get into a pair of these boots, and put the oil clothes over your other clothes. Be sure but you will need them."

They were soon ready. "Push off, Tammie," said the fisherman to his boy. "Pole her off to the end of the quay, and then go back and tell your mother I won't be back for three days maybe, for I'll

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have to go to Galway to put the gentleman on his way. Go back now."

"Can't I go with you, father?" asked the boy.

"Go with me! The Lord forbid—sure the hair would rise off your head with the fright when you'd see the waves out in the big bay."

"I wouldn't be afraid with you, father."

"Whisht! and go along with you. 'Tis your mother wouldn't sleep till you was back again. Go home now, and tell her as I just told you to tell her——"

"She knows where you're going. When I asked for the big boots and oil-clothes, she asked me what you wanted them for, and I told her."

"You did? And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Tis the foolish man your father is, Tammie, but God speed him.' Can't I stay on the high rocks and watch you sail across, father?" pleaded the boy.

"No, b'y, no. It's too windy and cold there."

"But I want to see you sail the hooker across the bay, father. It's fast she'll sail in this wind, and I want to see her go."

"Then go up to the Coast-Guard station and watch from there with your cousin Malachi. 'Tis there you will be able to see beautiful from the look-out up top. Go now, Tammie, and say God-speed for us."

Under the fisherman's hands the little hooker was skilfully worked from out of this rock-strewn inlet of water known as Costla Bay into the much larger body of water known as Galway Bay. The American had only to dodge the spray as it came aboard, and Gerald to dodge with the hooker the rocks that stuck their sharp points above the surface.

"Look across now," said Gerald—they were clear of the sunken rocks inside—"that's Arran you see ahead. Eleven mile from here—just beyond where you see the water all white. That's the surf breaking there—if you can see it."

"I think I can see it, but I'm not sure." From the stern of the jumping hooker the lawyer was trying to see things ahead and at the same time keep his feet.

"Not sure, ye say? Faith, but it's the weak eyes a man gets when he stops long ashore. That's Kilronan, and the long stone wall there is the pier. That's where we are going, if God is willing—to the other side of that pier. Now keep under the rail and out of the wet, if you can, for we're fair into it now."

What the American knew of the practical workings of the sea had been gained altogether from his recent trip between New York and Queenstown. For one twenty-four hours during that six-days' passage there had been enacted what the saloon referred to as "an awful storm." Some spray had come aboard the main deck of the liner, and most of the passengers lay in their berths while the awful storm should go by. Our young lawyer had been among the brave ones who had stuck it out in the smoking-room. He remembered very well how he had been thinking of the future time when he should be reeling off the details of that storm to home circles. But that steamer was 600 feet in length, with a wall of sixty feet from the water's surface to the top-rail, and, to preserve the proportions, this little hooker was about the size of one of the liner's deck-boats, with less than two feet of freeboard—that is, when she stood on an even keel. To preserve the proportions, this little vessel should be now sailing in a mill-pond in a summer zephyr. Even that something less than two feet of freeboard would have been a most comforting thing were it there now, which it was not, for the hooker by now, working clear of the main shore, and the wind coming abeam, was taking a great slant. At first she only rolled over to her deck amidships, and the water did not bother them over-much. Spray had come across her bows from the very first, but, as they went on, sheets of spray began to come over bows, midship, and quarter, and slap them from head to toe even when they crouched back in the stern. Still even the lawyer did not mind that. He had some philosophy in his make-up, and, having been warned by that surf over the rocks of Costla Bay, he had made up his mind to some discomfort. But it was not until the hooker had worked out from the lea of the land for a mile or so, and the real force of the wind from all the wide Atlantic began to hit her, that the young man from the inland region of a great continent began to see more clearly than ever that he had embarked on an enterprise of some risk. He

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derived his greatest pleasure, after they were well into it, from discovering the rail when it showed above the sea, as it did every now and then when the fisherman held her up a trifle.

The fisherman seemed to read the young man's thoughts. "I could make it a bit more pleasant," he explained, "but we would never make Kilronan if I did. If we went to le'ward we'd never in this world work her back in the wind."

"I see," said the lawyer, "but doesn't she lay rather away over sometimes? Isn't there danger?"

"Danger?—not a bit. Not yet, anyway. Don't you worry now. So she shows the rail anywhere near the level water you're safe as if you was in the Coast-Guard station we left behind us. 'Tis when she puts that plank above her rail under—that plank that's used to hold the turf in her whenever we have a big load of it—now when that goes under water will be the time to say a quick litany, especially if the ballast shifts."

"That plank under! Good Lord! wouldn't she turn bottom up then?"

"I couldn't say. I never tried her, but it is likely, sir."

"And if she tips over, what shall we do?"

"Troth, and I couldn't say as to that, either; but swim, I'm thinkin'."

"Swim! I'd have but a small chance, then, when I can barely swim a hundred yards in the smoothest water."

"Faith, then we'd last the one as long as the other, for sorra the stroke at all can I swim. But that's neither here nor there, for it's the small chance we'd have if she capsized here. Look at her now, sir."

The hooker was then lifting so that the lawyer, gazing at her forward deck, could easily imagine himself looking uphill; and when she pitched down and her bows went clear under until she was all water to her mast, he thought she was about to engulf herself. That was happening almost continuously, but she did have steady streaks. When the wind was steady, she simply lay down while the sea rushed over her side and swirled over the feet of the two men in the stern.

"The Lord save us, but she's making great time, isn't she, sir? Great speed, but maybe 'twouldn't do her no harm if you was to keep the bailer going. That's the bailer, that tin pail there by your valise. Man, but that valise is catching it—and a finer valise I never set eyes on. I know it's a shame, too, to make a regular-paid passenger work his way, but with yourself bailing you'll have a better chance to make that same passage you'll be paying for later, if you make it. 'Tis the great sport sailing when you're sure you'll get home all right, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "it must be." His voice had not the viking ring, but his bailing was all that could be desired.

The hooker footed on, with the seas tossing her about as a wooden bucket is tumbled in a beach surf. She went down into the hollows until the lawyer thought she was never coming up, and she went up on the heights until he thought she would stay up altogether. The seas were green and each had a crest of white that reminded the landsman of the long teeth of an angry dog. The body of the sea would rush on, and by its sheer weight throw the hooker far and high, then the white teeth would leap up and pounce down and make as if trying to tear her planks apart.

The lawyer, to gather inspiration, would look up now and then from his bailing to study the face of the fisherman. Once he fancied he saw a fleeting shade of worriment in the blue eyes. With some trepidation he asked if there were anything wrong. If this man of the sea was disturbed, certainly it was time for himself, a landsman, to watch out.

"That jib there," answered the fisherman after a long gaze forward; "I've been thinkin' it won't hold much longer. Beginnin' to rip it is at the foot of it. Stand up now and hold the tiller when I put her in the wind. Wait, wait until I put her into the wind. Have a care now, and let me show you. Lord, but that was a blast! Och, it's gone! May the devil go with it!" The jib had ripped from the foot up, and was slatting off in strips to leeward, like half a dozen long-tailed burgees.

"Hold her as she is," said the fisherman. "She'll stay there now while I dive into the hold for'ard for a bit of storm-sail that we'll make a jib of. I always mistrusted that old jib."

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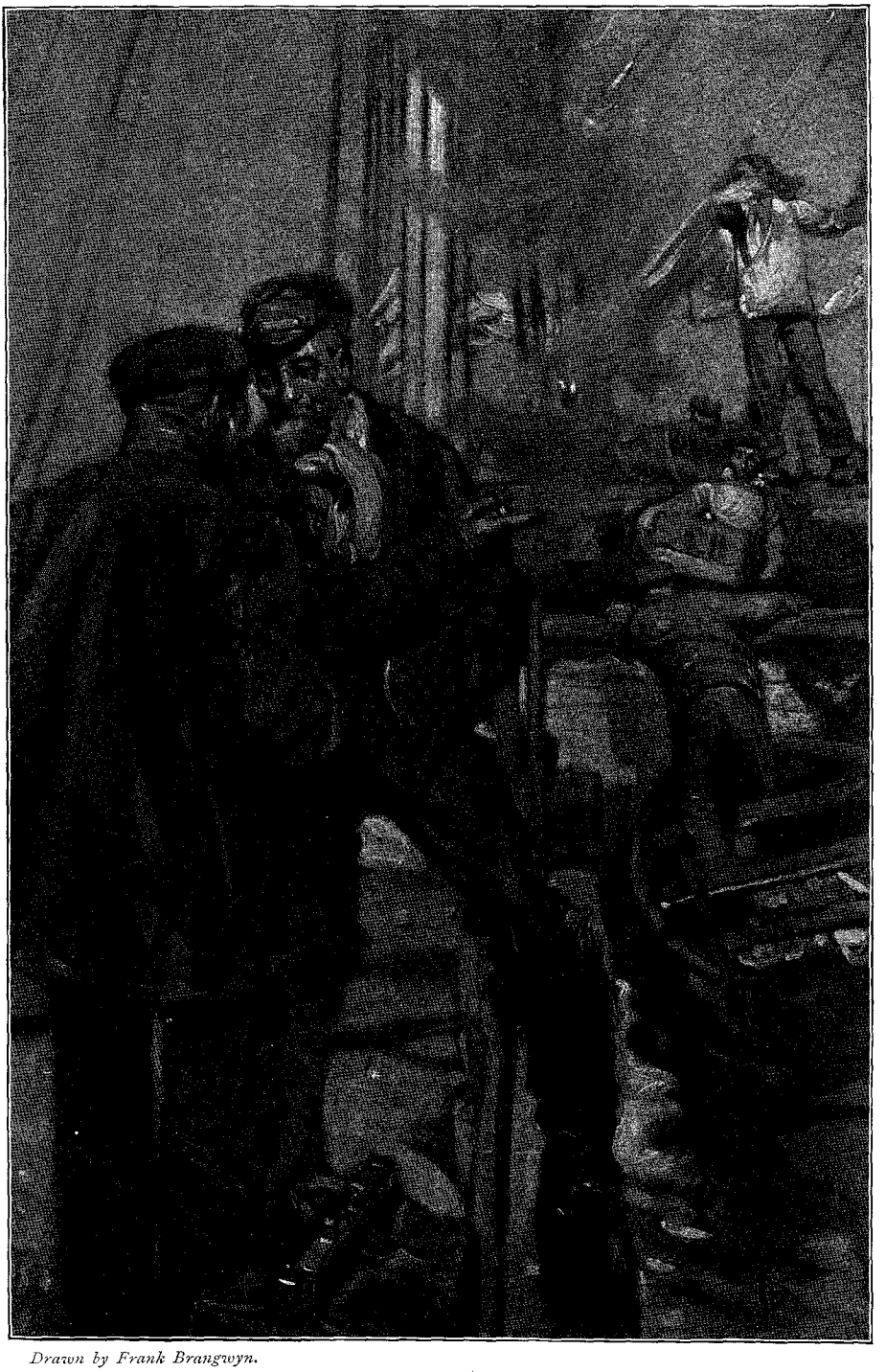

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

"You go to Costla."—Page 345.

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The hooker rode the waves so much more easily with her head to the wind that the lawyer, though he had not the slightest idea of how it was all brought about, wondered why they had not done something like this before. Certainly this was better than to let her heel over until she threatened to roll bottom up.

Forward the fisherman had got out a small triangle of canvas, and was swiftly making ready to attach it to the old jib sheet and halliards. To expedite matters he was forced to lie out on the little bowsprit and allow himself to be buried with that plunging stick every time a sea came his way. He quickly made a pair of rough hanks of a piece of old line, cut away such pieces of the old jib as threatened to hamper operations, came back inboard and hoisted away on his halliards.

"There," said he, jumping aft, beard, hair, and the oil-skins running brine, "there. Now we'll go our way again."

The hooker lay over again, and the lawyer resumed his bailing, stopping only long enough to ask Gerald why he could not have kept her as she was when he was putting the new sail in place. "She was so steady then," he said, "so steady—that is, compared to what she is now."

"Steady, yes," said Gerald, grimly. "A pity she wouldn't be half-way steady, and she hove-to. But let her lay so long enough and think you where would she be, or where would you be or me be? Look over the rail at your elbow now. See where the sea breaks over that ledge. Twenty feet high it spouts, and that ledge runs far out from the shore into the bay. That's where she'd drift, and we'd be fools enough to let her. How long would you live, I'm asking you, sir, in that b'iling—if you was lucky enough not to break your bones in the first smash?"

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I didn't know." After a pause he continued: "No, I didn't know. If I knew what it was going to be I would never have dragged you out here, nor come out here myself—no, not for all the reputation I ever expect to make. I didn't know."

"What!" exclaimed the fisherman, "and Dannie's childer dependin' on ye?"

"Oh, I forget them. Yes, I would come—but what's that awful place ahead?"

"That's where the shoal makes out from Arran. That's the bad spot for us. 'Tis that we'll have to weather if ever we make Kilronan. Man, but it's cruel to look at, isn't it now? There's where we'll have to let her take the wind in full. All this time, d' y' see, we've been close-hauled, but we'll have to swing her off now if we'd pass here. Watch out now and get a hold of something if you love life."

He put the tiller up into the wind, and around came her head. The wind took her fairly, and over she went. The lawyer thought she was going altogether, and the fisherman said, "Holy Mary!" Her solid rail went far under, and the turf-board above that went clear under also, and the water that rushed into the open part of her aft seemed about to swamp her.

"She's going!" called the lawyer—"My God, she's going!" He grabbed the tiller in his excitement.

"Let be the tiller—I'm steering! Take a grip of my waist, or anything, but let be the tiller!"

"I'm up to my knees," said the lawyer.

"To your knees, is it? Man, but you'll be up to your waist, maybe, before she stops, and then over your head, maybe. Hold on now—hold on yet. Holy Mary, but she's getting it. But she'll make it yet. She's coming, by my soul, she's coming. 'Twas a blow that, but she'll right yet. Give her a chance, give her a chance now."

For a full two minutes she lay there within an ace of being hove-down before she showed signs of coming up. Then slowly she began to right, with the fisherman nursing her. Slowly, slowly she came up. She was safe at last. For a while she was logy as any old derelict with the loose water that sloshed about in the open space aft, but she had righted and that was the really important thing.

"A bad little place that, sir," observed Gerald when he had got her straightened away again. "A point makes out from the shoals there, d' y' see? We had to shoot around it like, y' see, and that made all the trouble. 'Twas that more than all the rest of the passage, though the Lord knows 'tis rough enough it is—but 'twas that's been on my mind the last half hour. You didn't know that? Why would

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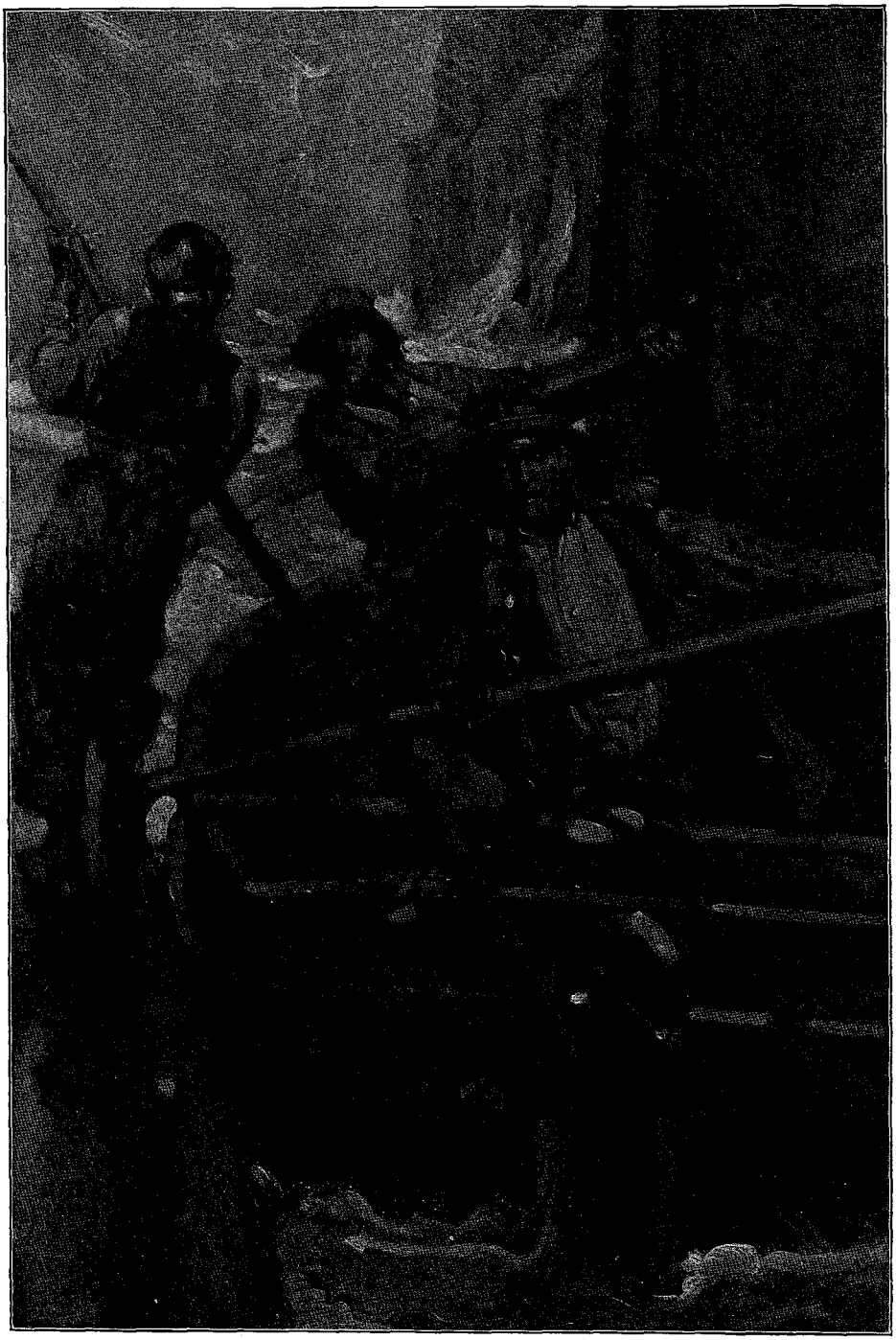

Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

"Pole her off to the end of the quay."—Page 346.

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you?—but the Lord be thanked we're by it now. There's been more than one vessel capsized and more than one crew lost there, though 'twasn't all of them had ballast that stood like ours. Man, but the turf between the stones under our feet—'tis as good as the pig iron and the melted lead they puts in the bottom of the yachts. Yes, sir, every bit as good. When it holds, I mean. Sometimes it don't hold. And maybe it was the hand o' God—that jib blowing out back there. If it didn't go then, 'twould go that last time and that was a bad place to be stopping to bend on a new sail—don't you think but it was, sir?"

"Yes," said the lawyer. Still bewildered, he stood looking back at the boiling point they had passed. "Awful, awful, wasn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir—awful, you might say, but don't stop bailing now because we're past it. She'll be a bit livelier, d' y' see, with some of the water out of her. That's why I have the stern of her with a few planks out—so the water that comes over the rail will go back in the sea again." He grinned slyly. "She gets clear of a lot of water that way. But keep bailing—you're doin' fine at the bailing, sir."

The lawyer continued to bail and Gerald held to the tiller until the happy moment when they shot around the end of the pier. "There," said Gerald, "we're in at last, and here's Kilronan." He pointed the hooker up for the pier, cast loose the halliards, let the sails run, and dropped her gently alongside the pier steps.

"And are we here?" asked the lawyer, as if he could hardly believe it.

"Here you are—yes, sir—Kilronan. Go up those steps ahead, and from the top of the pier you can see the parish priest's place. The parish priest and the parish clark will have all the records you'll be wanting, I think. And there's a notary or something like that who will do the swearing the clark can't do. And while you're gone I'll be eating some bread and fish and making a cup of tea, for I've had no dinner this day and I'm fair famished. When you get back, sir, we'll put for Galway. Make haste, sir, and if the Lord is good, you'll be in time for your Queenstown steamer in the morning."

In two hours the young lawyer came back, radiant. "It's all right, it's all right," he sang out to Gerald.

"Is it? Well that's fine. And now we'll off to Galway. Come aboard, sir?"

"Will it be bad going to Galway? Any more of those bad shoal points to be passed?"

"Not a bit. 'Tis only running we'll be going to Galway in this wind. We have but to hold her up past the light-house till we're well into Gregory Sound, and we're all right. She'll make great dives with her head, but it's hard to capsize her that way—head first. 'Twill be rough, maybe, till we're past the Sound, but after that we'll put for the lee of the islands, and with a fair wind and smooth water and Dan Costello's childer in mind and we'll have you in Galway to-night, with the help of God."

That night in his room at the hotel in Galway, and while he was waiting for the porters to put his few pieces of baggage in the jaunting-car, the American drew out his thick wallet to settle up with the fisherman. He laid five £10 Bank of England notes on the table. "There, Captain Donohue," said he, "there's your £50 as promised, and your work was worth it ten times over."

Donohue regarded him in wonder. "Fifty pounds? No, no—" he pushed the money back across the table—"no, no; I'm not taking fifty pounds out of you, sir. Let me have two pounds, a pound for to-day, and a pound for another day I'll be waiting here while the gale blows by."

"Two pounds? Don't be foolish now, Captain. I said this morning that I'd give you fifty pounds to take me across Galway Bay. And here are the fifty pounds that I said I'd give you."

"Yes, yes, you said you'd give me it, but I never said I'd take it. Put up your money. It isn't for the money I'd be risking making a widder of Mora and orphans of the childer. No, sir; two pounds is my price this day—one day to-day, and another day to-morrow when I won't be able to get back to Costla, by the look of things now. No, no, sir; I'm telling you now 'tis never for money I'd do it. Forty years ago, when I was a little lad, I knew Dannie Costello. 'Twas Dan put me many's the time in the way of making a shillin' with

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"Go now, Tammie, and say God-speed for us."—Page 347.

him now and again. Dan Costello was good to me. And 'twas a long ways a shillin' went in them days—starvation days we had then. Yes, 'tis true we haven't too many comforts now, but we manage to get along. When you see the childer again, sir—and if they are anything like their father, sir, sure they'll be the fine childer—when you see them, give my respects to them, sir. A friend of their father's, tell them. Tell them that, if you will, and I'll thank you. Two pounds—no more, no more. What? The sail? Well, put in a pound for the old sail. Troth, and it was an old sail, and I'll be cheating you at that. Three pounds I'll take. No more. I couldn't. Thank you, sir, and hurry now if you would catch the cars for Queenstown. Good-by, sir, good-by, and remember me kindly to Dan Costello's childer."

III

When the roar of the hurrying train had become no more than one of a thousand other far-away echoes in the night, the fisherman returned through the narrow streets of the old city to the big dock, to the end of which was tied his little hooker. He sloshed around with the tin pail and bailed out such water as he could find by feeling in the dark. He shook the reefs out of the mainsail, hoisted it clear to the blocks, that it might have a chance to dry, and then looked up at the shadow of it as it hung. "There, that's off my mind, and now for a little bit of comfort." He felt his way forward and dropped through the hatchway into the little hole of a cabin.

Here he groped about in the extreme darkness until his fingers rubbed against a piece of a candle and a card of matches that protruded from somewhere up between the deck-planking and a transverse beam. The matches he struck one after the other until he got one that would stay alight long enough to get the candle going. He raked over the ashes on the little stone slab that served him for a hearth, but found them all damp. "Man," he murmured, "but the water surely came through her old j'ints this day." He went to a locker, took out a small piece of very soft wood, from which, after whittling into shavings, he managed to get a tiny blaze. "The very air has salt water in it," he whispered to himself. After another while he felt hopeful of getting a kettle of water to boil. "'Twas good the locker's half-way dry with the wood in it," he said. "We'll have tea yet." The thought gave him in-

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tense satisfaction. "A pot of fine hot tea, yes, and something to eat with it. And I'm fair famished." From the bottom of a tin box he took out a sliver of salt fish and a scone of bread. "Faith, but that's fine luck—just enough for a bite for myself. Not a great deal of it—a child could eat it, and Father Doherty himself wouldn't say it was too much for a fast-day, but 'twill go fine after the wet, hard day—fine, fine." He shook out the last pinch of tea from the caddy into the kettle.

The water was slow to boil, and the smoke of the fire drove him to the hatchway for fresh air. "I'll have to get a little chimbly for this place another year—the smoke of it sometimes is fair overpowerin'." He gazed out of the hatch and across the dark waters. "A wee little bit more and I could see Costla Bay with the lights in the Coast-Guard station—yes. Mora, 'tis little is the sleep you'll be giving yourself this night, nor another night till I'm home again. Sure the childer themselves, the wee little ones, will be asking for their father when they hear the wind scream over the rocks of Costla. And off in America now—what place was it that young man said?—some saint city away, oh, far away, from the coast. But never mind. 'If ever you come t' America, Captain Donohue—' says he. 'I'm no captain,' says I. 'I'm master, with one grown lad for a crew, of a little black hooker—a fisherman of Costla am I,' says I. 'Well, captain or no captain,' says he, 'there's commanders in the R'yal Navy,' says he, 'and in every other navy,' says he, 'that wouldn't crossed Galway Bay to-day for all their hopes of promotion. And if ever you come to St. Louis'—that's it, St. Louis, by my soul—'if ever you come to St. Louis, be sure to come to me, and 'tis myself and Dan Costello's children will have the warm welcome for you—yes,' he said that. Oh, oh, the poor childer that's the thousands of miles livin' from where their father was born. And havin' the law to fight with it! Wirra, wirra, but the Lord needs to be good to childer that's got the law to fight. Yes, indeed, yes."

He took another long look toward Costla ere he dropped below. He noted the progress of the boiling kettle of tea. "In a minute 'twill be done. A bite to eat, a sup to drink, and my pipe, and then to a good sleep. My pipe, where is it? Yes, yes, to be sure, where I left it on the shelf in the bunk." He reached across the bunk and began to feel about for the pipe. The weight of his arm on the blankets caused him to disturb a small body that was huddled deep among the bedclothes. The body, squirming, startled the fisherman. "My soul! what's that!"

The bundle rolled over and spoke. "It's me, father."

"Tammie, Tammie, you scart me most to death. How on earth came you here, Tammie?"

"I asked mother could I come, and she said yes, and the driver of the mail-cart took me up. I wanted to be sure you got to Galway. You know you said maybe the gale would last so you mightn't be home for three days, and I wanted to go back and tell mother in the morning."

"Back to Costla in the morning? And if the mail-car is full and no room for the likes of you?"

"Then I can walk, father."

"The Lord save us, but it's little boys that makes us ashamed, with the faith they has," said Gerald. "Here, come out of that bunk that's as wet as the wide bay, till I put in it some of my old clothes from the locker—the locker, the only dry place in the hooker, and it isn't over-dry at that. They'll be poor bed-clothes, but they'll be half-way dry for you, alanna. And how did you come aboard anonst to me?"

"I was waiting for you since the mail-cart got in at eight o'clock. I saw you when you came in the dock, and then I saw you and the American gentleman go to the hotel. I knew you would be back here when I saw you go to the station with him, so I came down here and I was waiting for you here, but I fell asleep while I was waiting, father."

"Oh, the poor b'y. And you're hungry, I'll be bound, Tammie?"

"A little, father."

"'A little, father'? Come here by the fire. You're fair famished. Don't try and hide it from me. Can't I see it in the mouth and the eyes of you—'tis fair famished you are. Here now, here's the fine dried hake, and the fine scone your mother baked yesterday mornin,' and the

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Drawn by Frank Brangwyn.

"Look across now," said Gerald, "that's Arran you see ahead."—Page 347.

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fine hot tea. Eat and drink now, and then go to sleep with you."

"And won't you eat too, father?"

"Me eat? Sure, didn't me and the gentleman ate till we almost busted at the hotel?"

"At the hotel? What did you have there, father? Was it fine? and a lot of it?"

"'Fine? and a lot of it'? There was everything any man could think of, and a lot some men could never think of. There was turkey and duck and puddin'——"

"Plum-puddin', father?"

"Plum-puddin' and three other kinds."

"Ooh!"

"And pasties and grapes and jellies and oranges and bananas and cake—oh, there was lashin's of everything, things I don't know the names of at all."

"M-m-m—but you did eat a lot for the little time you was in the hotel, father."

"For the little time? Of course. We raced through it so we wouldn't miss the cars. And how did you come to know we was in the hotel only a little time?"

"Don't you remember me saying I was outside in the road to see you come out and go up the street with the gentleman?"

"I forgot that. But you was outside all the time? Watchin' your betters? Tammie, don't ever you do that again. You don't know what private business they might be wantin' to talk over. Don't ever you do that again, Tammie. And have another mug o' tea now."

"Yes, father."

"And ate up the fish and bread."

"It's all eat up, father."

"Sure, and so it is. O Tammie, only all the shops is closed, but 'tis we two, just the two of us down here, would be having the fine supper now—me, with pound notes in my pocket. But there's a little droppeen o' tea left, alanna. Take it and finish it up now, like a good b'y."

"I'm full, father."

"And you're sleepy by the looks of you."

"A little, father. I was up at four o'clock this morning. I was up that time you left this morning to see if the hooker was all right when you heard the gale coming on. I saw you goin' out, though you didn't see me, 'cause it was dark—ooh, wasn't it dark, m-m-m—" He winked his eyes, rested his head against the edge of the bunk, and suddenly went off to sleep.

The fisherman bent over him. "The poor b'y, tired to death he is with his five-and-twenty mile on the mail-car this evenin'. Well, well, the faith of a child!" He gathered him up and laid him tenderly in the bunk. "'Tis old rags that's under you, poor b'y, but they're half dry and maybe they'll save you from going back to your mother with your lungs choked with the cold."

He turned to the fire. From the board that had served as a plate for Tammie he swept off the crumbs and swallowed them with relish. What was left of the tea he poured out into a mug—less than half a mug it made—and drank it off. "My soul, but that's fine." He smacked his lips over it. He kept smacking while he was making ready to light his pipe by a dying ember that he coaxed from the hearth. With his pipe going, he leaned back against the planks of the hooker's side, and through the smoke and half light regarded the face of the lad as it shone from among the pile of old clothes in the bunk.

"And to think of him walking the twenty-five mile over the road to Costla in the mornin'. Many's the time I walked it meself at his age, and I know what it is. But it's a stout lad I was to him with his little thin legs, and the little feet and toes blue with the cold, and maybe nobody along the whole way to know how far he came, and to ask him in to have a bite to ate and a sup to drink. Glory be, but is that water?"

He shifted about and felt his back. "Water, no less, and there isn't a j'int in her old bones the sea didn't squeeze through to-day. But she's the greatest little one of them all out of Costla. I wouldn't give her for some that's twice as young. Thirty-five year this summer. Thirty-five year—the prime of life. Many's the gale my own father sailed her. And many's the gale myself has sailed her, and many a gale I'll sail her yet, with God's blessing. Sure I'd like to know the time she made across the bay this day. My, but she fair leaped across the bay. Ah, ah, but the bones of me is getting old. They crack with every move I make — with every move, yes. And that young man

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"But keep bailing—you're doin' fine at the bailing, sir."—Page 352.

from America, God-speed to him. And the poor childer of Dan Costello—the poor, poor childer—the Lord pity them! If I was gone now, 'tis the hard time my own would have. You're a brave little man, Tammie, but what could you do ag'in' the world—poor, poor Tammie—poor, poor childer."

His eyes turned from the figure in the bunk and became fixed on the red glow of the fire. The fire grew duller beneath his gaze, and the air about him grew colder. He thought to pull the hatch-cover to, but looking up his eyes were caught by the stars. "The blessed stars," he murmured. "It's a fine night, but 'tis windy and a bit cold. And the little candle is all burned. And listen to the tide runnin' under the planks of her."

His head sagged gradually until at length it was fairly on the shoulder nearest the vessel's peak; his legs, which had been drawn up at the knees, straightened out until they found a brace against the edge of the hearth-stone, and there he lay, not quite asleep, but certainly not quite awake. He must have known vaguely that he was not entirely awake, for suddenly he straightened his head, opened his eyes, held his ears to listen, and began to murmur again. "It's going to sleep anonst to myself I was."

He raised himself and forced eyes and ears to duty for yet another minute. All was well. The sluicing of the tide outside the old planks was there, although now much quieter; the stars were yet shining through the hatchway, though certainly more dimly; and the embers, dying a minute back, were dead altogether now. But the breathing of Tammie in the bunk—that was there. "Listen—yes he was sleeping fine. The poor lad, poor Tammie—the poor, poor little Costello childer. To all poor childer may the Lord be good!"

The pipe fell from the murmuring lips, the shaggy head settled into the peak of the hooker, and this fisherman of Costla was off to the sleep he had that day well earned.

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THE RAVENS

By Josephine Preston Peabody

My eyes are blind with dust,
  My limbs are dull with pain;
But my body must up and after me,
  Again—again—again.

They hover and wheel above;
  Where I creep on, they fly,
And with their raucous vaunt of life
  They tempt my soul to die.

Drawn by Henry McCarter.

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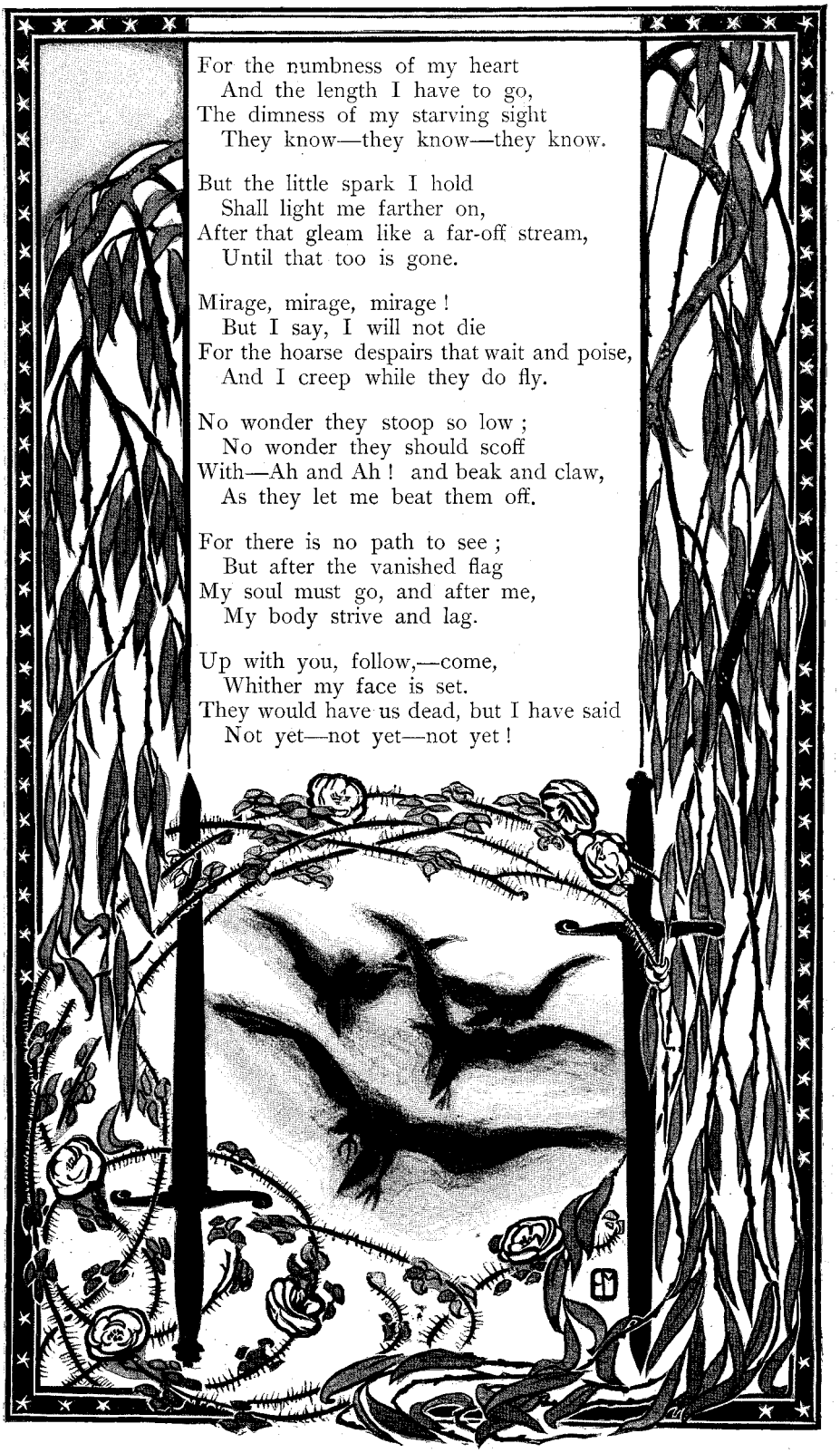

For the numbness of my heart
And the length I have to go,
The dimness of my starving sight
They know—they know—they know.

But the little spark I hold
Shall light me farther on,
After that gleam like a far-off stream,
Until that too is gone.

Mirage, mirage, mirage!
But I say, I will not die
For the hoarse despairs that wait and poise,
And I creep while they do fly.

No wonder they stoop so low;
No wonder they should scoff
With—Ah and Ah! and beak and claw,
As they let me beat them off.

For there is no path to see;
But after the vanished flag
My soul must go, and after me,
My body strive and lag.

Up with you, follow,—come,
Whither my face is set.
They would have us dead, but I have said
Not yet—not yet—not yet!

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THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

OR, ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

BY J. M. BARRIE

VI

A SHOCK

IT was on a May day, and I saw Mary accompany her husband as far as the first crossing, whence she waved him out of sight as if he had boarded an Atlantic-liner. All this time she wore the face of a woman happily married who meant to go straight home, there to await her lord's glorious return; and the military-looking gentleman watching her with a bored smile saw nothing better before him than a chapter on the Domestic Felicities. Oh, Mary, can you not provide me with the tiniest little plot?

Hallo!

No sooner was she hid from him than she changed into another woman; she was now become a calculating purposeful madam, who looked around her covertly and, having shrunk in size in order to appear less noticeable, set off nervously on some mysterious adventure.

"The deuce!" thought I, and followed her.

Like one anxious to keep an appointment, she frequently consulted her watch, looking long at it, as if it were one of those watches that do not give up their secret until you have made a mental calculation. Once she kissed it. I had always known that she was fond of her cheap little watch, which he gave her, I think, on the day I dropped the letter, but why kiss it in the street? Ah, and why then replace it so hurriedly in your leather-belt, Mary, as if it were guilt to you to kiss to-day, or any day, the watch your husband gave you?

It will be seen that I had made a very rapid journey from light thoughts to uneasiness. I wanted no plot by the time she reached her destination, a street of tawdry shops. She entered none of them, but paced slowly and shrinking from observation up and down the street, a very figure of shame; and never had I thought to read shame in the sweet face of Mary A——. Had I crossed to her and pronounced her name I think it would have felled her, and yet she remained there, waiting. I, too, was waiting for him, wondering if this was the man, or this, or this, and I believe I clutched my stick.

Did I suspect Mary? Oh, surely not for a moment of time. But there was some foolishness here; she was come without the knowledge of her husband, as her furtive manner indicated, to a meeting she dreaded and was ashamed to tell him of; she was come into danger; then it must be to save, not herself but him; the folly to be concealed could never have been Mary's. Yet what could have happened in the past of that honest boy from the consequences of which she might shield him by skulking here? Could that laugh of his have survived a dishonor? The open forehead, the curly locks, the pleasant smile, the hundred ingratiating ways which we carry with us out of childhood, they may all remain when the innocence has fled, but surely the laugh of the morning of life must go. I have never known the devil retain his grip on that.

But Mary was still waiting. She was no longer beautiful; shame had possession of her face, she was an ugly woman. Then the entanglement was her husband's, and I cursed him for it. But without conviction, for, after all, what did I know of women? I have some distant memories of them, some vain inventions. But of men —I have known one man indifferent well for over forty years, have exulted in him (odd to think of it), shuddered at him, forgiven him, wearied of him, been willing (God forgive me) to jog along with him tol-

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erantly long after I have found him out; I know something of men, and, on my soul, boy, I believe I am wronging you.

Then Mary is here for some innocent purpose, to do a good deed that were better undone, as it so scares her. Turn back, you foolish, soft heart, and I shall say no more about it. Obstinate one, you saw the look on your husband's face as he left you. It is the studio light by which he paints and still sees to hope, despite all the disappointments of his not ignoble ambitions. That light is the dower you brought him, and he is a wealthy man if it does not flicker.

So anxious to be gone, and yet she would not go. Several times she made little darts, as if at last resolved to escape from that detestable street, and faltered and returned like a bird to the weasel. Again she looked at her watch and kissed it.

Oh, Mary, take flight. What madness is this? Woman, be gone.

Suddenly she was gone. With one great mighty effort and a last terrified look round, she popped into a pawnshop.

Long before she emerged I understood it all, I think even as the door rang and closed on her; why the timid soul had sought a street where she was unknown, why she crept so many times past that abhorred shop before desperately venturing in, why she looked so often at the watch she might never see again. So desperately cumbered was Mary to keep her little house over her head, and yet the brave heart was retaining a smiling face for her husband, who must not even know where her little treasures were going.

It must seem monstrously cruel of me, but I was now quite light-hearted again. Even when Mary fled from the shop where she had left her watch, and I had peace of mind to note how thin and worn she had become, as if her baby was grown too big for her slight arms, even then I was light-hearted. Without attempting to follow her, I sauntered homeward humming a snatch of song with a great deal of fal-de-lal-de-riddle-o in it, for I can never remember words. I saw her enter another shop, baby linen shop or some nonsense of that sort, so it was plain for what she had popped her watch; but what cared I? I continued to sing most beautifully. I lunged gayly with my stick at a lamp-post and missed it, whereat a street-urchin grinned, and I winked at him and slipped two-pence down his back.

I presume I would have chosen the easy way had time been given me, but fate willed that I should meet the husband on his way home, and his first remark inspired me to a folly.

"How is Timothy?" he asked; and the question opened a way so attractive that I think no one whose dull life craves for color could have resisted it.

"He is no more," I replied impulsively.

The painter was so startled that he gave utterance to a very oath of pity, and I felt a sinking myself, for in these hasty words my little boy was gone, indeed; all my bright dreams of Timothy, all my efforts to shelter him from Mary's scorn, went whistling down the wind.

VII

THE LAST OF TIMOTHY

SO accomplished a person as the reader must have seen at once that I made away with Timothy in order to give his little vests and pinafores and shoes to David, and, therefore, dear sir or madam, rail not overmuch at me for causing our painter pain. Know, too, that though his sympathy ran free I soon discovered many of his inquiries to be prompted by a mere selfish desire to save his boy from the fate of mine. Such are parents.

He asked compassionately if there was anything he could do for me, and, of course, there was something he could do, but were I to propose it I doubted not he would be on his stilts at once, for already I had reason to know him for a haughty, sensitive dog, who ever became high at the first hint of help. So the proposal must come from him. I spoke of the many little things in the house that were now hurtful to me to look upon, and he clutched my hand, deeply moved, though it was another house with its little things he saw. I was ashamed to harass him thus, but he had not a sufficiency of the

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little things, and besides my impulsiveness had plunged me into a deuce of a mess, so I went on distastefully. Was there no profession in this age of specialism for taking away children's garments from houses where they were suddenly become a pain? Could I sell them? Could I give them to the needy, who would probably dispose of them for gin? I told him of a friend with a young child who had already refused them because it would be unpleasant to him to be reminded of Timothy, and I think this was what touched him to the quick, so that he made the offer I was waiting for.

I had done it with a heavy foot, and by this time was in a rage with both him and myself, but I always was a bungler, and, having adopted this means in a hurry, I could at the time see no other easy way out. Timothy's hold on life, as you may have apprehended, was ever of the slightest, and I suppose I always knew that he must soon revert to the obscure. He could never have penetrated into the open. It was no life for a boy.

Yet now, that his time had come, I was loth to see him go. I seem to remember carrying him that evening to the window with uncommon tenderness (following the setting sun that was to take him away), and telling him with not unnatural bitterness that he had got to leave me because another child was in need of all his pretty things; and as the sun, his true father, lapt him in its dancing arms, he sent his love to a lady of long ago whom he called by the sweetest of names, not knowing, in his innocence, that the little white birds are the birds that never have a mother. I wished (so had the phantasy of Timothy taken possession of me) that before he went he could have played once in the Kensington Gardens, and have ridden on the fallen trees, calling gloriously to me to look; that he could have sailed one paper-galleon on the Round Pond; fain would I have had him chase one hoop a little way down the laughing avenues of childhood, where memory tells us we run but once, on a long summer-day, emerging at the other end as men and women with all the fun to pay for; and I think (thus fancy wantons with me in these desolate chambers) he knew my longings, and said with a boy-like flush that the reason he never did these things was not that he was afraid, for he would have loved to do them all, but because he was not quite like other boys; and, so saying, he let go my finger and faded from before my eyes into another and golden ether; but I shall ever hold that had he been quite like other boys there would have been none braver than my Timothy.

I fear I am not truly brave myself, for though when under fire, so far as I can recollect, I behaved as others, morally I seem to be deficient. So I discovered next day when I attempted to buy David's outfit, and found myself as shy of entering the shop as any Mary at the pawnbroker's. The shop for little garments seems very alarming when you reach the door; a man abruptly become a parent, and thus lost to a finer sense of the proprieties, may be able to stalk in unprotected, but apparently I could not. Indeed, I have allowed a repugnance to entering shops of any kind, save my tailor's, to grow on me, and to my tailor's I fear I go too frequently.

So I skulked near the shop of the little garments, jeering at myself, and it was strange to me to reflect at, say, three o'clock that if I had been brazen at half-past two all would now be over.

To show what was my state, take the case of the very gentleman-like man whom I detected gazing fixedly at me, or so I thought, just as I had drawn valiantly near the door. I sauntered away, but when I returned he was still there, which seemed conclusive proof that he had smoked my purpose. Sternly controlling my temper I bowed, and said with icy politeness, "You have the advantage of me, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said he, and I am now persuaded that my words turned his attention to me for the first time, but at the moment I was sure some impertinent meaning lurked behind his answer.

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," I barked.

"No one regrets it more than I do," he replied, laughing.

"I mean sir," said I, "that I shall wait here until you retire," and with that I put my back to a shop-window.

By this time he was grown angry, and said he, "I have no engagement," and he put his back to the shop-window. Each

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of us was doggedly determined to tire the other out, and we must have looked ridiculous. We also felt it, for ten minutes afterward, our passions having died away, we shook hands cordially and agreed to call hansoms.

Must I abandon the enterprise? Certainly I knew divers ladies who would make the purchases for me, but first I must explain, and, rather than explain it has ever been my custom to do without. I was in this despondency when a sudden recollection of Irene and Mrs. Hicking heartened me like a cordial, for I saw in them at once the engine and decoy by which David should procure his outfit.

You must be told who they were.

VIII

THE INCONSIDERATE WAITER

THEY were the family of William, one of our club waiters who had been disappointing me grievously of late. Many a time have I deferred dining several minutes that I might have the attendance of this ingrate. His efforts to reserve the window-table for me were satisfactory, and I used to allow him privileges, as to suggest dishes; I have given him information, as that someone had startled me in the reading-room by slamming a door; I have shown him how I cut my finger with a piece of string. William was none of your assertive waiters. We could have plotted a murder safely before him. It was one member who said to him that Saucy Sarah would win the Derby and another who said that Saucy Sarah had no chance, but it was William who agreed with both. The excellent fellow (as I thought him) was like a cheroot which may be smoked from either end.

I date his lapse from one evening when I was dining by the window. I had to repeat my order "Devilled kidney," and instead of answering brightly, "Yes, sir," as if my selection of devilled kidney was a personal gratification to him, which is the manner one expects of a waiter, he gazed eagerly out at the window, and then, starting, asked, "Did you say devilled kidney, sir?" A few minutes afterward I became aware that someone was leaning over the back of my chair, and you may conceive my indignation on discovering that this rude person was William. Let me tell, in the measured words of one describing a past incident, what next took place. To get nearer the window he pressed heavily on my shoulder. "William," I said, "you are not attending to me!"

To be fair to him, he shook, but never shall I forget his audacious apology, "Beg pardon, sir, but I was thinking of something else."

And immediately his eyes resought the window, and this burst from him passionately, "For God's sake, sir, as we are man and man, tell me if you have seen a *little girl looking up at the club-windows.*"

Man and man! But he had been a good waiter once, so I pointed out the girl to him. As soon as she saw William she ran into the middle of Pall Mall, regardless of hansoms (many of which seemed to pass over her), nodded her head significantly three times and then disappeared (probably on a stretcher). She was the tawdriest little Arab of about ten years, but seemed to have brought relief to William. "Thank God!" said he fervently, and in the worst taste.

I was as much horrified as if he had dropped a plate on my toes. "Bread, William," I said sharply.

"You are not vexed with me, sir?" he had the hardihood to whisper.

"It was a liberty," I said.

"I know, sir, but I was beside myself."

"That was a liberty again."

"It is my wife, sir, she——"

So William, whom I had favored in so many ways, was a married man. I felt that this was the greatest liberty of all.

I gathered that the troublesome woman was ailing, and, as one who likes after dinner to believe that there is no distress in the world, I desired to be told by William that the signals meant her return to health. He answered inconsiderately, however, that the doctor feared the worst.

"Bah, the doctor," I said in a rage.

"Yes, sir," said William.

"What is her confounded ailment?"

"She was allus one of the delicate kind, but full of spirit, and you see, sir, she has had a baby-girl lately——"

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"William, how dare you," I said, but in the same moment I saw that this father might be useful to me. "How does your baby sleep, William?" I asked in a low voice, "how does she wake up? what do you put in her bath?"

I saw surprise in his face, so I hurried on without waiting for an answer. "That little girl comes here with a message from *your wife*?"

"Yes, sir, every evening; she's my eldest, and three nods from her means that the missus is a little better."

"There were three nods to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you live in some low part, William?"

The impudent fellow looked as if he could have struck me. "Off Drury Lane," he said, flushing, "but it isn't low. And now," he groaned, "she's afeared she will die without my being there to hold her hand."

"She should not say such things."

"She never says them, sir. She allus pretends to be feeling stronger. But I knows what is in her mind when I am leaving the house in the morning, for then she looks at me from her bed, and I looks at her from the door—oh, my God, sir!"

"William!"

At last he saw that I was angry, and it was characteristic of him to beg my pardon and withdraw his wife as if she were some unsuccessful dish. I tried to forget his vulgar story in billiards, but he had spoiled my game, and next day to punish him I gave my orders through another waiter. As I had the window-seat, however, I could not but see that the little girl was late, and though this mattered nothing to me and I had finished my dinner, I lingered till she came. She not only nodded three times but waved her hat, and I arose, having now finished my dinner.

William came stealthily toward me. "Her temperature has gone down, sir," he said, rubbing his hands together.

"To whom are you referring?" I asked coldly, and retired to the billiard-room, where I played a capital game.

I took pains to show William that I had forgotten his maunderings, but I observed the girl nightly, and once, instead of nodding, she shook her head, and that evening I could not get into a pocket. Next evening there was no William in the dining-room, and I thought I knew what had happened. But, chancing to enter the library rather miserably, I was surprised to see him on a ladder dusting books. We had the room practically to ourselves, for though several members sat on chairs holding books in their hands they were all asleep, and William descended the ladder to tell me his blasting tale. He had sworn at a member!

"I hardly knew what I was doing all day, sir, for I had left her so weakly that——"

I stamped my foot.

"I beg your pardon for speaking of her," he had the grace to say. "But Irene had promised to come every two hours; and when she came about four o'clock and I saw she was crying, it sort of blinded me, sir, and I stumbled against a member, Mr. B——, and he said, 'Damn you!' Well, sir, I had but touched him after all, and I was so broken it sort of stung me to be treated so and I lost my senses, and I said, 'Damn *you!*'"

His shamed head sank on his chest, and I think some of the readers shuddered in their sleep.

"I was turned out of the dining-room at once, and sent here until the committee have decided what to do with me. Oh, sir, I am willing to go on my knees to Mr. B——"

How could I but despise a fellow who would be thus abject for a pound a week?

"For if I have to tell her I have lost my place she will just fall back and die."

"I forbid your speaking to me of that woman," I cried wryly, "unless you can speak pleasantly," and I left him to his fate and went off to look for B——. "What is this story about your swearing at one of the waiters?" I asked him.

"You mean about his swearing at me," said B——, reddening.

"I am glad that was it," I said, "for I could not believe you guilty of such bad form. The version which reached me was that you swore at each other, and that he was to be dismissed and you reprimanded.

"Who told you that?" asked B——, who is a timid man.

"I am on the committee," I replied

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lightly, and proceeded to talk of other matters, but presently B——, who had been reflecting, said: "Do you know I fancy I was wrong in thinking that the waiter swore at me, and I shall withdraw the charge to-morrow."

I was pleased to find that William's troubles were near an end without my having to interfere in his behalf, and I then remembered that he would not be able to see the girl Irene from the library windows, which are at the back of the club. I was looking down at her, but she refrained from signalling because she could not see William, and irritated by her stupidity I went out and asked her how her mother was.

"My!" she ejaculated after a long scrutiny of me, "I b'lieve you are one of them!" and she gazed at me with delighted awe. I suppose William tells them of our splendid doings.

The invalid, it appeared, was a bit better, and this annoying child wanted to inform William that she had took all the tapiocar. She was to indicate this by licking an imaginary plate in the middle of Pall Mall. I gave the little vulgarian a shilling, and returned to the club disgusted.

"By the way, William," I said, "Mr. B—— is to inform the committee that he was mistaken in thinking you used improper language to him, so you will doubtless be restored to the dining-room to-morrow."

I had to add immediately, "Remember your place, William."

"But Mr. B—— knows I swore," he insisted.

"A gentleman," I replied stiffly, "cannot remember for many hours what a waiter has said to him."

"No, sir, but——"

To stop him I had to say, "And—ah—William, your wife is decidedly better. She has eaten the tapioca—all of it."

"How can you know, sir?"

"By an accident."

"Irene signed to the window?"

"No."

"Then you saw her and went out and——"

"How dare you, William?"

"Oh, sir, to do that for me! May God bl—"

"William."

He was reinstated in the dining-room, but often when I looked at him I seemed to see a dying wife in his face, and so the relations between us were still strained. But I watched the girl, and her pantomime was so illuminating that I knew the sufferer had again cleaned the platter on Tuesday, had attempted a boiled egg on Wednesday (you should have seen Irene chipping it in Pall Mall, and putting in the salt), but was in a woful state of relapse on Thursday.

"Is your mother very ill to-day, Miss Irene?" I asked, as soon as I had drawn her out of range of the club windows.

"My!" she exclaimed again, and I saw an ecstatic look pass between her and a still smaller girl with her, whom she referred to as a neighbor.

I waited coldly. William's wife, I was informed, had looked like nothing but a dead one till she got the brandy.

"Hush, child," I said, shocked. "You don't know how the dead look."

"Bless yer!" she replied.

Assisted by her friend, who was evidently enormously impressed by Irene's intimacy with me she gave me a good deal of miscellaneous information, as that William's real name was Mr. Hicking, but that he was known in their street, because of the number of his shirts, as Toff Hicking. That the street held he should get away from the club before two in the morning, for his missus needed him more than the club needed him. That William replied (very sensibly) that if the club was short of waiters at supper-time some of the gentlemen might be kept waiting for their marrow-bone. That he sat up with his missus most of the night, and pretended to her that he got some nice long naps at the club. That what she talked to him about mostly was the kid. That the kid was in another part of London (in the charge of a person called the old woman), because there was an epidemic in Irene's street.

"And what does the doctor say about your mother?"

"He sometimes says she would have a chance if she could get her kid back."

"Nonsense."

"And if she was took to the country."

"Then why does not William take her?"

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"My! And if she drank porty wine."

"Doesn't she?"

"No. But father, he tells her 'bout how the gentlemen drinks it."

I turned from her with relief, but she came after me.

"Ain't yer going to do it this time?" she demanded with a falling face. "You done it last time. I tell her you done it"—she pointed to her friend who was looking wistfully at me—"ain't you to let her see you doing of it?"

For a moment I thought that her desire was another shilling, but by a piece of pantomime she showed that she wanted me to lift my hat to her. So I lifted it, and when I looked behind she had her head in the air and her neighbor was gazing at her awestruck. These little creatures are really not without merit.

About a week afterward I was in a hired landau, holding a newspaper before my face lest anyone should see me in company of a waiter and his wife. William was taking her into Surrey to stay with an old nurse of mine, and Irene was with us, wearing the most outrageous bonnet.

I formed a mean opinion of Mrs. Hicking's intelligence from her pride in the baby, which was a very ordinary one. She created a regrettable scene when it was brought to her, because "she had been feared it would not know her again." I could have told her that they know no one for years had I not been in terror of Irene, who dandled the child on her knees and talked to it all the way. I have never known a bolder little hussy than this Irene. She asked the infant improper questions, such as "Oo know who gave me this bonnet?" and answered them herself. "It was the pretty gentleman there," and several times I had to affect sleep, because she announced, "Kiddy wants to kiss the pretty gentleman."

Irksome as all this necessarily was to a man of taste, I suffered still more acutely when we reached our destination, where disagreeable circumstances compelled me to drink tea with a waiter's family. William knew that I regarded thanks from persons of his class as an outrage, yet he looked them though he dared not speak them. Hardly had he sat down at the table by my orders than he remembered that I was a member of the club and jumped up. Nothing is in worse form than whispering, yet again and again he whispered to his poor, foolish wife, "How are you now? You don't feel faint?" and when she said she felt like another woman already, his face charged me with the change. I could not but conclude from the way she let the baby pound her that she was stronger than she pretended.

I remained longer than was necessary because I had something to say to William which I feared he would misunderstand, but when he announced that it was time for him to catch a train back to London, at which his wife paled, I delivered the message.

"William," I said, backing away from him, "the head-waiter asked me to say that you could take a fortnight's holiday. Your wages will be paid as usual."

Confound him.

"William," I cried furiously, "go away."

Then I saw his wife signing to him, and I knew she wanted to be left alone with me.

"William," I cried in a panic, "stay where you are."

But he was gone, and I was alone with a woman whose eyes were filmy. Her class are fond of scenes. "If you please, ma'am!" I said imploringly.

But she kissed my hand; she was like a little dog.

"It can be only the memory of some woman," said she, "that makes you so kind to me and mine."

Memory was the word she used, as if all my youth were fled. I suppose I really am quite elderly.

"I should like to know her name, sir," she said, "that I may mention her with loving respect in my prayers."

I raised the woman and told her the name. It was not Mary. "But she has a home," I said, "as you have, and I have none. Perhaps, ma'am, it would be better worth your while to mention me."

It was this woman, now in health, whom I intrusted with the purchase of the outfits, "one for a boy of six months," I explained to her, "and one for a boy of a year," for the painter had boasted to

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me of David's rapid growth. I think she was a little surprised to find that both outfits were for the same house; and she certainly betrayed an ignoble curiosity about the mother's Christian name, but she was much easier to brow-beat than a fine lady would have been, and I am sure she and her daughter enjoyed themselves hugely in the shops, from one of which I shall never forget Irene emerging proudly with a commissionaire, who conducted her under an umbrella to the cab where I was lying in wait. I think that was the most celestial walk of Irene's life.

I told Mrs. Hicking to give the articles a little active ill-treatment that they might not look quite new, at which she exclaimed, not being in my secret, and then to forward them to me. I then sent them to Mary and rejoiced in my devilish cunning all the evening, but chagrin came in the morning with a letter from her which showed she knew all, that I was her Mr. Anon, and that there never had been a Timothy. I think I was never so gravelled. Even now I don't know how she had contrived it.

Her cleverness raised such a demon in me that I locked away her letter at once and have seldom read it since. No married lady should have indited such an epistle to a single man. It said, with other things which I decline to repeat, that I was her good fairy. As a sample of the deliberate falsehoods in it, I may mention that she said David loved me already. She hoped that I would come in often to see her husband, who was very proud of my friendship, and suggested that I should pay him my first visit to-day at three o'clock, an hour at which, as I happened to know, he is always away giving a painting-lesson. In short, she wanted first to meet me alone, so that she might draw the delicious, respectful romance out of me, and afterward repeat it to him, with sighs and little peeps at him over her pocket-handkerchief.

She had dropped what were meant to look like two tears for me upon the paper, but I should not wonder though they were only artful drops of water.

I sent her a stiff and tart reply, declining to hold any communication with her.

IX

A CONFIRMED SPINSTER

I AM in danger, I see, of being included among the whimsical fellows, which I so little desire that I have got me into my writing-chair to combat the charge, but, having sat for an unconscionable time with pen poised, I am come agitatedly to the fear that there may be something in it.

So long a time has elapsed, you must know, since I abated of the ardors of self-inquiry that I revert in vain (through many rusty doors) for the beginning of this change in me, if changed I am; I seem ever to see this same man until I am back in those wonderful months which were half of my life, when, indeed, I know that I was otherwise than I am now; no whimsical fellow then, for that was one of the possibilities I put to myself while seeking for the explanation of things, and found to be inadmissible. Having failed in those days to discover why I was driven from the garden, I suppose I ceased to be enamoured of myself, as of some dull puzzle, and then perhaps the whimsicalities began to collect unnoticed.

It is a painful thought to me to-night, that he could wake up glorious once, this man in the elbow-chair by the fire, who is humorously known at the club as a "confirmed spinster." I remember him well when his years told four and twenty; on my soul the proudest subaltern of my acquaintance, and with the most reason to be proud. There was nothing he might not do in the future, having already done the biggest thing, this toddler up club-steps to-day.

Not, indeed, that I am a knave; I am tolerably kind, I believe, and most inoffensive, a gentleman, I trust, even in the eyes of the ladies who smile at me as we converse; they are an ever-increasing number, or so it seems to me to-night. Ah, ladies, I forget when I first began to notice that smile and to be made uneasy by it. I think I understand it now, and in some vague way it hurts me. I find that I watch for it nowadays, but I hope I am still your loyal, obedient servant.

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You will scarcely credit it, but I have just remembered that I once had a fascinating smile of my own. What has become of my smile? I swear I have not noticed that it was gone till now; I am like one who revisiting his school feels suddenly for his old knife. I first heard of my smile from another boy, whose sisters had considered all the smiles they knew and placed mine on top. My friend was scornful, and I bribed him to mention the plebiscite to no one, but secretly I was elated and amazed. I feel lost to-night without my smile. I rose a moment ago to look for it in my mirror.

I like to believe that she has it now. I think she may have some other forgotten trifles of mine with it that make the difference between that man and this. I remember her speaking of my smile, telling me it was my one adornment, and taking it from me, so to speak, for a moment to let me see how she looked in it; she delighted to make sport of me when she was in a wayward mood, and to show me all my ungainly tricks of voice and gesture, exaggerated and glorified in her entrancing self, like a star calling to the earth: "See, I will show you how you hobble round," and always there was a challenge to me in her eyes to stop her if I dared, and upon them, when she was most audacious, lay a sweet mist.

They all came to her court, as is the business of young fellows, to tell her what love is, and she listened with a noble frankness, having, indeed, the friendliest face for all engaged in this pursuit that can ever have sat on woman. I have heard ladies call her coquette, not understanding that she shone softly upon all who entered the lists because, with the rarest intuition, she foresaw that they must go away broken men and already sympathized with their dear wounds. All wounds incurred for love were dear to her; at every true utterance about love she exulted with grave approval, or it might be with a little "ah!" or "oh!" like one drinking deliciously. Nothing could have been more fair, for she was for the first comer who could hit the target, which was her heart.

She adored all beautiful things in their every curve and fragrance, so that they became part of her. Day by day, she gathered beauty; had she had no heart (she who was the bosom of womanhood) her thoughts would still have been as lilies, because the good is the beautiful.

And they all forgave her; I never knew of one who did not forgive her; I think had there been one it would have proved that there was a flaw in her. Perhaps, when good-by came she was weeping because all the pretty things were said and done with, or she was making doleful confessions about herself, so impulsive and generous and confidential, and so devoid of humor, that they compelled even a tragic swain to laugh. She made a looking-glass of his face to seek wofully in it whether she was at all to blame, and when his arms went out for her, and she stepped back so that they fell empty, she mourned, with dear sympathy, his lack of skill to seize her. For what her soft eyes said was that she was always waiting tremulously to be won. They all forgave her, because there was nothing to forgive, or very little, just the little that makes a dear girl dearer, and often afterward, I believe, they have laughed fondly when thinking of her, like boys brought back. You ladies who are everything to your husbands save a girl from the dream of youth, have you never known that double-chinned industrious man laugh suddenly in a reverie and start up, as if he fancied he were being hailed from far away?

I hear her hailing me now. She was so light-hearted that her laugh is what comes first across the years; so high-spirited that she would have wept like Mary of Scots because she could not lie on the bare plains like the men. I hear her, but it is only as an echo; I see her, but it is as a light among distant trees, and the middle-aged man can draw no nearer; she was only for the boys. There was a month when I could have shown her to you in all her bravery, but then the veil fell, and from that moment I understood her not. For long I watched her, but she was never clear to me again, and for long she hovered round me, like a dear heart willing to give me a thousand chances to regain her love. She was so picturesque that she was the last word of art, but she was as young as if she were the first woman. The world must have rung with gallant deeds and grown lovely thoughts for numberless centuries

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before she could be; she was the child of all the brave and wistful imaginings of men. She was as mysterious as night when it fell for the first time upon the earth. She was the thing we call romance, which lives in the little hut beyond the blue haze of the pine-woods.

No one could have looked less elfish. She was all on a noble scale, her attributes were so generous, her manner unconquerably gracious, her movements indolently active, her face so candid that you must swear her every thought lived always in the open. Yet, with it all, she was a wild thing, alert, suspicious of the lasso, nosing it in every man's hand, more curious about it than about aught else in the world; her quivering delight was to see it cast for her, her game to elude it; so mettlesome was she that she loved it to be cast fair that she might escape as it was closing round her; she scorned, however her heart might be beating, to run from her pursuers; she took only the one step backward, which still left her near them but always out of reach; her head on high now, but her face as friendly, her manner as gracious as before, she is yours for the catching. That was ever the unspoken compact between her and the huntsmen.

It may be but an old trick come back to me with these memories, but again I clasp my hands to my brows in amaze at the thought that all this was for me could I retain her love. For I won it, wonder of the gods, but I won it. I found myself with one foot across the magic circle wherein she moved, and which none but I had entered; and so, I think, I saw her in revelation, not as the wild thing they had all conceived her, but as she really was. I saw no tameless creature, nothing wild or strange. I saw my sweet love placid as a young cow browsing. As I brushed aside the haze, and she was truly seen for the first time, she raised her head, like one caught, and gazed at me with meek affrighted eyes. I told her what had been revealed to me as I looked upon her, and she trembled, knowing she was at last found, and fain would she have fled away, but that her fear was less than her gladness. She came to me slowly; no incomprehensible thing to me now, but transparent as a pool, and so restful to look upon that she was a bath to the eyes, like banks of moss.

Because I knew the maid, she was mine. Every maid, I say, is for him who can know her. The others had but followed the glamour in which she walked, but I had pierced it and found the woman. I could anticipate her every thought and gesture, I could have flashed and rippled and mocked for her, and melted for her and been dear disdain for her. She would forget this and be suddenly conscious of it as she began to speak, when she gave me a look with a shy smile in it which meant that she knew I was already waiting at the end of what she had to say. I call this the blush of the eye. She had a look and a voice that were for me alone; her very finger-tips were charged with caresses for me. And I loved even her naughtinesses, as when she stamped her foot at me, which she could not do without also gnashing her teeth, like a child trying to look fearsome. How pretty was that gnashing of her teeth! All her tormentings of me turned suddenly into sweetnesses, and who could torment like this exquisite fury, wondering in sudden flame why she could give herself to anyone, while I wondered only why she could give herself to me. It may be that I wondered over-much. Perhaps that was why I lost her.

It was in the full of the moon that she was most restive, but I brought her back, and at first she could have bit my hand, but then she came willingly. Never, I thought, shall she be wholly tamed, but he who knows her will always be able to bring her back.

I am not that man, for mystery of mysteries, I lost her. I know not how it was, though in the twilight of my life that then began I groped for reasons until I wearied of myself; all I know is that she had ceased to love me; I had won her love, but I could not keep it. The discovery came to me slowly, as if I were a most dull-witted man; at first I knew only that I no longer understood her as of old. I found myself wondering what she had meant by this and that; I did not see that when she began to puzzle me she was already lost to me. It was as if, unknowing, I had strayed outside the magic circle.

When I did understand I tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no change, and the dear heart bleeding for

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me assisted in that poor pretence. She sought to glide to me with swimming eyes as before, but it showed only that this caressing movement was still within her compass, but never again for me. With the hands she had pressed to her breast she touched mine, but no longer could they convey the message. The current was broken, and soon we had to desist miserably from our pretences. She could tell no more than I why she had ceased to love me; she was scarcely less anxious than I that I should make her love me again, and, as I have said, she waited with a wonderful tolerance while I strove futilely to discover in what I was lacking and to remedy it. And when, at last, she had to leave me, it was with compassionate cries and little backward flights.

The failure was mine alone, but I think I should not have been so altered by it had I known what was the defect in me through which I let her love escape. This puzzle has done me more harm than the loss of her. Nevertheless, you must know (if I am to speak honestly to you) that I do not repent me those dallyings in enchanted fields. It may not have been so always, for I remember a black night when a poor lieutenant lay down in an oarless boat and let it drift toward the weir. But his distant moans do not greatly pain me now; rather am I elated to find (as the waters bring him nearer) that this boy is I, for it is something to know that, once upon a time, a woman could draw blood from me as from another.

I saw her again, years afterward, when she was a married woman playing with her children. She stamped her foot at a naughty one, and I saw the gleam of her teeth as she gnashed them in the dear pretty way I can't forget; and then a boy and girl, fighting for her shoulders, brought the whole group joyously to the ground. She picked herself up in the old leisurely manner, lazily active, and looked around her benignantly, like a cow: our dear wild one safely tethered at last with a rope of children. I meant to make her my devoirs, but, as I stepped forward, the old wound broke out afresh, and I had to turn away. They were but a few poor drops, which fell because I found that she was even a little sweeter than I had thought.

X

SPORTING REFLECTIONS

I HAVE now told you (I presume) how I became whimsical, and I fear it would please Mary not at all. But speaking of her, and, as the cat's light keeps me in a ruminating mood, suppose, instead of returning Mary to her lover by means of the letter, I had presented a certain clubman to her consideration? Certainly no such whimsical idea crossed my mind when I dropped the letter, but between you and me and my night-socks, which have all this time been airing by the fire because I am subject to cold feet, I have sometimes toyed with it since.

Why did I not think of this in time? Was it because I must ever remain true to the unattainable she?

I am reminded of a passage in the life of a sweet lady, a friend of mine, whose daughter was on the eve of marriage, when suddenly her lover died. It then became pitiful to watch that trembling old face trying to point the way of courage to the young one. In time, however, there came another youth, as true, I dare say, as the first, but not so well known to me, and I shrugged my shoulders cynically to see my old friend once more a matchmaker. She took him to her heart and boasted of him; like one made young herself by the great event, she joyously dressed her pale daughter in her bridal gown, and, with smiles upon her face, she cast rice after the departing carriage. But soon after it had gone, I chanced upon her in her room, and she was on her knees in tears before the spirit of the dead lover. "Forgive me," she besought him, "for I am old, and life is gray to friendless girls." The pardon she wanted was for pretending to her daughter that women should act thus.

I am sure she felt herself soiled.

But men are of a coarser clay. At least I am, and nearly twenty years had elapsed, and here was I burdened under a load of affection, like a sack of returned love-letters, with no lap into which to dump them.

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"They were all written to another woman, ma'am, and yet I am in hopes that you will find something in them about yourself." It would have sounded oddly to Mary, but life is gray to friendless girls, and something might have come of it.

On the other hand, it would have brought her for ever out of the wood of the little hut, and I had but to drop the letter to send them both back there. The easiness of it tempted me.

Besides, she would tire of me when I was really known to her. They all do, you see.

And, after all, why should he lose his laugh because I had lost my smile?

And then, again, the whole thing was merely a whimsical idea.

I dropped the letter, and shouldered my burden.

XI

THE RUNAWAY PERAMBULATOR

SOMETIMES met David in public places such as the Kensington Gardens, where he lorded it surrounded by his suite and wearing the blank face and glass eyes of all carriage-people. On these occasions I always stalked by, meditating on higher things, though Mary seemed to think me very hard-hearted, and Irene, who had become his nurse (I forget how, but fear I had something to do with it), ran after me with messages, as, would I not call and see him in his home at twelve o'clock, at which moment, it seemed, he was at his best.

No, I would not.

"He says tick-tack to the clock," Irene said, trying to snare me.

"Pooh!" said I.

"Other little 'uns jest says 'tick-tick,'" she told me, with a flush of pride.

"I prefer 'tick-tick,'" I said, whereat she departed in dudgeon.

Had they had the sense to wheel him behind a tree and leave him, I would have looked, but as they lacked it, I decided to wait until he could walk, when it would be more easy to waylay him. However, he was a cautious little gorbal who, after many threats to rise, always seemed to come to the conclusion that he might do worse than remain where he was, and when he had completed his first year I lost patience with him.

"When I was his age," I said to Irene, "I was running about." I consulted them casually about this matter at the club, and they had all been running about at a year old.

I made this nurse the following offer: If she would bring the dilatory boy to my rooms and leave him there for half an hour I would look at him. At first Mary, to whom the offer was passed on, rejected it with hauteur, but presently she nibbled, and the upshot was that Irene, looking scornful and anxious, arrived one day with the perambulator. Without casting eyes on its occupant, I pointed Irene to the door: "In half-an-hour," I said.

She begged permission to remain, and promised to turn her back, and so on, but I was obdurate, and she then delivered herself of a passionately affectionate farewell to her charge, which was really all directed against me, and ended with these powerful words: "And if he takes off your socks, my pretty, may he be blasted for evermore."

"I shall probably take off her socks," I said carelessly to this.

Her socks. Do you see what made Irene scream?

"It is a girl, is it not?" I asked, thus neatly depriving her of coherent speech as I pushed her to the door. I then turned round to—to begin, and, after reflecting, I began by sitting down behind the hood of his carriage. My plan was to accustom him to his new surroundings before bursting on the scene myself.

I had various thoughts. Was he awake? If not, better let him wake naturally. Half-an-hour was a long time. Why had I not said quarter-of-an-hour? Anon, I saw that if I was to sit there much longer I should have said an hour, so I whistled softly; but he took nc notice. I remember trying to persuade myself that if I never budged till Irene's return, it would be an amusing triumph over Mary. I coughed, but still there was no response. Abruptly, the fear smote me. Perhaps he is not there.

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I rose hastily, and was striding forward, when I distinctly noticed a covert movement somewhere near the middle of the carriage, and heard a low gurgle, which was instantly suppressed. I stopped dead at this sharp reminder that I was probably not the only curious person in the room, and for a long moment we both lay low, after which, I am glad to remember, I made the first advance. Earlier in the day I had arranged some likely articles on a side-table: my watch and chain, my bunch of keys, and two war-medals, for plodding merit, and with a glance at these (as something to fall back upon), I stepped forward doggedly, looking (I fear now) a little like a professor of leger-demain. David was sitting up, and he immediately fixed his eyes on me.

It would ill become me to attempt to describe this dear boy to you, for of course I know really nothing about children, so I shall say only this, that I thought him very like what Timothy would have been had he ever had a chance.

I to whom David had been brought for judgment, now found myself being judged by him, and this rearrangement of the pieces seemed so natural that I felt no surprise; I felt only a humble craving to hear him signify that I would do. I have stood up before other keen judges and deceived them all, but I made no effort to deceive David; I wanted to, but dared not. Those unblinking eyes were too new to the world to be hooded by any of its tricks. In them I saw my true self. They opened for me that pedler's pack of which I have made so much ado, and I found that it was weighted less with pretty little sad love-tokens than with ignoble thoughts and deeds and an unguided life. I looked dejectedly at David, not so much, I think, because I had such a sorry display for him, as because I feared he would not have me in his service. I seemed to know that he was making up his mind once and for all.

And in the end he smiled, perhaps only because I looked so frightened, but the reason scarcely mattered to me, I felt myself a fine fellow at once. It was a long smile, too, opening slowly to its fullest extent (as if to let me in), and then as slowly shutting.

Then, to divert me from sad thoughts, or to rivet our friendship, or because the time had come for each of us to show the other what he could do, he immediately held one foot high in the air. This made him slide down the perambulator, and I saw at once that it was very necessary to replace him. But never before had I come into such close contact with a child; the most I had ever done was, when they were held up to me, to shut my eyes and kiss a vacuum. David, of course, though no doubt he was eternally being replaced, could tell as little as myself how it was contrived, and yet we managed it between us quite easily. His body instinctively assumed a certain position as I touched him, which compelled my arms to fall into place, and the thing was done. I felt absurdly pleased, but he was already considering what he should do next.

He again held up his foot, which had a gouty appearance owing to its being contained in a dumpy little worsted sock, and I thought he proposed to repeat his first performance, but in this I did him an injustice, for, unlike Porthos, he was one who scorned to do the same feat twice; perhaps, like the conjurors, he knew that the audience were more on the alert the second time.

I discovered that he wanted me to take off his sock!

Remembering Irene's dread warnings on this subject I must say that I felt uneasy. Had he heard her, and was he daring me? And what dire thing could happen if the sock was removed? I sought to reason with him, but he signed to me to look sharp, and I removed the sock. The part of him thus revealed gave David considerable pleasure, but I noticed, as a curious thing, that he seemed to have no interest in the other foot.

However, it was not there merely to be looked at, for after giving me a glance which said "Now observe!" he raised his bare foot and ran his mouth along the toes, like one playing on a barbaric instrument. He then tossed his foot aside, smiled his long triumphant smile and intimated that it was now my turn to do something. I thought the best thing I could do would be to put his sock on him again, but as soon as I tried to do so I discovered why Irene had warned me so portentously against taking it off. I should

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say that she had trouble in socking him every morning.

Nevertheless I managed to slip it on while he was debating what to do with my watch. I bitterly regretted that I could do nothing with it myself, put it under a wine-glass, for instance, and make it turn into a rabbit, which so many people can do. In the meantime David, occupied with similar thoughts, very nearly made it disappear altogether, and I was thankful to be able to pull it back by the chain.

"Haw-haw-*haw!*"

Thus he commented on his new feat, but it was also a reminder to me, a trifle cruel, that he was not my boy. After all, you see, Mary had not given him the whole of his laugh. The watch said that five and twenty minutes had passed, and looking out I saw Irene at one end of the street staring up at my window, and at the other end Mary's husband staring up at my window, and beneath me Mary staring up at my window. They had all broken their promise.

I returned to David, and asked him in a low voice whether he would give me a kiss. He shook his head about six times, and I was in despair. Then the smile came, and I knew that he was teasing me only. He now nodded his head about six times.

This was the prettiest of all his exploits. It was so pretty that, contrary to his rule, he repeated it. I had held out my arms to him, and first he shook his head, and then after a long pause (to frighten me), he nodded it.

But no sooner was he in my arms than I seemed to see Mary and her husband and Irene bearing down upon my chambers to take him from me, and acting under an impulse I whipped him into the perambulator and was off with it without a license down the back staircase. To the Kensington Gardens we went; it may have been Manitoba we started for, but we arrived at the Kensington Gardens, and it had all been so unpremeditated and smartly carried out that I remember clapping my hand to my head in the street, to make sure that I was wearing a hat.

I watched David to see what he thought of it, and he had not yet made up his mind Strange to say, I no longer felt shy. I was grown suddenly indifferent to public comment, and my elation increased when I discovered that I was being pursued. They drew a cordon round me near Margot Meredith's tree, but I broke through it by a strategic movement to the south, and was next heard of in the Baby's Walk. They held both ends of this passage, and then thought to close on me, but I slipped through their fingers by doubling up Bunting's Thumb into Picnic Street. Cowering at St. Govor's Well, we saw them rush distractedly up the Hump, and when they had crossed to the Round Pond we paraded gayly in the Broad Walk, not feeling the tiniest bit sorry for anybody.

Here, however, it gradually came into David's eyes that, after all, I was a strange man, and they opened wider and wider, until they were the size of my medals, and then, with the deliberation that distinguishes his smile, he slowly prepared to howl. I saw all his forces gathering in his face, and I had nothing to oppose to them; it was an unarmed man against a regiment.

Even then I did not chide him. He could not know that it was I who had dropped the letter.

I think I must have stepped over a grateful fairy at that moment, for who else could have reminded me so opportunely of my famous manipulation of the eyebrows, forgotten since I was in the fifth form? I alone of boys had been able to elevate and lower my eyebrows separately; when the one was climbing my forehead the other descended it, like the two buckets in the well.

Most diffidently did I call this accomplishment to my aid now, and immediately David checked his forces and considered my unexpected movement without prejudice. His face remained as it was, his mouth open to emit the howl if I did not surpass expectation. I saw that, like the fair-minded boy he has always been, he was giving me my chance, and I worked feverishly, my chief fear being that, owing to his youth, he might not know how marvellous was this thing I was doing. It is an appeal to the intellect, as well as to the senses, and no one on earth can do it except myself.

When I paused for a moment exhausted

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he signed gravely, with unchanged face, that though it was undeniably funny, he had not yet decided whether it was funny enough, and, taking this for encouragement, at it I went once more, till I saw his forces wavering, when I sent my left eyebrow up almost farther than I could bring it back, and with that I had him, the smile broke through the clouds.

In the midst of my hard-won triumph I heard cheering.

I had been vaguely conscious that we were not quite alone, but had not dared to look away from David; I looked now, and found to my annoyance that I was the centre of a deeply interested gathering of children. There was, in particular, one vulgar little street-boy——

However, if that damped me in the moment of victory, I was soon to triumph gloriously in what began like defeat. I had sat me down on one of the garden-seats in the Figs, with one hand resting carelessly on the perambulator, in imitation of the nurses, it was so pleasant to assume the air of one who walked with David daily, when to my chagrin I saw Mary approaching with quick stealthy steps, and already so near me that flight would have been ignominy. Porthos, of whom she had hold, bounded toward me, waving his traitorous tail, but she slowed on seeing that I had observed her. She had run me down with my own dog.

I have not mentioned that Porthos had for some time now been a visitor at her house, though never can I forget the shock I got the first time I saw him strolling out of it like an afternoon caller. Of late he has avoided it, crossing to the other side when I go that way, and rejoining me farther on, so I conclude that Mary's husband is painting him.

I awaited her coming stiffly, in great depression of spirits, and noted that her first attentions were for David, who, somewhat shabbily, gave her the end of a smile which had been begun for me. It seemed to relieve her, for what one may call the wild maternal look left her face, and trying to check little gasps for breath, the result of unseemly running, she signed to her confederates to remain in the background, and turned curious eyes on me. Had she spoken as she approached, I am sure her words would have been as flushed as her face, but now her mouth puckered as David's does before he sets forth upon his smile, and I saw that she thought she had me in a parley at last.

"I could not help being a little anxious," she said craftily, but I must own, with some sweetness.

I merely raised my hat, and at that she turned quickly to David—I cannot understand why the movement was so hasty—and lowered her face to his. Oh, little trump of a boy! Instead of kissing her, he seized her face with one hand and tried to work her eyebrows up and down with the other. He failed, and his obvious disappointment in his mother was as nectar to me.

"I don't understand what you want, darling," said she in distress, and looked at me inquiringly, and I understood what he wanted, and let her see that I understood. Had I been prepared to converse with her, I should have said elatedly that, had she known what he wanted, still she could not have done it, though she had practised for twenty years.

I tried to express all this by another movement of my hat.

It caught David's eye, and at once he appealed to me with the most perfect confidence. She failed to see what I did, for I shyly gave her my back, but the effect on David was miraculous; he signed to her to go, for he was engaged for the afternoon.

What would you have done then, reader? I didn't. In my great moment I had strength of character to raise my hat for the third time and walk away, leaving the child to judge between us. I walked slowly, for I knew I must give him time to get it out, and I listened eagerly, but that was unnecessary, for when it did come it was a very roar of anguish. I turned my head, and saw David fiercely pushing the woman aside, that he might have one last long look at me. He held out his wistful arms and nodded repeatedly, and I faltered, but my glorious scheme saved me, and I walked on. It was a scheme, conceived in a flash, and ever since relentlessly pursued, to burrow under Mary's influence with the boy, expose her to him in all her vagaries, take him utterly from her and make him mine.

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XII

THE PLEASANTEST CLUB IN LONDON

ALL perambulators lead to the Kensington Gardens. Not, however, that you will see David in his perambulator much longer, for soon after I first shook his faith in his mother, it came to him to be up and doing, and he up and did in the Broad Walk itself, where he would stand alone most elaborately poised, signing imperiously to the British public to time him, and looking his most heavenly just before he fell. He fell with a dump, and as they always laughed then, he pretended that this was his funny way of finishing.

That was on a Monday. On Tuesday he climbed the stone stair of the Gold King, looking over his shoulder gloriously at each step, and on Wednesday he struck three and went into knickerbockers. For the Kensington Gardens, you must know, are full of short cuts, familiar to all who play there; and the shortest leads from the baby in long clothes to the little boy of three riding on the fence. It is called the Mother's Tragedy.

If you are a burgess of the gardens (which have a vocabulary of their own), the faces of these quaint mothers are a clock to you, in which you may read the ages of their young. When he is three they are said to wear the knickerbocker face, and you may take it from me that Mary assumed that face with a sigh; fain would she have kept her boy a baby longer, but he insisted on his rights, and I encouraged him that I might notch another point against her. I was now seeing David once at least every week, his mother, who remained culpably obtuse to my sinister design, having instructed Irene that I was to be allowed to share him with her, and we had become close friends, though the little nurse was ever a threatening shadow in the background. Irene, in short, did not improve with acquaintance. I found her to be high and mighty, chiefly, I think, because she now wore a nurse's cap with streamers, of which the little creature was ludicrously proud. She assumed the airs of an official person, and always talked as if generations of babies had passed through her hands. She was also extremely jealous, and had a way of signifying disapproval of my methods that led to many coldnesses and even bickerings between us, which I now see to have been undignified. I brought the following accusations against her:

That she prated too much about right and wrong.

That she was a martinet.

That she pretended it was a real cap, with real streamers, when she knew Mary had made the whole thing out of a muslin blind. I regret having used this argument, but it was the only one that really damped her.

On the other hand, she accused me of spoiling him.

Of not thinking of his future.

Of never asking him where he expected to go to if he did such things.

Of telling him tales that had no moral application.

Of saying that the handkerchief disappeared into nothingness, when it really disappeared into a small tin cup, attached to my person by a piece of elastic.

To this last charge I plead guilty, for in those days I had a pathetic faith in legerdemain, and the eyebrow feat (which, however, is entirely an affair of skill) having yielded such good results, I naturally cast about for similar diversions when it ceased to attract. It lost its hold on David suddenly, as I was to discover was the fate of all of them; twenty times would he call for my latest, and exult in it, and the twenty-first time (and ever afterwards) he would stare blankly, as if wondering what the man meant. He was like the child queen who, when the great joke was explained to her, said coldly, "We are not amused," and, I assure you, it is a humiliating thing to perform before an infant who intimates, after giving you ample time to make your points, that he is not amused. I hoped that when David was able to talk—and not merely to stare at me for five minutes and then say "hat"—his spoken verdict, however damning, would be less expressive than his verdict without words, but I was disillusioned. I remember once in those later years, when he could keep up such spirited conversations with himself that he had little need for any of us,

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promising him to do something exceedingly funny with a box and two marbles, and after he had watched for a long time he said gravely, "Tell me when it begins to be funny."

I confess to having received a few simple lessons in conjuring, in a dimly lighted chamber beneath a shop, from a gifted young man with a long neck and a pimply face, who as I entered took a barber's pole from my pocket, saying at the same time, "Come, come, sir, this will never do." Whether because he knew too much, or because he wore a trick shirt, he was the most depressing person I have ever encountered; he felt none of the artist's joy, and it was sad to see one so well calculated to give pleasure to thousands not caring a dump about it.

The barber's pole I successfully extracted from David's mouth, but the difficulty (not foreseen) of knowing how to dispose of a barber's pole in the Kensington Gardens is considerable, there always being polite children hovering near who run after you and restore it to you. The young man, again, had said that anyone would lend me a bottle or a lemon, but though these were articles on which he seemed ever able to lay his hand, I found (what I had never noticed before) that there is a curious dearth of them in the Gardens. The magic egg-cup I usually carried about with me, and with its connivance I did some astonishing things with pennies, but even the penny that costs six pence is uncertain, and just when you are saying triumphantly that it will be found in the egg-cup, it may clatter to the ground, whereon some ungenerous spectator, such as Irene, accuses you of fibbing and corrupting youthful minds. It was useless to tell her, through clenched teeth, that the whole thing was a joke, for she understood no jokes except her own, of which she had the most immoderately high opinion, and that would have mattered little to me had not David liked them also. There were times when I could not but think less of the boy, seeing him rock convulsed over antics of Irene that have been known to every nursemaid since the year One. While I stood by, sneering, he would give me the ecstatic look that meant, "Irene is really very entertaining, isn't she?"

We were rivals, but I desire to treat her with scrupulous fairness, and I admit that she had one good thing, to wit, her gutta-percha tooth. In earlier days one of her front teeth, as she told me, had fallen out, but instead of then parting with it, the resourceful child had hammered it in again with a hair brush, which she offered to show me, with the dents on it. This tooth, having in time passed away, its place was supplied by one of gutta-percha, made by herself, which seldom came out except when she sneezed, and if it merely fell at her feet this was a sign that the cold was to be a slight one, but if it shot across the room she knew she was in for something notable. Irene's tooth was very favorably known in the Gardens, where the perambulators used to gather round her to hear whether it had been doing anything to-day, and I would not have grudged David his proprietary pride in it, had he seemed to understand that Irene's one poor little accomplishment, though undeniably showy, was without intellectual merit. I have sometimes stalked away from him, intimating that if his regard was to be got so cheaply I begged to retire from the competition, but the Gardens are the pleasantest club in London, and I soon returned. How I scoured the Gardens looking for him, and how skilful I became at picking him out far away among the trees, though other mothers imitated the picturesque attire of him, to Mary's indignation. I also cut Irene's wings (so to speak) by taking her to a dentist.

And David did some adorable things. For instance, he used my pockets as receptacles into which he put any article he might not happen to want at the moment. He shoved it in, quite as if they were his own pockets, without saying, By your leave, and perhaps I discovered it on reaching home—a tin-soldier, or a pistol—when I put it on my mantleshelf and sighed. And here is another pleasant memory. One day I had been overfriendly to another boy, and, after enduring it for some time David up and struck him. It was exactly as Porthos does, when I favor other dogs (he knocks them down with his foot and stands over them, looking very noble and stern), so I knew its meaning at once; it was David's first public intimation that he knew I belonged to him.

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Irene scolded him for striking that boy, and made him stand in disgrace at the corner of a seat in the Broad Walk. The seat at the corner of which David stood suffering for love of me, is the one nearest to the Round Pond to persons coming from the north.

You may be sure that she and I had words over this fiendish cruelty. When next we met I treated her as one who no longer existed, and at first she bridled and then was depressed, and as I was going away she burst into tears. She cried because neither at meeting nor parting had I lifted my hat to her, a foolish custom of mine, of which, as I now learned to my surprise, she was very proud. She and I still have our tiffs, but I have never since then forgotten to lift my hat to Irene. I also made her promise to bow to me, at which she affected to scoff, saying I was taking my fun of her, but she was really pleased and I tell you, Irene has one of the prettiest and most touching little bows imaginable; it is half to the side (if I may so express myself), which has always been my favorite bow, and, I doubt not, she acquired it by watching Mary.

I should be sorry to have it thought, as you may now be thinking, that I look on children as on puppy-dogs, who care only for play. Perhaps that was my idea when first I tried to lure David to my unaccustomed arms, and even for some time after, for if I am to be candid, I must own that until he was three years old I sought merely to amuse him. God forgive me, but I had only one day a week in which to capture him, and I was very raw at the business.

I was about to say that David opened my eyes to the folly of it, but really I think this was Irene's doing. Watching her with children I learned that partial as they are to fun they are moved almost more profoundly by moral excellence. So fond of babes was this little mother that she had always room near her for one more, and often have I seen her in the Gardens, the centre of a dozen mites who gazed awestruck at her while she told them severely how little ladies and gentlemen behave. They were children of the well-to-pass, and she was from Drury Lane, but they believed in her as the greatest of all authorities on little ladies and gentlemen, and the more they heard of how these romantic creatures keep themselves tidy and avoid pools and wait till they come to a gate, the more they admired them, though their faces showed how profoundly they felt that to be little ladies and gentlemen was not for them. You can't think what hopeless little faces they were.

Children are not at all like puppies, I have said. But do puppies care only for play? That wistful look, which the merriest of them sometimes wear, I wonder whether it means that they would like to hear about the good puppies?

As you shall see, I invented many stories for David, practising the telling of them by my fire-side as if they were conjuring feats, while Irene knew only one, but she told it as never has any other fairy-tale been told in my hearing. It was the prettiest of them all, and was recited by the heroine.

"Why were the king and queen not at home?" David would ask her breathlessly.

"I suppose," said Irene, thinking it out, "they was away buying the victuals."

She always told the story gazing into vacancy, so that David thought it was really happening somewhere up the Broad Walk, and when she came to its great moments her little bosom heaved. Never shall I forget the concentrated scorn with which the prince said to the sisters, "Neither of you ain't the one what wore the glass slipper."

"And then—and then—and then—," said Irene, not artistically to increase the suspense, but because it was all so glorious to her.

"Tell me—tell me quick," cried David, though he knew the tale by heart.

"She sits down like," said Irene, trembling in second-sight, "and she tries on the glass-slipper, and it fits her to a T, and then the prince, he cries in a ringing voice, 'This here is my true love, Cinderella, what now I makes my lawful wedded wife.'"

Then she would come out of her dream, and look round at the grandees of the gardens with an extraordinary elation. "Her, as was only a kitchen drudge," she would say in a strange soft voice and with shining eyes, "but was true and faithful in word and deed, such was her reward."

I am sure that had the fairy god-

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mother appeared just then and touched Irene with her wand, David would have been interested rather than astonished. As for myself, I believe I have surprised this little girl's secret. She knows there are no fairy god-mothers nowadays, but she hopes that if she is always true and faithful she may some day turn into a lady in word and deed, like the mistress whom she adores.

It is a dead secret, a Drury Lane child's romance; but what an amount of heavy artillery will be brought to bear against it in this sad London of ours. Not much chance for her, I suppose.

Good luck to you, Irene.

(To be continued.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is not without significance to find in the proceedings of a British Social Science Congress, the one held at Birmingham, a general expression of strong disapproval of the prison treadmill on the ground that it is demeaning and demoralizing to condemn even a convict to unproductive labor.

Work for Work's Sake.

The discussion, however, brought out the fact that, incidentally, the treadmill pumps up the prison water-supply. Thus it is relieved of an apparent uselessness except for discipline.

The interesting question suggested is whether the convict is consoled while "treading" by the knowledge that he is, at any rate, doing a practical service for his community. One feels pretty sure that he is not, especially if he chances to be a thoughtful convict who appreciates the economic waste of so primitive a method compared with the saving, were the prison equipped with an "up-to-date pumping plant." As Thackeray was so fond of quoting, "The fable concerns you." The convict, in his probable indifference to the productiveness of his work, fairly represents the outside world. Here is the paradox of modern life. *Fervet opus.* Work is harder than ever before; at least we work more strenuously than our fathers. Yet it is open to question whether we do not lack much of their regard for work as work. Are we not coming to look upon it more as a means to an end, and far less as a vocation, a calling we are put here to follow? This unconscious attitude toward work is, after all, the complement of specialism, which means "absorption in work," because only thus can a place be made or held under the intensity of competition, as it is of a system developed by labor-saving machinery. It is an attitude revealed in the loss of old distinctions. It matters little what the work is a man does so long as he can do it better than anyone else. One kind of business is as "respectable" as another, and no prestige attaches longer to what were once "the learned professions." The distinction to-day is in the size of a business or practice. For the average man work means technic; in business or trade the mastery of routine methods or processes; in manufacturing automatic deftness in supplying the still existing defects of automatic machinery. Technic is a commonplace, and held cheap unless it is of a kind to lead to larger opportunities and greater money rewards. Thus it comes about that there is little pride or satisfaction felt by the individual in his own contribution to "the world's work," while small recognition of it is taken by others.

The far remove of such an attitude from the ideal of a Ruskin is painfully obvious. To be happy in one's work, Ruskin says, one must have "a sense of success in it . . . that so much work had been done well, and fruitfully done." It is the appreciation of the productiveness of work which gave charm to George Eliot's father as she has drawn him in Caleb Garth (a rare type in any time or community, but still a true type of his own), who approached "business" from the standpoint of "religious regard." "You must love your work," he said to Fred Vincy, when about to take that unfortunate youth into his own employ, "and not be always

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looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin." The Caleb Garths who still survive are to-day oftenest found in the ranks of the men of letters and art, of scholarship and science. "I have done my work unflinchingly," wrote Stevenson to Meredith. "I have written in bed and written out of it; written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove." In a like sincerity of supreme devotion to his work for its own sake, Huxley, at twenty-six, wrote to a friend: "Having finally decided that my vocation is science, I have made up my mind to the comparative poverty which is its necessary adjunct, and to the no less certain seclusion from the ordinary pleasures and rewards of men. . . . For a man of my temperament, at least, the sole secret of getting through this life with anything like contentment is to have full scope for the development of one's faculties. Science alone seems to me to afford this scope."

Strong testimony this to the Ruskin ideal from men who "arrived." They sought first the work and not the career, and the other things were added. But there was once an artist of an early promise that failed of fulfilment, one of many, who in his last days put it in this way to a friend: "I should like to be independent so that I could paint the pictures I want to in the way I want to. Then, when some rich man came into my studio and asked: 'How much is this?' I would be able to say to him, 'My dear sir, that picture is not for sale.'" To be rich enough to own his own pictures fills the perfect ideal of work for work's sake. Though this artist missed its realization, he yet had his reward, for in the stress of poverty and mortification of obscurity no one ever heard him confess that he would (if he could) have paid for riches the price of choosing some other calling than the painter's.

A SIGNIFICANT book was written not long ago by a professor of history at Vassar on the subject of domestic service. It was significant as a practical, effectual contribution to a branch of sociological inquiry in which, important as it is, very little serious work comparatively has been done; and still more significant, in a general sense, as a proof of what has frequently been contended, that the higher education for women would result in bringing a great many matters which lie close at the roots of social life for the first time fairly into the light of scientific investigation. There are departments of sociology which so manifestly belong to the circle of woman's action that if the scientific study of their problems and conditions were not to come from the trained observation of women who had learned to use their reason it may be assumed that such study would not, to the best purpose, be forthcoming at all. This trained feminine observation—brought to bear on those more intimate arcana of the family and household which, except to the sociological expert or the physician, have been as a closed book for the masculine sex—we may now expect to see more and more of.

The Impersonal Element in Social Life

This will be a further step in the direction of reducing the influence of the purely personal element in the relationships of the units that form our highly organized modern societies. It is a commonplace to the student of sociology that this element tends to diminish in force proportionately to the increase of complexity in the social organization. There is a school of modern sociologists, to be sure, who insist very much upon the magnetism of individual will, of personality, as the factor which makes all humanity move on, by way of unconscious imitation, toward its various goals. Bagehot followed Carlyle in believing that what one man of dominant individuality wills eventually becomes the wish of millions, and within the last ten years the idea (not that it is new) has gathered about itself a consolidated group of thinkers in Europe and America. But this does not oppose the fact that *direct* personal influence is recognized as obviously a thing which men cannot exert over each other as they did when society was simpler and less compact. The ideas of a dominant man can be propagated from one end of the earth to the other, and sway their thousands. As to those with whom he comes directly in contact, however, the dominant man's influence is forced to be quite as limited as that of the most insignificant individual. He can't lord it over his "advanced" wife, nor over his modern children, nor over his modern servants. Everybody has personal rights and ambitions in these days, hence no man can be so interesting or so personally important as to compel others into any relation-

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ship with him into which they do not of their own accord freely enter.

Nor can any woman be so interesting or important. And this is truly a much more momentous point to make. The desire for personal influence has inevitably been through all time so much stronger in women than in men that they might always have been called the special custodians of the personal element in social life. Kant's dictum, "Be a person, and treat everyone else as a person," represents a whole order of ideas to which the feminine nature is constitutionally refractory. The cynical have quarrelled with this from the beginning of things, and very illogically, since without this bias of the sex, the predisposition to prefer generosity to justice, and the spontaneous and intuitive to that which is bounded by rote and rule, three-fourths of the softness and poetry of existence, and much of its inspiration, would immediately cease to be. Still, the Kantian dictum means nowadays what it never meant before. It expresses a feeling that is so inherent in the structure of things that it is impossible that the better-educated women should not be affected by it. The impersonal element is clearly apparent in all the more abstruse ethical speculations of the hour, which lay stress on enlightened justice, rather than on kindliness, as the chief of virtues. It is very visible in education, in which the belief that separate individualities are best left to elect, as far as feasible, their own course, is pronounced enough to call forth a great deal of censure from those who hold contrary views. It is present everywhere in modern social life, in short, save at its very basis—in the handling of those domestic questions, that is to say, which are in the control of women primarily.

This is in reality a contradiction which could not continue indefinitely. The author of the book, "Domestic Service," above alluded to, contends for the treatment of all problems connected with the household as a branch of economic science. She would have courses in domestic science, embracing all the practical details of finance, of service, and of the separate rights of employer and employed, established in the leading colleges. And she would have special higher courses in such science for those only who had already graduated from the leading colleges. One has only to think a little to perceive how revolutionary are such contentions—and analogous ones are made more and more every year—to the long-established order of affairs. Scientific "methods" taking the place of "mother's receipts"; impersonal "justice toward employees" taking the place of those relationships of interest (and possibly interference) on the one hand, and of personal allegiance on the other, which women have always wished to found and maintain with their servants—one can imagine these modernities being pushed somewhat too far, perhaps, into the hard and dry line. But the agitation is one of the most important that has come out of the higher feminine education, and its consequences are apt to go far and last long.

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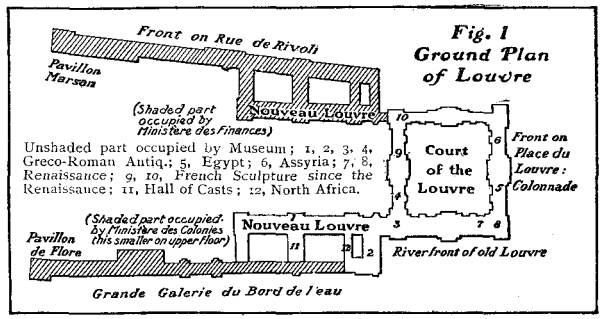
THE FIELD OF ART

THE LOUVRE

THE Louvre Museum used to offend, by its unorganized appearance and illogical arrangement, those who were the most delighted by its incredibly varied wealth. The great canvases were arranged in arbitrary patterns on the walls of the long gallery, nor was it to be seen that works of the same school, or even of the same painter, were brought within easy reach of one another. The sculptures were in badly lighted, cellar-like, ground-floor rooms. The constantly increasing possessions of the museum, in the way of Greek-painted vases, Etruscan bronzes, Italian majolica, French enamels, and all that world of newly recognized fine art were scattered—put in without arrangement, and hidden away in odd corners. This, at least, is what "I said, in my haste"—let the "I" represent any student the reader may please to identify with the words of complaint. But as the museum grew richer, rapidly, between 1880 and the close of the century, the increase in the intelligence and vigor of the management more than kept pace with the growth of the collections; and those who were in Paris during the eventful exhibition-year, 1900, saw what was in another than the usual sense, a "new Louvre," indeed! Everything was accessible; you went from hall to hall, from department to department, without the climbing and descending of stairs and the going out-of-doors by one great doorway to enter by another; new and easily handled catalogues did not replace but helped and facilitated the use of the old, larger ones; and, most of all, great pictures, which had been packed together until none could be rightly seen, were rearranged, whole galleries rehung, whole schools brought together with easy reference to where, in another room, the larger or the smaller canvases were hung; it was a magnificent, new development—the most splendid and attractive museum in Europe.

It was natural, then, to ask so mature and many-sided a scholar in fine-art matters as Mr. Sandier, director for fine art of the National Porcelain Manufactory at Sèvres—it was natural to ask him to tell the tale of these recent changes. He tells of them in the article which follows, and adds an account of a still further enlargement and improvement of which, in 1900, nothing yet could have been anticipated. If, in addition to this, he has gone back to the beginning of the history of the museum, no one will regret having this material in so simple and so trustworthy a shape. The result is that the article will be continued in the October number. The foot-notes are furnished, with one exception, by the present writer.—R. S.


Front on Rue de Rivoli
Pavillon Marsan
(Shaded part occupied by Ministère des Finances)
Nouveau Louvre
Unshaded part occupied by Museum; 1, 2, 3, 4, Greco-Roman Antiq.; 5, Egypt; 6, Assyria; 7, 8, Renaissance; 9, 10, French Sculpture since the Renaissance; 11, Hall of Casts; 12, North Africa.
Court of the Louvre
Front on Place du Louvre: Colonnade
(Shaded part occupied by Ministère des Colonies (this smaller on upper floor))
Nouveau Louvre
Pavillon de Flore
River front of old Louvre
Grande Galerie du Bord de l'eau
Fig. 1 Ground Plan of Louvre

IT was on the 10th of August, 1793, ten days before the famous vote of the *Levée en masse* of the French people in defence of liberty, that the convention established the Louvre Museum. The name given to it, at first, was Le Musée National. It consisted of 537 paintings, to which were added, two years later, the pictures brought from the château of Versailles, and all the statues and objects of art which belonged to the collections of the king. Later, the museum was enriched by the masterpieces brought by Napoleon from Holland and from Italy. At last, in 1806, the acquisition of the Borghese Gallery made the collection the richest museum of Europe. The works of art were placed in the *Grande Galerie du bord de l'eau* (see Fig. 1), which had been arranged by the architects, Charles Percier and P. F.

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L. Fontaine, in the form which they have preserved ever since. The immense length of the gallery was divided into five bays by cupolas, supported by coupled columns; and arrangements for top-lighting were made. On the 2d of April, 1810, the door which separated this gallery from the Palace of the Tuileries,* was opened to allow the entry of Napoleon and the Empress Marie Louise † followed by a brilliant cortége; the procession moved to the Salon Carré (30, Fig. 2), which had been decorated as a chapel for the religious ceremony of marriage. The library of the National Manufactory of Porcelain, at Sèvres, possesses a curious water-color representing this scene. It was probably made for reproduction upon a vase. It is the work of a painter, little known, whose name was Zix. Apart from the interest which this drawing has as a faithful representation of the costumes of the great imperial officials who took part in this ceremony, it shows us the walls of the gallery, hung with those masterpieces of art which then, at the moment of its greatest splendor, filled the museum. Here are to be seen Raphael's "Transfiguration" and (Domenichino's) "Communion of St. Jerome," now in the Vatican, Raphael's "Saint Cecilia," now in the Bologna Gallery, and Rubens's "Descent from the Cross," now in the Antwerp Cathedral. At this time, too, the Louvre possessed the Laocöon, the Belvedere Apollo, and the Medicean Venus. Five years later, this collection, unmatched in the world, was broken up: pictures and statues were returned to their former owners, and it was necessary to fill the vacant places on the walls by canvases taken from the Luxembourg.

The important event of the following years was the reception at the Louvre of the Venus of Milo. This statue was discovered in 1820, and was acquired by the Marquis de Rivière, Ambassador of France, at Constantinople, and presented to Louis XVIII. The reign of this King saw the creation of the halls of French sculpture of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries (Nos. 9 and 10, Fig. 1). They were formally opened in 1824. Charles X. and Louis Philippe caused to be arranged and adorned the halls of the upper story which adjoined the Salon des Sept Cheminées (21, Fig. 2). It was in one of these halls that was placed, at first, the famous ceiling-painting by Ingres, the "Deification of Homer," a picture which is now in the Grande Salle Française XIX^e Siècle (24, Fig. 2). During these two reigns hardly a hundred paintings were added to the museum; and it was only under the second Republic, and under Napoleon III., that more considerable additions were made. On June 5, 1851, the Prince President opened, with ceremony, the Gallery of Apollo, the Salon des Sept Cheminées, which was intended for the pictures of the French school, and the Salon Carré, in which were brought together the best canvases of different schools. The buildings of the new Louvre were begun by Visconti, in 1852, and finished by Lefuel, in 1857.‡ It was on August 14, 1857, that the Galerie Mollien and the Galerie Denon, belonging to this new Louvre, were opened; there were exhibited the collections of Etrus-

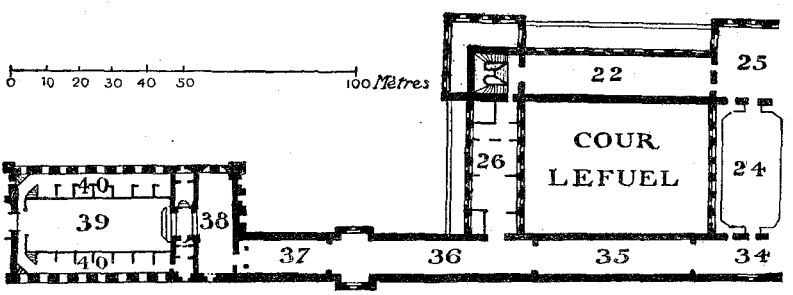

Fig. 2. Grande Galerie du Bord

* The Tuileries stretched north and south from the Pavillon Marsan to the Pavillon de Flore. Napoleon resided there from the time of his coronation.

† The civil marriage had been celebrated on the previous day at St. Cloud, from which time Marie Louise was legally Empress.

‡ The "new Louvre," that is to say, the newest part of the whole building, built under Napoleon III., includes on the north the whole mass of buildings which inclose the three small courts, and has a front on the Rue de Rivoli, but on the south it is a mere addition to the Grande Galerie. These masses of building were well planned, to unite the irregular axes of the long stretches of building with the square, old Louvre. The oblong space between them has no special name as yet; it incloses the monument of Gambetta, and the site for the Lafayette monument, for which Paul Bartlett's equestrian statue is in preparation. The larger space to the west, about nine hundred by nine hundred and twenty-five feet in extent (twenty acres) is the well-known Place du Carrousel, and the memorial arch of that name stands nearly in the middle of it.

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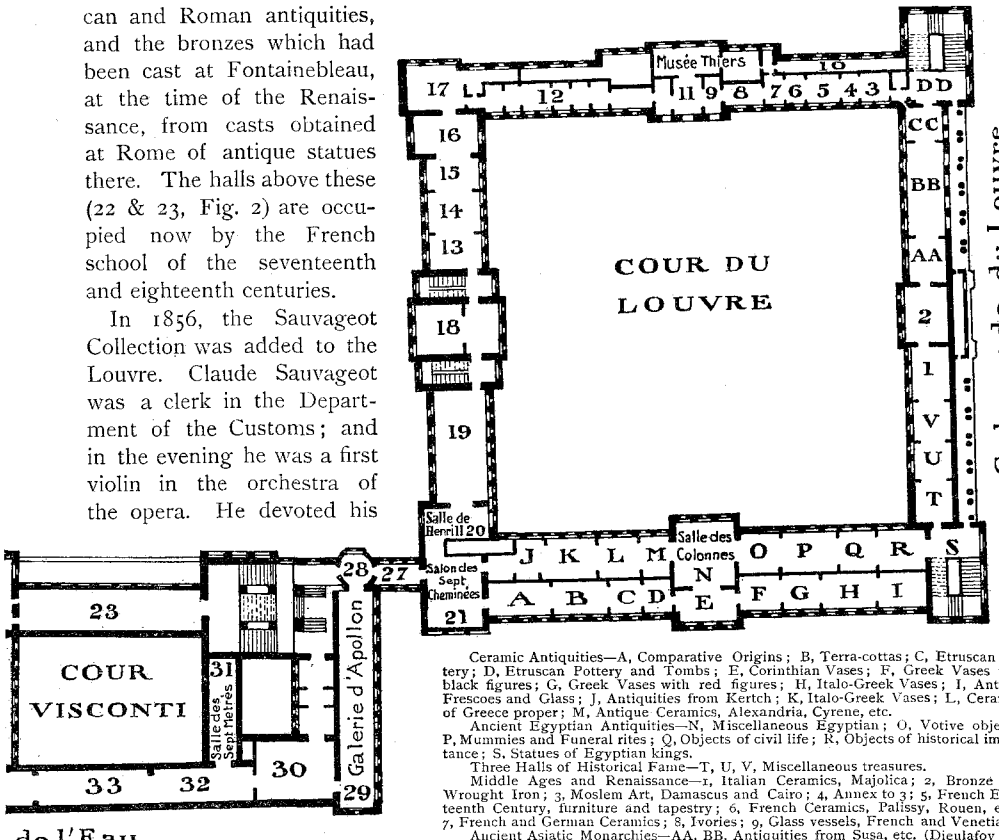
can and Roman antiquities, and the bronzes which had been cast at Fontainebleau, at the time of the Renaissance, from casts obtained at Rome of antique statues there. The halls above these (22 & 23, Fig. 2) are occupied now by the French school of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In 1856, the Sauvageot Collection was added to the Louvre. Claude Sauvageot was a clerk in the Department of the Customs; and in the evening he was a first violin in the orchestra of the opera. He devoted his



Ceramic Antiquities—A, Comparative Origins; B, Terra-cottas; C, Etruscan Pottery; D, Etruscan Pottery and Tombs; E, Corinthian Vases; F, Greek Vases with black figures; G, Greek Vases with red figures; H, Italo-Greek Vases; I, Antique Frescoes and Glass; J, Antiquities from Kertch; K, Italo-Greek Vases; L, Ceramics of Greece proper; M, Antique Ceramics, Alexandria, Cyrene, etc.

Ancient Egyptian Antiquities—N, Miscellaneous Egyptian; O, Votive objects; P, Mummies and Funeral rites; Q, Objects of civil life; R, Objects of historical importance; S, Statues of Egyptian kings.

Three Halls of Historical Fame—T, U, V, Miscellaneous treasures.

Middle Ages and Renaissance—1, Italian Ceramics, Majolica; 2, Bronze and Wrought Iron; 3, Moslem Art, Damascus and Cairo; 4, Annex to 3; 5, French Eighteenth Century, furniture and tapestry; 6, French Ceramics, Palissy, Rouen, etc.; 7, French and German Ceramics; 8, Ivories; 9, Glass vessels, French and Venetian.

Ancient Asiatic Monarchies—AA, BB, Antiquities from Susa, etc. (Dieulafoy Collection); CC, Chaldean and Assyrian antiquities; DD, Africo-Roman antiquities, recent discoveries.

Drawings of Great Masters—10, His De la Salle collection; 11, Pastels; 12, Seven rooms of Drawings and Miniatures.

The New "Musée du Mobilier Français," 1901—13, Epoch of Louis XIV.; 14, Epoch of Louis XV.; 15, 16, 17, Epoch of Louis XVI.

Antique Bronzes, Armor, Mirrors, Statuettes—18, One room only (the staircases lead to the upper story, Chinese Museum, Naval Museum, Ethnographic Museum).

French Painting—19, La Caze collection, the (Flemish pictures lately removed to cabinets, No. 40); 20, Miscellaneous; 21, Prudhon, David, Gros, Géricault; 22, Paintings of the seventeenth century; 23, Paintings of the eighteenth century; 24, Paintings of the nineteenth century; 25, Portraits of French Painters; 26, Small pictures.

Treasures of Crystal, Jade, etc., with Mountings in Enamel and Gold—27 and 28, Small rooms; 29, The principal room, containing also special objects of metal work, etc.

Masterpieces of Painting of many Schools—30, The Salon Carré.

Classified Paintings of many Schools—31, Early Italian; 32, 33, 34, Italian; 35, Spanish, English, German; 36, 37, Flemish; 38, Van Dyck and others; 39, Rubens and others; 40, Fourteen cabinets, smaller Flemish paintings.

feeble resources to the making a collection of works of art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. He was almost alone in perceiving the beauty of these works of art, then generally ignored or despised. When his collection was given to the museum, it was valued at about 80,000 francs;* but we know

* Mr. Sandier's mention of so small a sum must have reference to the official valuation, put as low as possible for special reasons. Mr. Sauzay, in 1863, one of the assistant keepers of the Imperial museums under the direction of the Comte de Nieuwerkerke, gives a full account of the transaction, which he places in 1856. He is equally laudatory in his tone toward both the parties, to the Director-General of the museums for his faculty in smoothing the way, and to Sauvageot for his complete unselfishness in the matter. He estimates the collection at 700,000 francs. Sauvageot was made an Honorary Keeper of the museums in 1856, and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor in the same year. In his capacity as a director, although not on regular duty, he had a set of chambers set aside for him in the building, but he died two years later. The collection might be roughly estimated to-day at 5,000,000 francs, but this, of course, is approximate. Nothing but a minute examination of every piece would suffice for an accurate judgment.

† Not the whole collection, however. The Imperial Museum of the Hermitage, near St. Petersburg, also claims the Campana Collection, including important frescoes by Raphael, taken from the Villa Mills at Rome, and a superb collection of Greek vases of great size and unique character.

several pieces in that collection, each of which would bring a larger sum than that at auction to-day.

In 1863, the collection of the Marquis de Campana† was bought by Napoleon III., and this brought to the Louvre 300 paintings, by Italian masters of the Renaissance, 500 antique bronzes, 3,000 antique painted vases,

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and a vast collection of terra-cotta, glass, jewelry, cameos, intaglios, and the like, of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman origin, together with a remarkable collection of majolica of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The next year came to the museum the rival of the Venus of Milo—the magnificent "Victory of Samothrace." This noble figure was not finally installed in the place which it now occupies, at the head of the Escalier Daru, until 1883; in that year there was brought from the island of Samothrace the marble pedestal, modelled like the prow of a Greek galley, upon which the statue formerly stood and now again stands.

The magnificent legacy of Dr. Lacase was received at the Louvre, in 1869. The 275 pictures which it includes were placed at once in the hall which they still occupy, and which, before that time; had been occupied by the Naval Museum, the Musée de la Marine (see in Fig. 2, the hall, No. 19, on the west of the *Cour du Louvre*).

We have reached, at last, the time of the third Republic; but from 1870 to 1880 there is little to record, except the placing of the Thiers collection, in rooms formerly occupied by the Superintendent of Fine Arts (see Fig. 2). In 1882, important works were begun, for Edouard Guillaume, then *architecte du Palais*, was instructed to arrange and decorate the former Throne-Room to receive those French paintings of the early years of the nineteenth century, which had been placed in upper stories, in low rooms, difficult of access. These preparations were completed in 1885, and this hall, which contains the masterpieces of the school of 1830, was opened to the public; and there, beside the "Deification of Homer" and the Odalisque, by Ingres, and the "Taking of Constantinople" and the Dante and Virgil, by Delacroix, is found in the same gallery a group of more recent works of art representing the men whose influence is still with us to-day—Troyon, Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Chintreuil, and Daubigny.

From 1890 to 1900, the following halls have been opened to the public:

First, the Hall of Casts in the space formerly occupied by the Riding School (see Fig. 1, No. 11); here are reproductions of the most celebrated sculptures of foreign museums.

Second, the Egyptian Hall of the Ancient Empire, arranged in the substructure of the colonnade on the eastern front (see Fig. 1, No. 5).

Third, the Collection Grandidier, occupying the entresol on the river-front; a remarkable gathering of Chinese porcelain.

Fourth, the Hall of North African Antiquities; Roman Imperial marbles and mosaics found at Utica, Carthage, Timgad, and other localities in Algeria and Tunisia (see Fig. 1, No. 12).

Fifth, the Hall of Susa, in which are shown the ancient Persian works of art, brought from the east by Dieulafoy (see Fig. 2, the halls AA and BB, east of the *Cour du Louvre*, "*Salles de la Susiane*").

Sixth, the Halls of Sculpture on the ground-floor, which are named from Rude and Carpeaux, and which open from the great court of the Louvre. These contain modern French Sculptures.

Seventh, finally, the arts of the Middle Ages made their way into the Louvre Museum. The monuments of that epoch occupy three halls, adjoining those devoted to the French Renaissance (see Fig. 1, 7, 8). The pieces shown, though not numerous, suffice to show the evolution of this art from the marble capital of the eleventh century, in which the acanthus-leaf is still to be seen, to the magnificent tomb of Philippe Pot, a work of the Burgundian school of the fifteenth century, whose ample and powerful design makes us regret once more the influence of Italy on the French art of the sixteenth century.*—ALEXANDRE SANDIER.

* This refers to the interesting question: What would have been the result of the development of French sculpture on the basis of the national art, represented by the tombs of the Cardinals Amboise at Rouen, those contained in the Abbey Church of Solesmes, and those at Souvigny—with others. See the work of Paul Vitry, *Michel Colombe et la Sculpture française de son temps*, in which the subject is treated with singular ability and insight.

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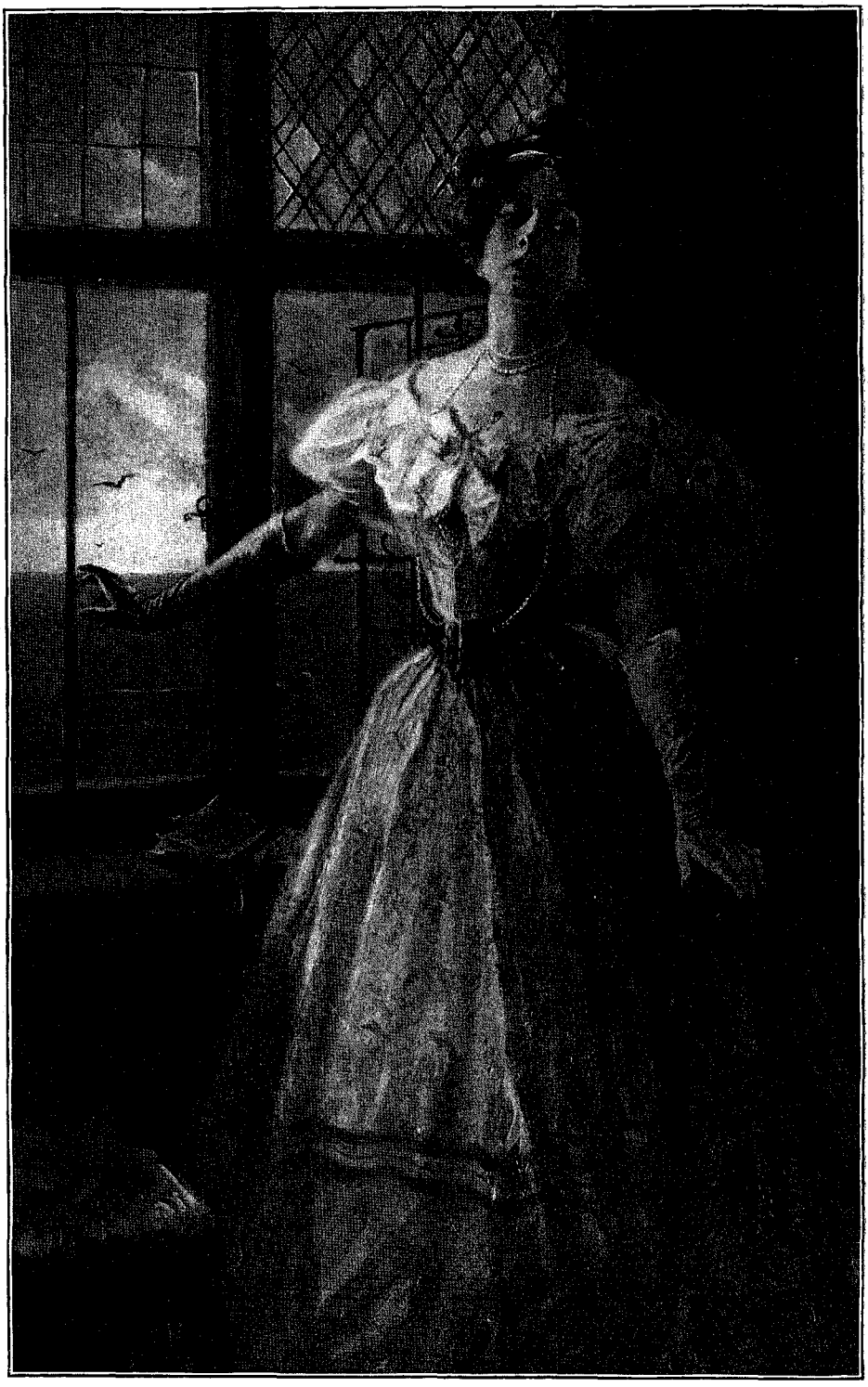

"THE THRONE OF FRANCE IS NO LONGER HELD IN MY HAND OR IN YOURS," SHE SAID.
—"Vive l'Empereur," page 430.

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